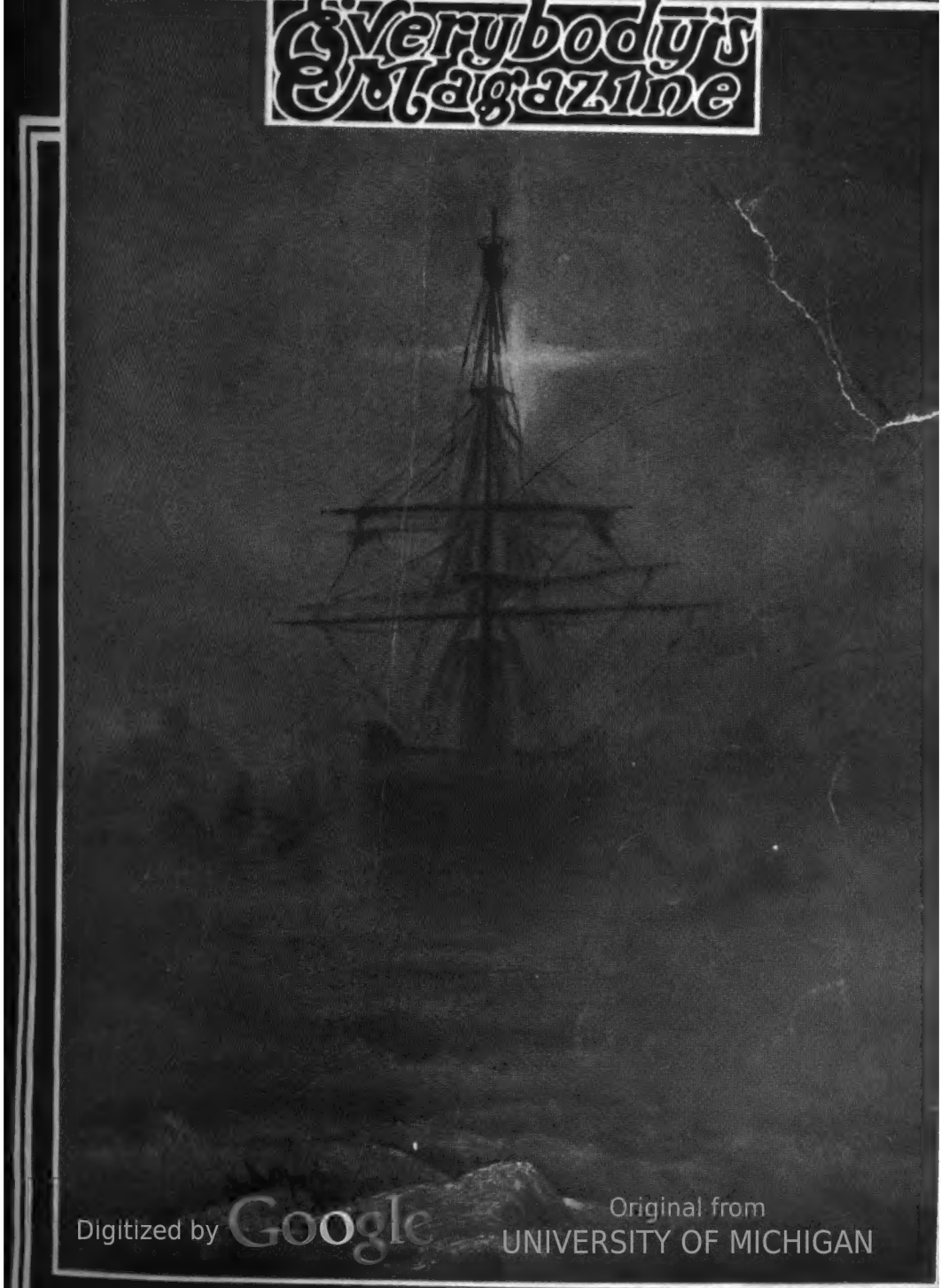
FIRST PUBLICATION OF

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S DIAR

FOUND IN HIS FROZEN CAMP

Everybody's Magazine



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It's a man who is going far
He eats a big breakfast
Many days will be his
It is

CREAM of WHEAT.

Painted by Galen J. Perret for Cream of Wheat Co. *Copyright 1913 by Cream of Wheat Co.*

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EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* JULY

JULY *hath* 31 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1913

THE OLD WAY

[George Wither, 1588-1667.]

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

AND THE NEW

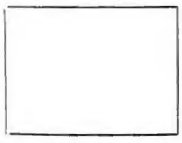
[George Wither, 1913.]

Shall I crumble into ruin
Just because a frail's a bruin?
Or disintegrate with care
Just because a dame is There?
Be she six or seven million
Times as beautiful as Lillian,
If with her I make no flurry,
I should stay awake and worry!

THE AMARANTHINITY OF HUMOR

"What did the dark-haired Iberian laugh at before the tall blond Aryan drove him into the corners of Europe?"—BRANDER MATTHEWS.

At a man slipping on a banana peel; at a woman alighting backward from a car; at the mention, in musical comedies, of Kankakee or New Rochelle, or onions; and at profanity; and at all references to adiposity.



Photograph of money a man saves by abjuring the use of tobacco and shaving himself.

THE ANCIENT MONARCH'S JOY

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
For his fiddlers didn't know how to fiddle "Row, Row, Row,"
Or "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee."

FASCINATING FACTS

The year 1913 will be known as the date when jesting about Votes for Women became as unfashionable as it is unhumorous.

It is estimated that the ingenuity and energy that will be put into the framing of lies to evade the income tax would, if otherwise directed, earn $38,438,083, or 26.9 times as much as the Tax Liars will save.

In the month of July 12,827,426 persons, recruited from all the sexes, will bathe in the Atlantic Ocean. Of 12,827,426 who are asked the condition of the water, 12,827,426 will say, in part: "Fine!"

1—Tu.—Admirable Crichton assassinated, 1582. Battle of the Boyne, 1690. Fiscal year begins. *Time to prune coupons.*
2—W.—Frederick Theophilus Klopstock* born at Quedlinburg, Saxony, 1724. England and Ireland united, in a manner of speaking, 1800.
3—Th.—Louis XI. born, 1423. Jack London, on eve of Jeffries-Johnson fight, coins famous expression, "I am curious to know, I am curious to know," 1910.
4—Fr.—INDEPENDENCE DAY. Jack Johnson signs Emancipation Proclamation on Jeffries's jaw, 1910.
5—Sa.—Cecil Rhodes born, 1853. Jan Kubelik born, 1880. Noah denounces bunny-hug and grizzly bear, B. C. 3807.
6—Su.—New York newspapers weary of joking about New York American League ball team, 1913.
7—M.—Charles S. Mellen tells reporters he has only best interests of New England at heart, 1913.
8—Tu.—La Fontaine born, 1621. William Vaughn Moody, poet, born, 1869.
9—W.—Braddock defeated, 1755. John D. Rockefeller, Tarrytown's wealthiest citizen, born, 1839.
10—Th.—John Calvin born, 1509. Wyoming, state wherein wife of editor EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK, who complains that THE ALMANACK never advertises her, was born, admitted to Union, 1890.
11—Fr.—Knockout Burr gets decision over Battling Hamilton, 1804.
12—Sa.—C. J. Cæsar, inventor Latin prose composition, born, B. C. 100.
13—Su.—C. J. Cæsar discovers subjunctive mode, B. C. 100.
14—M.—Bastille stormed, 1789. HOLIDAY IN FRANCE.
15—Tu.—**St. Swithin's Day.** Proof-reading on newspapers abolished, 1893.
16—W.—Reynolds born, 1723. Santiago, Cuba, surrenders, 1898.
17—Th.—Dr. Isaac Watts, originator punchless poetry, born, 1674. Theodore Roosevelt disclaims credit for surrender of Santiago, 1898.
18—Fr.—Wm. Barnes, Jr., confident of Taft's election in 1912, 1912.
19—Sa.—Samuel Colt, without whose invention Gyp the Blood might not now be at Ossining, N. Y., born, 1814.
20—Su.—Petrarch, the guy who put Laura in sonnets, born, 1304.
21—M.—Matthew Prior born, 1664. Chauncey Olcott born, 1859. Battle of Bull Run, 1861.
22—Tu.—Source of Mississippi River discovered, 1881. Coon can invented by Satan, 1907.
23—W.—Coventry Patmore born, 1823. Bloomer costume first worn publicly, at a ball in Lowell, Mass., 1851.
24—Th.—Dingley Tariff Bill passed, 1897. Press denounces bloomer costume as immodest, 1851.
25—Fr.—Arthur Balfour born, 1848. Dingley Bill attacked, 1897.
26—Sa.—Press denounces immodesty of women's fashions in dress, 1913.
27—Su.—Atlantic Cable, whereby Americans may hear within an hour of occurrence what the militant suffs are doing, laid, 1866.
28—M.—Fourteenth Amendment† declared in force, 1868.
29—Tu.—Sir E. Burne-Jones born, 1833.
30—W.—First Colonial Assembly met at Jamestown, Va., 1619.
31—Th.—Parcel-post system denounced by Men's Political Debating League of North America, Centre Lovell, Me., branch, 1913.

*EDITORS EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: Well, suppose you look him up. I had to.—Ed. Almanack.
† " " " " " " " " " that " " " " " "

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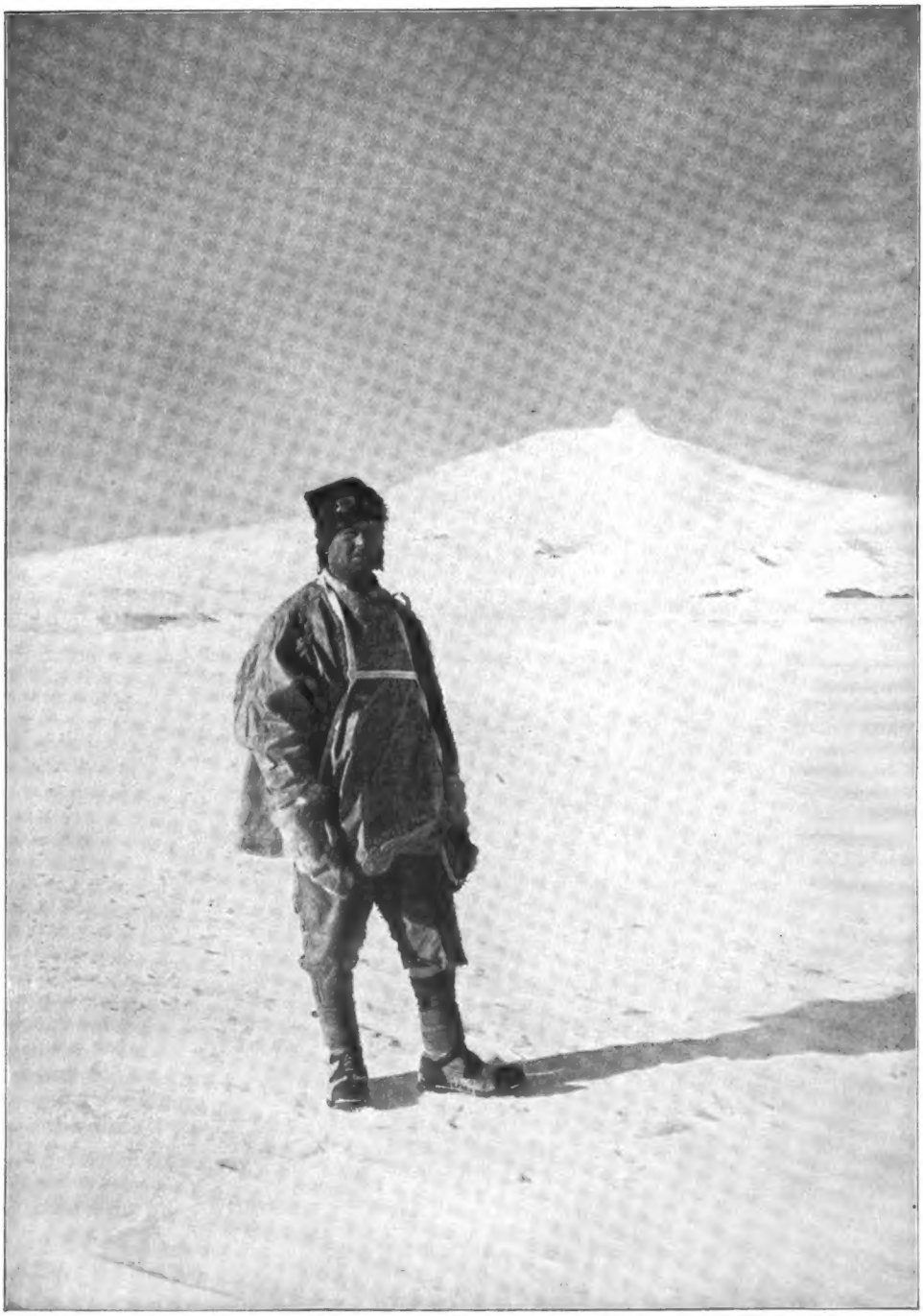

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, R. N., C. V. O., F. R. G. S.

THIS PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN SCOTT WAS TAKEN AT WINTER HEADQUARTERS, CAPE EVANS, ON JANUARY 26, 1911, JUST BEFORE THE DEPOT-LAYING JOURNEYS OF THE FIRST SEASON.

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Everybody's Magazine

VOL. XXIX NO. 1 JULY, 1913

The Western End of the Ice Barrier

"The Uttermost South"

THE UNDYING STORY of CAPTAIN SCOTT

FROM HIS DIARIES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CAPTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT AND H. G. PONTING, F.R.G.S.

HIGH on the frozen surface of the great Antarctic Ice Barrier, buried under a winding-sheet of South Polar snows, marked by a cairn built from the very ice and snow that enshroud them, lie three brave men, Scott, Wilson, and Bowers, in the place where they perished, and where, after eight months, they were found by their friends. Twenty miles southward, but never found by the searchers, rests Oates, with the inscription left for him on a mound of snow: "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman." Still to the southward, the four who were to live a little longer had buried the body of Evans, first to perish. These five, after reaching and returning from the Pole through unspeakable sufferings, died almost in reach of relief and shelter.

It is the first great catastrophe on the record of Antarctic exploration. The history of the North is grim with tragedy. Sir John Franklin, the *Jeannette*, the Greeley expedition—these names suggest only the more conspicuous of a multitude of disasters. But except for an accident to a single man here and there, the Antarctic has been comparatively kind to its invaders, until this time the trap shut.

It was on February 10, 1913, that the

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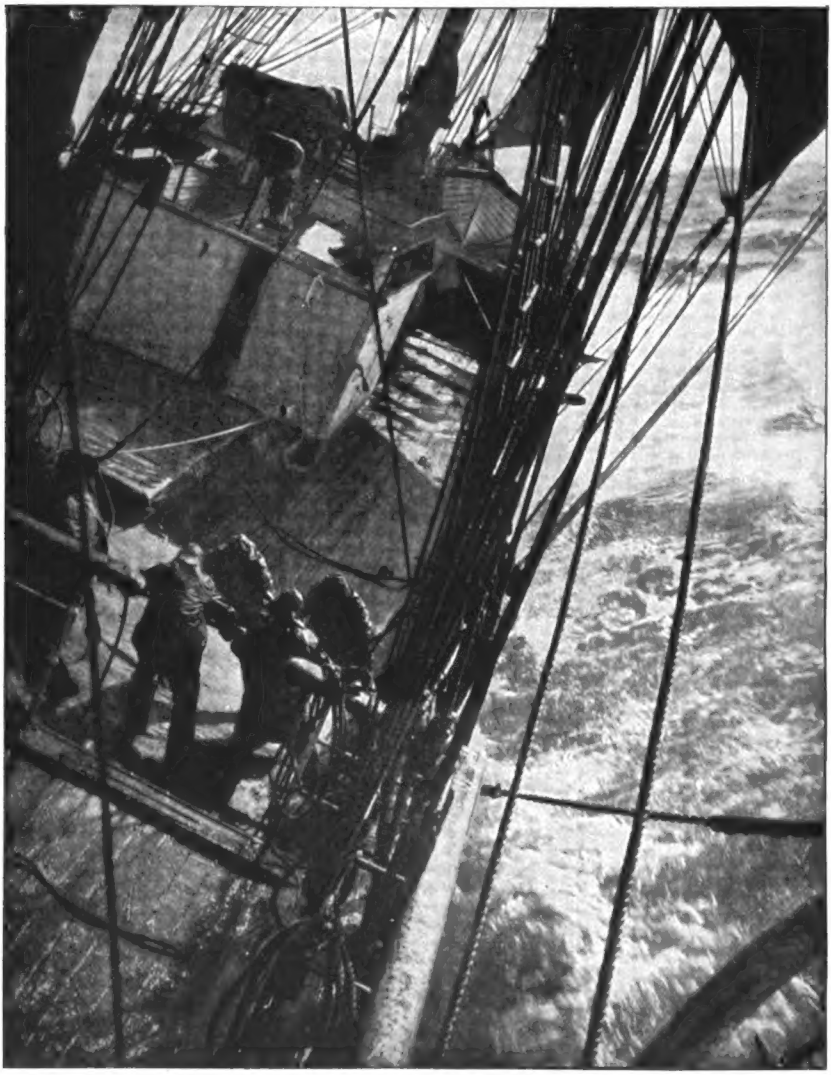

AT THE PUMP, IN A GALE IN THE ANTARCTIC, SOUTHBOUND.—"WHAT A MEASURE TO COUNT AS THE SOLE SAFEGUARD OF THE SHIP FROM SINKING —PRACTICALLY AN ATTEMPT TO BAIL HER OUT!"

Terra Nova, returning to New Zealand from the Polar Sea, made port with the news of disaster. Particulars were meager. It was known only that the men had died bravely, each willing to sacrifice for his fellows. The address to his countrymen written by Scott literally in his last frozen hours, with his comrades dead beside him, stirred the hearts of the world even while it aroused a stern wonderment as to the meaning of guarded, mysterious phrases about failure of support.

The relief party fought its way southward at the very first possibility after the long Antarctic night, through which at winter headquarters they had known that their Commander was lying dead on the plateau back yonder. But they could find no office to fulfil except to cover the bodies reverently, mark the place with a cairn of ice, and bring back records, photographs, and such mournful relics as remained. Captain Scott's diaries and photographs were sealed

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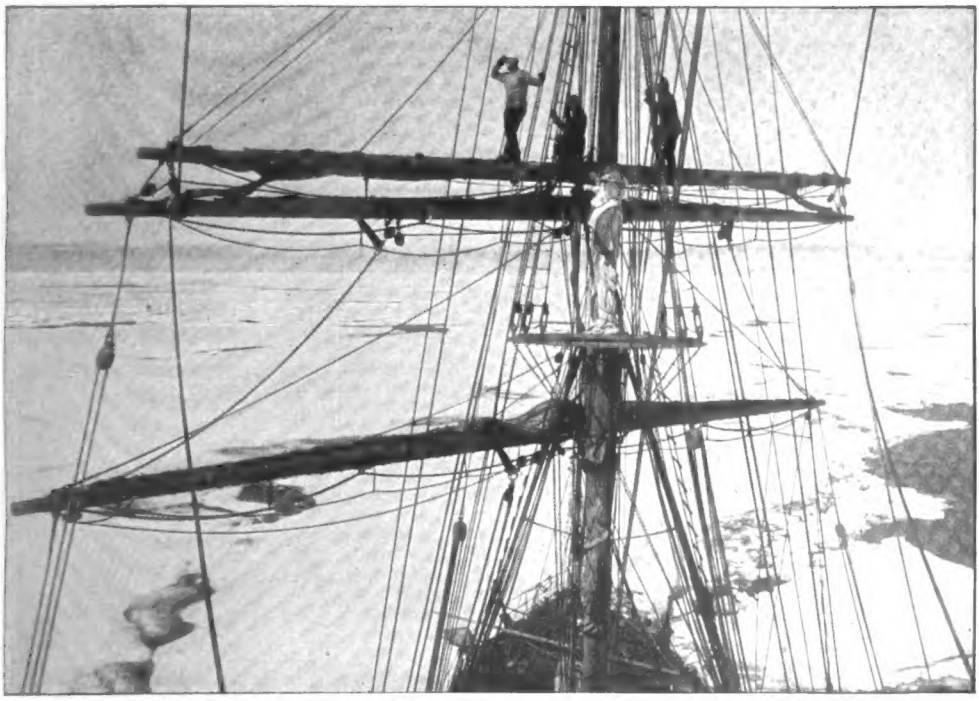
"THENCE IT WAS A MATTER OF FIGHTING HER WAY SOUTH THROUGH HEAVY SEAS AND ANOTHER GALE TILL THE ICE WAS SIGHTED AND THE PACK ENTERED ON DECEMBER 10TH."



"WITH BAFFLING WINDS AND CROSS CURRENTS, AND THE NEED OF HUSBANDING COAL AND ONLY STEAMING WHEN FAVORABLE LEADS OPENED OUT, WE WERE KEPT PRISONERS FOR TWENTY-FOUR DAYS."

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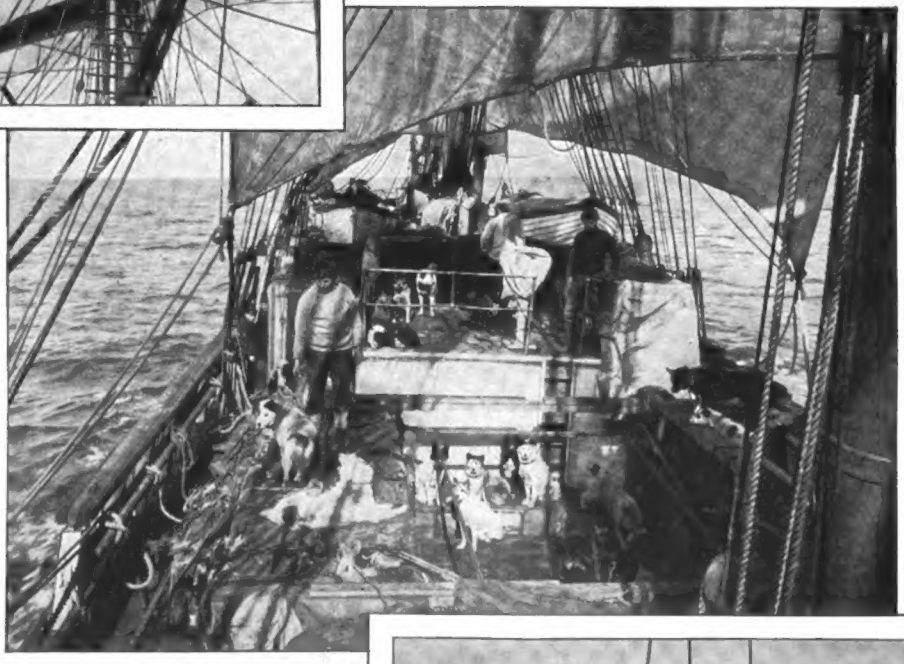
LIEUT. EVANS IN THE CROW'S NEST, DIRECTING THE COURSE THROUGH THE ICE-PACK.



DECK OF *TERRA NOVA.* IN ROSS SEA AFTER PASSING THROUGH THE ICE-PACK.

MR. PONTING CINEMATOGRAPHING THE BOW FORCING ASIDE THE ICE-FLOE.

epic as Captain Scott lived and wrote it to the end.

A few preliminary paragraphs will make more clear the progress of the narrative itself.

Each of the leaders in Antarctic exploration whose names are familiar to-day—Scott, Shackleton, and Amundsen—sailed southward into Ross Sea, penetrating through the float of pack ice into open water beyond Cape Adare (see map on page 17). Cutting off approach to the shore line itself is the great Ice Barrier, extending some four hundred and fifty miles as they were found, and turned over inviolate to his widow, who met the news of his fate in New Zealand when she arrived on the overseas journey that was to have meant reunion.

Since that time the nations have been stirred to generosity, but the story has not yet been told. The veil has not been lifted. Here for the first time will be printed the

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THE *TERRA NOVA* HELD UP BY THE ICE-PACK. "AN EXASPERATING GAME. GREAT PATIENCE IS THE ONLY PANACEA FOR OUR ILL CASE. BETWEEN A STORM AND A STORM, THE RELEASE FROM LONG CAPTIVITY CAME SUDDENLY."

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ANCHORED TO THE ICE. "CHEERFULNESS AND GOOD-FELLOWSHIP REIGNED. MEN COULD GET EXERCISE BY TAKING OUT THEIR SKIS ON THE FLOES, BUT THE LONG CONFINEMENT PROMISED ILL FOR THE PONIES' CONDITION."

—a sheer cliff wall facing the sea, of iceberg height, with few places which may be penetrated. Only after surmounting and crossing this far to the southward does one reach the southern mainland shore of the Antarctic Continent and the high plateau that must be traversed in order to attain the Pole.

At the western end of the Barrier, on Ross Island, the three successive English expeditions of the last decade have established headquarters—the Scott expedition, with the *Discovery*, from 1901 to 1904; the Shackleton expedition, with the *Nimrod*, from 1907 to 1909; and this last Scott expedition, with the *Terra Nova*, from 1910 to 1913.

The unexpected Antarctic expedition of Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian hero of North Polar travel, with the *Fram*, made headquarters on the surface of the Barrier itself, landing at the Bay of Whales, some three hundred and fifty miles east of the Scott headquarters. This successful expedition extended from 1910 to 1912, emerging from the South one year ahead of the Scott party.

It must be remembered that seasons as we know them are precisely reversed at the South Pole—midsummer and the long day, when explorations can be made, coming at the time of our midwinter, and the long night, when parties must remain in winter headquarters, corresponding with our midsummer. Antarctic expeditions, therefore, usually allow parts of three years for their accomplishment. They sail southward from New Zealand, perhaps in November, reach the mainland, establish headquarters and prepare for the long winter during December, January, and February, and then await the return of the sun.

When summer comes again—our winter months—the time is used to the utmost for such sledge journeys and other trips as have been planned. With good luck all may be accomplished before the season is ended, and they may sail homeward. If they have overstayed, however, they must wait till the next year in winter quarters before the return. This was the program of the Scott party.

Upon the arrival of Lady Scott in London with her husband's diaries, records, and photographs, the preparation of the material for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE began with the utmost haste. Some dozen closely written

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GROTTO IN AN ICEBERG. THE *TERRA NOVA*, IN THE DISTANCE, IS LYING ALONGSIDE THE ICE-FLOE UPON WHICH SUPPLIES WERE LANDED FOR WINTER HEADQUARTERS AT CAPE EVANS.

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MOUNT TERROR AND THE END OF THE ICE BARRIER, AS SEEN FROM THE *TERRA NOVA* ON JANUARY 3, 1911. THE ICE BARRIER EXTENDS 450 MILES EASTWARD FROM THIS POINT — A CONTINUOUS ICE CLIFF FROM ONE TO THREE HUNDRED FEET IN HEIGHT.

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GETTING ONE OF THE MOTOR-SLEDGES OFF THE SHIP. "A NATURAL LANDING-STAGE WAS FOUND IN THE SHAPE OF A LEVEL FLOE. IN EIGHT DAYS THE DISEMBARKATION WAS COMPLETE."

journals, containing, perhaps, two hundred thousand words in all, were at hand from which the narrative of the expedition had to be drawn. It had been no mere dash to the South Pole to snatch priority from rival explorers, though the hope of this laurel leaf in the crown of adventure was an added spur to natural ambition. The expedition was organized on such a scale and with such a wide range of talent as to promise a rich harvest of scientific results whether the Southern party attained its goal or not.

The study of Southern geology, volcanic areas, heat and cold records, air pressure and currents, atmospheric electricity and magnetism, the formation and movement of ice, the life-history of birds, fish, seals and their parasites—all of these things shared in the value of the expedition and in the volume of the records, but do not naturally fall within a narrative account of the great adventure itself.

With supervision on behalf of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, the diaries were placed in the hands of Mr. Leonard Huxley, son of the distinguished scientist, to whom the detail work was assigned. The narrative, told directly in Captain Scott's words as it is, nevertheless had to be assembled with care, and connected where omitted material was to be summarized. Commander Evans, captain of the *Terra Nova* and second in command of the expedition, then supervised and checked the material in its manuscript form, and finally Lady Scott herself gave the last reading and the last approval to the finished work.

So we come to the story as Captain Scott saw it. EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S.

From the first, the expedition had more than its due share of ill-fortune.

On November 26, 1910, the *Terra Nova* sailed out of Lyttelton harbor amid a scene of great enthusiasm on the part of the hospitable and helpful New Zealanders—a gay scene repeated three days later at Port Chalmers, where Scott joined the ship. But the southern seas in "the roaring forties" are fierce and strong. Dirty weather began at once, and on the third day out a great gale nearly sent all to the bottom. It was no longer the time to smile at individual struggles against seasickness, or

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LEFT BEHIND IN SOUTH VICTORIA LAND. WHILE THE SHORE PARTY WAS LAYING DEPOTS SOUTHWARD, THE EASTERN PARTY, WITH THE *TERRA NOVA*, SAILED TOWARD KING EDWARD VII LAND. ON THE RETURN TRIP THEY FOUND AMUNDSEN CAMPED ON THE BARRIER AT THE BAY OF WHALES. THUS THEY GOT THE NEWS OF ANOTHER ENTRY IN THE RACE.

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AN ICEBERG FLOATING IN THE PACK. IT WAS THROUGH SUCH ICE-FIELDS THAT THE *TERRA NOVA* HAD TO FORCE ITS WAY BEFORE REACHING THE COMPARATIVELY OPEN WATER OF ROSS SEA. THE BERG ITSELF WAS BROKEN FROM THE FACE OF THE BARRIER, FLOATING NORTHWARD TILL IT BECAME A PART OF THE PACK.

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CAPTAIN SCOTT AND THE SOUTHERN PARTY, WITH MT. EREBUS IN THE BACKGROUND, SHOWING EQUIPMENT FOR THE FIRST DEPOT-LAYING EXPEDITION. CAPTAIN SCOTT IS THE FOURTH STANDING FIGURE FROM THE LEFT.

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SMOKE CLOUDS FROM MT. ERREBUS. THIS ACTIVE VOLCANO, 13,350 FEET IN HEIGHT, AND MT. TERROR, NOW EXTINCT, WERE NAMED BY CAPTAIN JAMES ROSS, IN 1841, IN HONOR OF THE TWO SHIPS OF HIS EXPEDITION.

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GIVING WHISKY TO A HALF-DROWNED PONY, RESCUED AFTER THE LOSS OF TWO OTHERS AMONG BROKEN ICE-FLOES.

HOT LUNCH AT MIDDAY. THE SLEDGING PARTIES DID NOT MAKE CAMP AT THE NOON HALT IN GOOD WEATHER.

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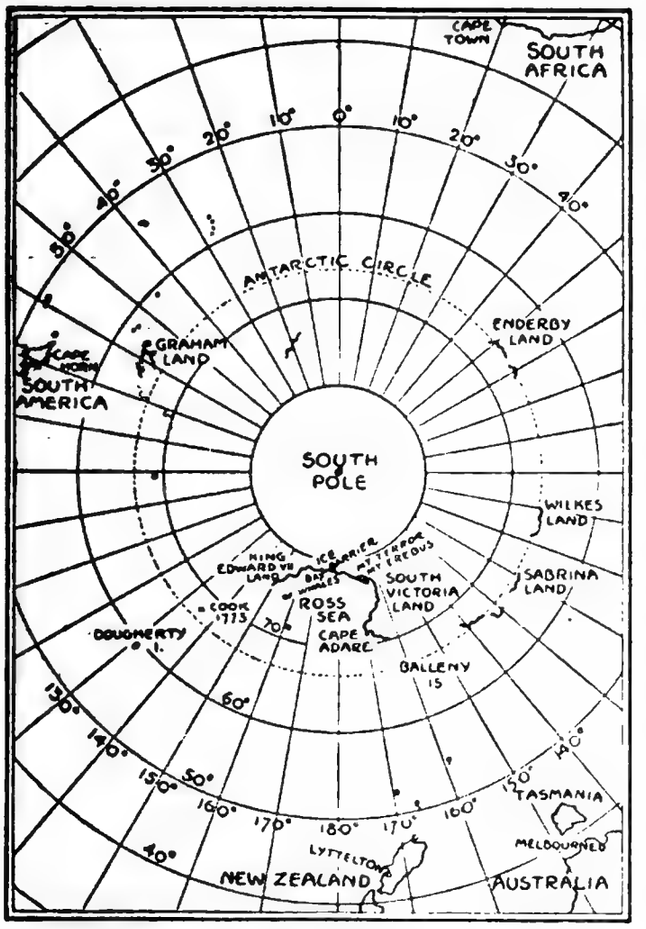
the spectacle of the undaunted photographer, a developing-dish in one hand, a basin in the other.

At four P. M. on December 1 the storm came on. "Soon," writes Scott, "we were plunging heavily and taking much water over the lee rail. Cases of petrol, forage and the like began to break loose on the upper deck; the principal trouble was caused by the loose coal bags, which were bodily lifted by the seas and swung against the lashed cases: they acted like battering-rams. It was hard work moving these bags to places of better security.

"The night wore on, the sea and wind ever rising and the ship ever plunging more distractedly. We shortened sail to maintopsail and staysail, stopped engines, and hove to, but to little purpose. Tales of ponies down came frequently from forward, where Oates and Atkinson labored through the entire night. Worse was to follow, much worse: A report from the engine-room that the pumps had choked and the water risen over the gratings.

"From this moment, about four A. M., the engine-room became the center of interest. The water gained in spite of every effort. Lashley, to his neck in rushing water, stuck grimly to the work of clearing suctions. For a time, with donkey-engine and bilge-pump sucking, it looked as though the water would be got under, but the hope was short-lived; five minutes of pumping invariably led to the same result, a general choking of the pumps.

"The outlook appeared grim; the hand-pump produced only a dribble, and its suction could not be got at; as the water crept higher it got in contact with the boiler and grew warmer—so hot at last that no one could work at the suctions. Williams had to confess he was beaten and must draw fires. What was to be done? The sea appeared higher than ever; it came over the rail and poop, a rush of green water; the ship wallowed in it; a great piece of the bulwarks carried clean away.



SKETCH MAP OF SOUTH POLAR REGION.

"The bilge-pump is dependent on the main engine. To use this pump it was necessary to go ahead. It was at such times that the heaviest seas swept in over the lee rail; over and over the rail from the fore-rigging to the main was covered by a solid sheet of curling water which swept aft and high on the poop. On one occasion I was waist deep when standing on the rail of the poop.

"The after-guard—the twenty-four officers—was organized in two parties by Lieutenant Evans to work buckets; the men were kept steadily going on the choked hand-pump. . . . . What a measure to count as the sole safeguard of the ship from sinking—practically an attempt to bail her out! Yet, strange as it may seem, the effort has not been wholly fruitless; the string of buckets which has now been kept going for four hours, together with the dribble from the pump, has kept the water under—if anything, there is a small decrease.

"Meanwhile we have been thinking of a way to get at the suction of the pump. A hole is being made in the engine-room bulkhead; the coal between this and the pump-shaft will be removed and a hole made in the shaft. With so much water coming on board it is impossible to open the hatch over the shaft."

For the continuation of this article turn to Page 97.
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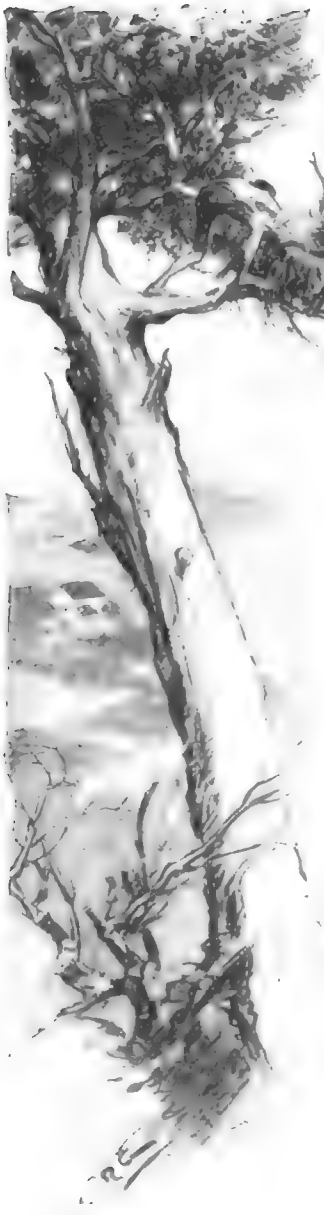

ONCE HE CLIMBED A GREAT, GRIM OGRE OF A TREE.

The CHAMPIONSHIP

by

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "THE VOICE IN THE RICE," "SPREAD EAGLE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER

A WORTHY old gentleman who has worked twelve hours a day for sixty-four years, and accumulated a million and a half dollars, said the other afternoon to a friend of mine:

"Do you mean to tell me that if you could be assured of five thousand dollars a month for the rest of your life you would go down-town and close your office?" It was more an indignant exclamation than a question. My friend answered:

"No, *sir*. I would *not*. I wouldn't take the trouble to go down-town and close my office. I'd just leave it there."

This is a story of ambition. But it is not addressed to the poor. It is addressed to the idle well-to-do. A man with plenty of money is ambitious of more, and will give his life, his health, and his possibilities to the getting of it. And that must be the worthiest ambition in the world, because it is stamped with the approval of the greatest number of people in the world. To work in grooves that you don't like, to get stuff that you don't know how to use when you get it, is noble. Almost everybody says so. Therefore this is an ignoble story of an ignoble ambition.

The truly worthy, the deeply religious, and the very young are warned against it. And I only tell it because it is also a study in heredity. And anything to do with heredity is serious and useful; since if it wasn't for heredity no man born of woman would ever have a really sound excuse to offer for some of the things that he can't help doing. If he comes reeling home at four A. M., what of it? Noah was also a drunkard.

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Stuart Greenway knew very little about finance. He understood, however, that every small boy of his acquaintance had selected better-to-do parents than he himself. This boy had a pony; that boy had a boat; the Brown brothers possessed double-barrel shotguns; the Smiths had toy yachts made by the famous Gramn, in the exact likeness of cup-defenders. When his friends came to see him they came in pony carts, on ponies, on bicycles, in carriages driven by coachmen. When he went to see them he ran.

He didn't run because it was good for him; but because his nearest friends lived a mile and a half up the bay, and he was always in a hurry to get to them. At first, when he was very little, it wasn't real running, and it didn't last all the way. He trotted along like a nice little puppy, got out of breath, walked, trotted again, and so on. But in the end he developed a wonderfully strong pair of legs, and an everlasting long wind.

In those days all the boys' parents were young, and they were all learning the brand-new game of lawn-tennis. It wasn't long before the boys themselves began to play, and to make proper strokes with the old-fashioned, lopsided rackets. At first Stuart Greenway had to look on, because his shoes had heels and his parents couldn't afford him a racket. But one day a rich and fat parent hurled a brand-new racket upon the greensward, and said that anybody could have it that wanted it; and, perceiving the look of desperate hopefulness in Stuart's eyes, he said, "Yes; *you!*"

As for tennis-shoes, it was the Lord God who gave Stuart a pair; for off came his heavy school boots, and off came his heavy ribbed stockings (how they did itch a boy round the knees!), and his small, arched feet were light upon the turf.

It was not long before Stuart realized that he had something which money can not buy, and which all his rich friends envied him. He was a natural-born tennis-player, and they weren't. He even put his mind upon the game. He chalked a line the height of a net in a barn; he chalked squares upon the floor. And he practised and practised until he could hit a ball as many times as he pleased just above the net-line, and make it drop time after time into any given square. They were slow strokes, having no sting, but fore-hand, back-hand, or volleyed, they became steady and sure. At night, under the lamp, when he had done his lessons, he made outlines (to scale) of tennis-courts, and gave himself problems for solution. "Suppose the other fellow puts the ball here from such and such a place, what do I do?"—etc., etc. And whenever he had a chance to play, he tried to put his theories into practise, and he made amazing progress.

Don't think that tennis was his only love. He liked all the other games that boys play, and most of the mischiefs they do. When he got hold of a dime, he spent it like a great lord. When he got hold of an arrowhead or a rare moth, he hid it away as misers hoard gold. Once he shot

"SUPPOSE THE OTHER FELLOW PUTS THE BALL HERE FROM SUCH AND SUCH A PLACE, WHAT DO I DO?"

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a crow with a bow and arrow; once he climbed a great grim ogre of a tree, and stole an egg out of an eagle's nest.

And he won long-distance races; and saved a little girl from drowning; and took a prize for reading and declamation; and was kept in for being unable to spell, and was punished for throwing spitballs; and had a toy cannon burst in his face one Fourth of July; and went to dancing-school, and learned the waltz and the polka and the "heel, toe, and away we go," and proper manners. And went to church Sundays and was bored stiff, and fell in love with the little girl he had saved from drowning; and on rainy holidays listened to stories of amorous adventures as retailed by grooms and butlers.

And sometimes he hoped that when he grew up he would be very good, and sometimes he hoped that he would be very wicked. And he asked many questions, and was very much like other boys. But I must say that he never aspired to be a policeman.

Presently they sent him to boarding-school, where he continued to learn good, evil, Latin, mathematics, discipline, and tennis. They had bumpy clay courts at that school. And the ball bounded far higher than from turf, and for a few days young Greenway was all at sea. But he mastered the bumps and the bounces, and waded through the autumn tournament to the finals, disposing of all sorts and sizes of boys. In the finals a great boy eighteen years old opposed him, won two sets, began to tire in the third, and then proceeded to beat himself. But the following spring Stuart had so improved that he defeated the same great fellow in straight sets.

II

Three miles up the boulevard from the house of Stuart Greenway's parents was the first or second Country Club founded in America. There were great trees and green lawns running down to blue bays and estuaries. There were a polo-field, and a turf race-track, and tennis-courts, and toboggan-slides for winter, and quail to whistle in spring, and long glasses to drink out of in summer and other seasons.

Every summer the club invited the best players in the country to play lawn-tennis on its pretty courts for an immense silver bowl, and because he played so nicely Stuart Greenway was allowed to play in this tournament the first summer he came home from boarding-school.

The National Champion didn't play that year. But the Harmon brothers did; and the elder ranked about second in the country and the younger about sixth. We have developed more potent players than the Harmons, but never another to play so gracefully and so coolly. They came through the longest matches unruffled. They never had to run races after the ball. They always knew where it was coming, and were there to meet it. Upon their heads, the hair neatly parted, no hair ever came out of place. They wore the whitest trousers, the pinkest shirts, the stiffest turndown collars, the blackest strap ties. They played the very best they knew how, always, but never seemed to care whether they won or lost. And oh, the clean, pretty, sweeping strokes—time after time, the full diagonal length of the court (old tactics); and the crisp, unsuspected "places" that took advantage of an opponent's mistakes and scored the points!

Theirs was the most admirable play that Stuart Greenway had ever seen. It was his own style of play, but raised to the *n*th power. Could he ever so raise his own? Sitting, watching, thinking, he had the gravest doubts.

Well, he found himself in the semi-finals pitted against the younger Harmon. And he marched out upon the court with much the feeling of a French gentleman going to be guillotined. He was shy. He was fifteen. He was self-conscious. There was one of those red things developing conspicuously on his nose. It felt as big to him as Mount Popocatepetl. His best white trousers had grass stains on both knees. His shoes had black sweat-marks. His racket had one string broken and was soft and mushy. And almost everybody he knew in the world was looking at him, and at least a hundred people he didn't know from Adam.

Self-consciousness and self-pity were his strongest emotions. He even wished that he was dead. "*Then* they'd be sorry." And he played for three games as if he were engaging in the sport for the first time. A lobbed ball disappeared in the blazing sun—he missed it entirely. And people tittered, and then Stuart Greenway

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HE CHALKED SQUARES UPON THE BARN FLOOR AND PRACTISED AND PRACTISED UNTIL HE COULD HIT A BALL AS MANY TIMES AS HE PLEASED JUST ABOVE THE NET-LINE.

saw red. And calmness came to him—concentration, clear vision—and he gave battle.

Some of the gets he made that day should be diagramed in gold on the Hall of Fame. The gallery rose to them, with hand-clapping and cheering. He who had alway "gentled the ball" began now to "paste" it, and lo! so many of the "pastes" "came off" that points came to him, and games even. And there were times when he had the wonderful Harmon running from corner to corner of the court, and even more glorious times when by a well-masked shot he caused the wonderful Harmon to anticipate wrong, and to look almost foolish.

It was much, but it was not enough. And suddenly it was over. He had been beaten in straight sets, but he had fought for them. He saw Harmon spring lightly over the net, and advance toward him with outstretched hand. He saw the famous Harmon smile beam upon him, and he heard the gentle, well-bred voice saying: "You played very badly."

That was what the Harmons always said to beaten adversaries. And when you think of it, it's about the only decent and modest thing there is to say.

They left the court together. And the elder Harmon, the really great one, joined them.

"Don't you ever get tired, Greenway?" he asked.

"I don't think so," said Greenway. "Not very. Sometimes when it's very hot and the court's a long way off——"

"How do you mean—a long way off?"

Stuart blushed; he had not meant to say what he had said. It had slipped out.

"Like to-day," he faltered. "Bobby Brown promised to drive me over, and he didn't come, and if I didn't want to be late I had to run."

"To run? How far?"

"Well, my father steps just a yard, and he says it's only three miles, but——"

"You ran three miles, and then played like that?"

Stuart was so embarrassed that he wanted to cry. "I didn't want to be late," he apologized.

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But the famous brothers put back their heads and laughed. And the younger said, "We three must have a powwow!"

And they ordered an immense glass of lemonade for Stuart, and for themselves, alas! immense glasses of a deep brownish mixture, and they powwowed in a cool corner, and won all his worship and confidence with their gentle, winning ways.

"What sort of a bat do you use?"

He showed them.

"Why, it's a regular fish-net. It's got a broken string."

"I've got a regular collection of bats," said the younger Harmon. "Would you mind if I picked out a couple that feel pretty good, and sent 'em to you?"

Good Lord, how happy they made that boy, and what good, honest young gentlemen they were, loving the game that they played so prettily far more than the victories that so often fell to them!

At parting, the elder and gentler clapped young Greenway upon the back, and said: "Next year we'll both be afraid of you!"

And when he had gone they talked about him, laughing a little, admiring a good deal. And they took rackets and showed each other how young Greenway made certain strokes. And nodded their heads or shook them. And the younger said: "Tell you one thing, and it's what'll win for him some day: that boy doesn't play you—he fights you."

"Yes," agreed the elder, "but first he runs three miles, so's not to keep his elders waiting——"

"Three miles with the sun in the hundreds——"

Through the open window, far off, they saw Stuart Greenway trotting across a bowl of lawn on a short cut for the boulevard. This time he was not really in a hurry. The Harmon brothers had made him feel so happy, and such friends with himself, that he simply had to do something about it. That was all. And what, I ask you, can express happiness more simply than running a few miles to tell your mother how happy you are?

But he was not to run all the way. A bay horse that went very free between the shafts of a runabout overtook him, and a gay voice called upon him by name, and lo, it was the voice of the little girl he had saved from drowning! It was the voice of the girl who in all his life was never to be gainsaid by him.

And he sat beside her, and she urged the horse to gallop, which was a way she had, and she said:

"Everybody says that next year or the year after you'll beat the life out of the Harmons." And her face, cut out of a rose (the eyes were half-moons of sapphire), was all pride in him, and loyalty. And when she put him down at his door, the eyes of each lingered in the eyes of the other. For in these two children love already burned with a clear and steady flame.

But this is a story of ambition. Not love itself shall wholly divert the writer from his stern purpose.

III

Next day Stuart Greenway and the little girl he had saved from drowning lay on the grass, chins on hands, just back of the back net, and watched the Harmon brothers play the five-set match which ended the tournament. It is better to see tennis from the end than from the side; the strategy, when there is any, not only becomes more plain, but it is not necessary to be always wiggling one's head to follow the flight of the ball.

Lying in the grass alongside the girl was a great pleasure, but watching that match was not. It was hopelessly discouraging. For the play of both brothers seemed perfection.

Of course we wouldn't think so to-day. Tactics have changed; strokes have become more severe; courts faster, contestants more bellicose.

But for the days of their prominence the Harmons were wonderfully good; hitting from back court, from corner to corner, long, crisp strokes; serving swiftly but not furiously; going to the net to volley only when "pulled in;" the points earned by placements without much pace. It must have been a dreadfully hard game to beat by anybody who—played the same kind of a game.

So much was obvious to Stuart, and so much he confided to the girl.

"I tell you," he said, "it's no use learning to play their game; to beat it you've got to learn a different game." And his mind, precocious where tennis was concerned, began to work and fret and evolve and discard. Would it be well to hit the ball

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harder? Yes; but not at any great sacrifice of steadiness. Would it be well when you did go to the net to go a little nearer than the Harmons did? Hum—hum—and then things began to flash in Stuart's concentrated mind.

"What you grinning at?"

"'Cause I think I've found how to beat 'em."

Her great eyes, full of faith, glistened with excitement.

"Cross your heart you'll never tell?"

"'Course I won't tell."

Then, eyes shining, whispering eagerly, the boy unbosomed himself of inventions and discoveries. In his sanguine mind he saw himself not only beating the perfect play of the Harmons, but beating it all to pieces.

"Do you see what I mean?"

She nodded wisely.

"Is it any good?"

"It's so good that next year I'll bet my bottom dollar on you to win—if I can get it up."

She did get it up, and some other dollars; for she belonged to a sporting family who saw nothing wicked in betting and playing cards for money, and she stood to win quite a large sum. She had had discouraged letters from Stuart during the fall.

"They're making me play football 'for the good of the school' instead of tennis for the good of myself," he wrote. "But the thing is going to work if I can get enough practise. Only wait till spring. They can't make me play baseball, because I throw like a girl."

Spring came, early summer. He had saved up enough money to send her a telegram. It read: "Bet your bottom dollar."

He had no sooner sent his telegram than he received a parcel by express. It was from the younger Harmon, and contained

GOOD LORD, HOW HAPPY THEY MADE THAT BOY, AND WHAT GOOD, HONEST YOUNG GENTLEMEN THEY WERE, LOVING THE GAME THAT THEY PLAYED SO PRETTILY FAR MORE THAN THE VICTORIES THAT SO OFTEN FELL TO THEM

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two brand-new rackets of exquisite feel and balance. They suited Stuart to a T. So did the note which accompanied them:

. . . "When you beat us at the Country Club this year we want to feel that we at least supplied the bats. How are you coming on? We think we are hitting the ball very well for us. . . ."

That year the Harmons met each other in the very first round of the tournament, and as usual the younger went down to defeat in five beautiful sets. The elder then beat two "dubs," and, in the semi-finals, no less a giant of tennis than the National Champion.

"The tournament," said the wise, "is now over. Too bad. They should have salted the draw. All Harmon's got to do now is to beat young Greenway in the finals. Bet you ten to one on Harmon."

"Take that ten times," said a little girl with big eyes. The wise one laughed and said "Done!" And then everybody had tea and drinks and conversation, and went home.

Greenway, meanwhile, had won his match in the semi-final. He had had a very easy draw, and had not found it necessary to show any of the new tennis that he had up his sleeve. Heaven helping, he would spring all that on the elder Harmon to-morrow!

To-morrow came bright, clear, and hot. It differed from other summer days in having the longest morning that Greenway ever remembered. He was nervous as a cat. He couldn't sit still. He felt weak and unhappy. The only comfort was that he had a nice, clean pair of white trousers to appear in, and a decent-looking pair of shoes. Suppose what he thought to be new tennis had been tried out by others and found wanting? Harmon would make him look like a fool.

At two o'clock somebody called for him in a runabout and drove him up to the Country Club. At a quarter of three he was talking with the Harmon brothers. At five minutes of three he was shaking hands with the champion, who was to referee. At three o'clock, having won the toss, and elected to serve, he faced the elder Harmon across the net, seeing him as if in a mist.

They warmed up for awhile, Harmon hitting the ball with the middle of his racket, Greenway with every part of his except the middle. His knees and elbows felt as if they were water. And there seemed to be something wrong with his eyes. He couldn't see the ball distinctly, or Harmon's face. Gradually, however, the fog cleared, and he began to "find" the ball, to put pace upon it, to reach the corners and the base-line.

"Ready if you are," said Harmon.

And they both took their places—Greenway to serve, Harmon to receive.

The gallery had already given the match to Harmon, and was only politely interested. But one small girl with sapphire eyes shaped like half-moons was pale as a sheet. She had come not to see tennis—but victory. Also, she had bet her bottom dollar; but that didn't trouble her.

Greenway served a crisp, high-bounding ball to Harmon's back-hand, and then he did a thing that, until that day, had never been seen in first-class tennis. Instead of stepping outside the base-line, and waiting warily and defensively for Harmon's return, he ran for the net. The move perplexed Harmon. He took his eye off the ball to look at Greenway, and "flubbed."

"Fifteen love," announced the champion from the referee's chair.

Again Greenway served and ran to the net. This time Harmon attempted to lob the ball over his head, but Greenway anticipated just this, stepped back, and smashed the ball far out of Harmon's reach.

"Thirty love."

Harmon tried a ground stroke. Greenway blocked it sharply across court.

"Forty love."

Harmon tried to put the ball between Greenway and the side-line. But the passing shot, if known to the elder generation of tennis, was not practised by them. They hit from corner to corner, not up and down the side-lines. Harmon "covered" that, attempted to pass, and smothered it.

"The games," said the champion, "are one love. Mr. Greenway leads." He had been very sleepy when the match began. He was now wide-awake, and rather excited. So was the younger Harmon. As for the small girl, *she* wasn't excited—not a bit of it. If she had been excited do you think she would have sat there sucking her thumb the way unscientifically raised babies do when they prepare to go bedyby?

On his returns of Harmon's service Greenway continued to run in close to the net and force the play. And the first thing he

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knew he had won the first set six games to the great Harmon's three. And it was the same with the second set.

While the players were changing sides the younger Harmon confabbed with the referee.

"It's simple as A-B-C," he said, "and absolutely obvious. Wonder nobody ever thought of it before."

"The way to beat it," said the champion, "is to learn to play the ball down the side-line. That also is obvious."

"And who's going to be able to do that between now and Monday? If that boy goes to Newport he will be champion."

"Hum!" said the champion—but in his heart he thought so too, and was afraid.

Harmon changed his tactics. He accepted the new tennis for what it was worth, and tried to play it. Serving, he too ran into the net, and, seeing this, young Greenway smiled in the secret depths of his strong heart.

A kind of a great "Ah-ah!" went up from the gallery. Greenway was being attacked with his own weapons. How would he defend himself? Very easily, for the most part. It was not in vain that he had spent a whole spring playing the ball up and down the court instead of from corner to corner. The ball, bounding high, came to him on the fore-hand—he stroked it gently, but crisply, straight down the line. It dropped in by a matter of inches. Harmon hadn't been able to reach to within five feet of it. A drop of blood ran down a small girl's lower lip.

Again the great Harmon was passed, and again.

"It's all over," said the younger Harmon, and twenty minutes later it was. But this year it was Greenway who leaped the net, and Greenway who said, a little sorrow in his eye, a little mischief:

"You played very badly."

They left the court together, Harmon's right arm about Greenway's shoulder. At a respectful distance followed the younger Harmon and the champion.

"Now," said the great Harmon, "my brother and I are going to Newport tomorrow, Sunday, on the one o'clock. You can still enter by telegram. Will you come? A championship wouldn't be a championship without you in it. You'll walk right *through* everybody."

"*I'm* crazy to play," said Stuart, "but I—we're awful poor. I don't like to ask my mother. She'd find the money somehow—and go without things, and that isn't good enough."

"You come as my guest," said Harmon, "please."

If only I could reproduce Harmon's mild, gentle, winning voice! But I can't.

"Really? Do you mean it?"

"Of course I mean it."

A wonderful happiness surged in Stuart's heart. To play in the championship, to have a good chance to win! "You're awful good."

"You'll come?"

"Yes, and thank you millions of times."

But he was not to play in that championship, nor the next, nor any championship. There came that night the news that his grandfather was suddenly dead. After a while it dawned that certain plump moneys confidently hoped for from the grandfather's estate were never to materialize.

All things that he had counted on were taken from Stuart—tennis—college. He was only sixteen. That fall they made him go to work, and he became the humblest clerk in a banking-house, and did the very best he knew how, and wore the smiling, cheerful face. But often his heart ached for the things that he had so longed to do and be.

Whenever he could, he played tennis. But two weeks a year is very little vacation, and when you are a business man, Saturdays and Sundays are nearly always rainy. His great game went all to pot. At sixteen, though not actually champion, he was the best player in the country. At nineteen, pale, a little near-sighted, and often very unhappy, he was a "has-been."

And meanwhile other players were reaping fame along the lines which he had invented.

IV

Now Stuart Greenway was the most temperate young fellow in the world, and one of the shyest. One day (he was now twenty-two) he learned that a great-aunt of his had left him a legacy of five thousand dollars. And that made him very happy. The same day he read in a paper that *she* was reported engaged to be married to . . . etc., etc., and that made him very unhappy, and so he got drunk.

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He didn't get beastly drunk, nor weeping drunk—but gaily, wildly, wisely, and a little impertinently drunk. He made friends with total strangers. It was delightful. You drank with them, they told you the stories of their lives, and you left them and went elsewhere. You bought standing room in theatres and laughed at the sad parts, and cried about the jokes. Whenever a beautiful young woman wanted to be a mother to you, you ran. You saw a drunken man lurching into a darkened street; cold and horrified, you pointed him out to a policeman.

Then you were in a "sort of place" with old prints on the wall, talking business with an inventor. He had invented a sort of bottle that kept hot things hot and cold things cold. His talk was a combination of Demosthenes, Mirabeau, Daniel Webster, and Peter Dunne. Shedding a few trustful tears, you bought a half right in his wonderful invention for five thousand dollars. You gave him your note for that amount, and next day when he called upon you in the banking parlors where you worked, you actually recognized your own writing.

"I suppose," said Stuart in an undertone, "you know I was drunk when I gave you that note."

"I know you were," said the inventor—no longer Demosthenes-Mirabeau-Webster-Dunne, but a seedy, anxious-looking individual.

"Won't you let me off? It's all the money I've got in the world or ever will have."

"It's the same with me," said the inventor. "So I can't let you off. For the good of both of us, I won't."

I have hinted that this is an immoral story. There are plenty of people who say that Stuart Greenway is a financial genius. As a matter of fact, he knows very little about business. He got drunk and, instead of being punished, was rewarded. For Heaven's sake don't try to draw a moral.

In less than a year he had retired from clerking. The patent bottle was bringing him in all kinds of money—yellow, white, red, and green. People said he was the cleverest man of his age (which of course was never *exactly* their own) that they had ever seen.

Money meant two things to Stuart.

A GAY VOICE CALLED UPON HIM BY NAME, THE VOICE OF THE GIRL

First, the girl, if he could get her. Second, tennis.

She had been reported engaged. But she didn't act to Stuart like an engaged girl. True, the other fellow was always hanging about, and he was rather a fine, generous sort of fellow. But the eyes of true love, noting this thing and that, felt that the world had not, perhaps, *really* come to an end. A question would settle the matter definitely—but that question he was afraid to ask. He never did ask it. For one day he got to feeling so loving and tender and melancholy and lonely that he suddenly took her in his arms, and she was so happy and relieved that she flung hers about him—and then they made such a fuss over each other that you might have thought the room contained a dozen loving couples instead of only one.

They were both rich, and they had always loved each other, so they had the shortest kind of an engagement. And they

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AND LO, IT WAS THE VOICE OF THE LITTLE GIRL HE HAD SAVED FROM DROWNING! IT WAS WHO IN ALL HIS LIFE WAS NEVER TO BE GAINSAID BY HIM.

went on a long honeymoon, which took in the national championship at Newport. And it came to pass that a stork hovered over their home and a son was born.

During the first year of his marriage, Stuart played a great deal of tennis. He wanted to "get back," and she wanted him to. But he had been out of the game for too many years. He had clerked too many long hours: injured his outdoor-loving eyes; lost something, the elasticity of youth, the whatever it is that you do lose trying to make a living.

He had stood still. The game had gone on and on. The famous Harmons were no longer *anybody* when it came to actual play. One had married—one had developed gout. The old champion was a has-been. The new champion made a business of the game, ate and drank for it, lived for it—had a trainer. The leading players of the country had names that had not been heard of in the days when Stuart was at his best.

One day young Mrs. Greenway, slipping noiselessly into the nursery, found Stuart addressing his toothless son, to whom he had just presented a tennis-ball.

"Maybe you don't understand," he was saying, "how much father wanted to be champion. But now he's got you and mums, he doesn't care. Just as soon as you're big enough to swing a bat—hallo, Honeybug! I was thinking what fun it would be if we could train the kid up to be champion! Ever tell you how ridiculously hard it was for me to give the game up? I knew it was silly and unmanly to feel that way about a game. But somehow if a fellow can only do one thing well—if it's only chuck-cherry on a tombstone—he has a love and friendship for that thing that passes all understanding. If things had broken differently—if grandpa had had the tact to live a week longer, and not go

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broke, I'd have come very near being champion. However, let's forget it, will we? But sometimes I just can't."

The bringing-up of the Greenway kid was not respectable. He was brought up just the opposite from that eleven-year-old who lectured at Harvard the other day on the Fourth Dimension, and to my mind *he* wasn't respectably brought up, either. But as the Harvard kid took to mathematics (and spectacles) so the Greenway kid took to level stretches of turf, geometrically marked with white chalk, and to keeping steadfastly a pair of young eagle eyes upon a flying and bounding ball.

To be the best lawn-tennis player in the world? What an empty ambition! Why, half the brains, half the application, half the self-denial, plus the conscience to call balls that are in, out, could make you one of the world's leading financiers, admired and kowtowed to by everybody. If it were suddenly decreed that the money plums of their life should go to athletes who live clean and play fair, instead of to blotchy, stomachy individuals who live loose and cheat, and fatten on tariffs and privileges, what a wonderful upside-downing of the world there would be! How the cities would empty and the green fields fill! How disease would run shrieking away! How nobility and chivalry would come galloping up! How the Greenways and their kid would think it all the most natural and understandable thing imaginable.

But as things are, we look up to professional manipulators and down on professional athletes. And this is what we mean when we talk of original sin.

The Greenway kid began to play tennis when he wasn't much taller than a tennis-bat. And almost from the first it was obvious that he had inherited his father's talent. It came natural to him to look at the ball instead of at the landscape, and whatever they had to do to his fore-hand later on, he was born with a beautiful back-hand.

Incidentally, he learned to read and write and figure, and to have good manners. And he even went to boarding-school and played football and baseball and read Cæsar and Xenophon with a "trot." But the best of him was dedicated to tennis; nor was he allowed to learn the game "all wrong," as most boys, left to themselves, learn it. It was taught to him properly from the beginning, by a great English professional, who, finding that he had wonderful material to work on, put his heart and soul and his final judgments of how the game should be played into the teaching. The Greenway kid grew tall, strong, and long-limbed. He was very fast on his feet, and had the endurance of a hunting dog. Once in Canada—but this is a story of ambition.

The game that he was taught to play, although not as revolutionary as that which his father had invented, was a new game. And in it was much of his teacher, something of himself, and something of his father. For Stuart Greenway saw all the first-class tennis of his time, and thought about it and was very wise.

The scheme of the kid's game was this: to put his adversary so far out of court that he could not make a dangerous return, and then to annex the point with a slam or a sharp place, or a little chop just over the net. Therefore he was taught from the beginning of things the American service. Now this stroke, as all men know, causes the ball to rise from the ground with redoubled speed, shaped like a cucumber, and with a hideously sudden change of direction. It is a stroke which startles and horrifies nature and gravity. And when it is cunningly placed, it forces the receiver of it so far out of court that he would have no trouble in proving an alibi.

To deliver that serve is one thing. Many players do it very well indeed, and they follow it into the net and enjoy themselves. To receive it and to return it so that the return is not a despairing act of defense, but an aggressive attack, is quite another. And here it was that the Greenway kid's game differed from that played by his contemporaries; for he learned to stand well inside the base-line of the court, instead of many feet back of it, and to hit those unnaturally bounding balls before they had bounced far enough to do any evil; and not merely to hit them, but so to meet them, lean upon them, and change the plane of his racket at the last instant, that he sent them back even faster than they had come, and to places which the wisest adversary could never anticipate.

Now the Greenway kid could not always bring these wonderful shots off. The margin of error was so very small that if he was the least bit nervous, or if his eyes were a little tired, he made such foolish-

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looking flubs, dubs, and misses that people who didn't understand what he was trying to do were inclined to laugh.

"Every shot an ace," was his motto. And that is the hardest motto in the world to live up to. But every year he became steadier and stronger physically and nervously. And the Englishman and Frenchman against whom he played just beat him when he wasn't playing his best, and were unmercifully beaten by him when he was.

On these occasions he always shook hands with them, smiling shyly, and said: "You played very badly."

At last, the Greenway kid having learned all the tennis that could be taught him, and being eighteen, and ripe for college, it was decided that he should play the American circuit, and get in line for the championship.

"He may not win this year," said his father to his mother, "and he may. He's got the strokes, and the strength, but he's very young and very diffident. He doesn't know yet how very good he is. I don't expect him to win this year. *Really*, I don't! But next year—or the year after. He's bound to improve up to twenty-five—why, in a year or two there'll be nothing to it. It's been a long wait, but that championship is coming my way."

"*Your* way?" she laughed.

"Our way. You see, I never can forget that I had a good chance to win it myself when I was a kid."

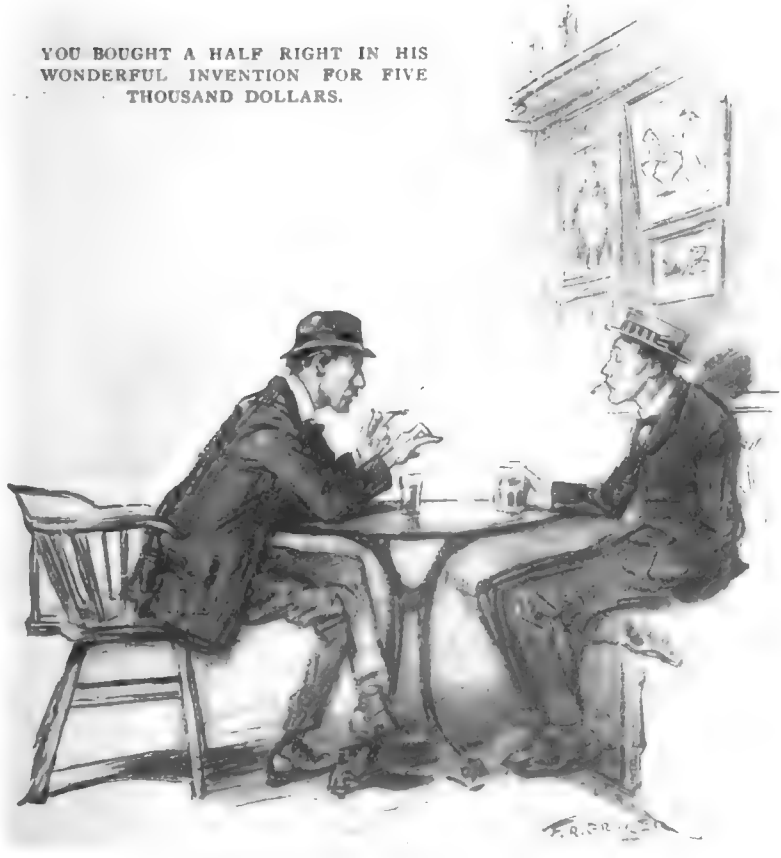
"It would be safer if we had another boy in reserve instead of three girls."

"There couldn't be two boys like our boy. You can teach 'em and teach 'em, but it isn't everybody that's got champion caliber. . . . .I'll only bet a little this year. But next year—up goes my bottom dollar."

Her eyes shone with excitement, remembering old days. "And mine," she said.

That summer the Greenway kid was the sensation of the American courts. He didn't win the championship, because he wasn't yet steady enough. But the two sets that he did take from the champion at Newport were taken as easily as a big child takes candy from a little. Indeed, when the Greenway kid's strokes came off, the champion might as well have been tied hand and

YOU BOUGHT A HALF RIGHT IN HIS WONDERFUL INVENTION FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.



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foot. He was made to look almost as if he had stepped into a court for the first time. And even in the sets which he lost, the Greenway kid did most of the playing. He either made an ace, according to his motto, or he gave the point away.

It wasn't a win, but it gave the gallery election shocks, four or five in succession sometimes, and it gave the champion one attack after another of heart-disease, and it gave the old tennis-players, old champions, fathers, grandfathers, and patrons of the game, food for a whole winter of talk and speculation. And the conclusion which one and all of them came to was this:

"Age that boy a little, and there's nothing to it—nothing."

Alas, there was more to it than that.

The Greenway kid entered Yale, and one day in the winter as he was crossing the campus, a book and a note-book under his arm, a classmate hit him in the back of the neck with a snowball.

The Greenway kid dropped his books, hastily packed a snowball and, laughing aloud furiously, threw it. That it reached its mark was his only satisfaction. His throwing arm hurt him abominably between the elbow and the shoulder.

In this life there are two most important maxims: Don't drink on an empty stomach, and don't throw with a cold arm. Ask the late Mr. Brown, or young Smith who used to pitch, southpaw, for the Athletics.

When the tennis season opened, there was dismay in the Greenway family. The kid's arm would work all right for a game or two, and then just in the middle of a stroke it would suddenly refuse to do what was asked of it.

"It doesn't hurt," said the kid, "and *that* wouldn't matter. It just won't work."

He tried many doctors and many cures—but the miserable "catch" in the upper arm persisted. It would do him no justice on the courts, and when he came off them it ached for hours like an ulcerated tooth.

At last a ball-player told him of a doctor, an osteopath in Ohio, whose specialty was baseball arms. "Makes old pitchers new," said the player. "But if they're beyond help, he tells 'em."

To Ohio forthwith, to the office in Canton of "Bonesetter Brown," journeyed the Greenway kid. Two hours after reaching the doctor's office he telegraphed to his anxious father:

"Nothing doing. Arm gone up the spout for good. Don't you care."

But his father did care. He said to the mother (with a fine show of bravery):

"Oh, I suppose it was an unworthy ambition."

And then he went and sat in his library for an hour and looked out of the window, and when one of his daughters called to him that tea was ready, he said he was reading and didn't wish to be disturbed. If he felt sorry for himself and the mother, he felt sorrier for the boy.

But the boy was very cheerful about it, said it didn't matter, no use crying over spilt milk, better luck next time, never did like tennis anyway, wouldn't be champion if you paid him, etc., etc. Indeed, he was so unnaturally cheerful that when he packed up some grips and traipsed off to Bar Harbor his mother said to his father, "I believe he's in love." And, having said it, she got to believing it, and was more worried than by the loss of thousands and thousands of championships.

Two weeks later the Greenway kid came home, and when he told his parents and his sisters that he was engaged to be married, and that nothing in this world really counts except love, there was a terrific excitement. They said that he was too young, very callow, that he couldn't possibly know his own mind. Then he told them who the girl was—and this was their first grain of comfort.

"Why," said his mother, "when you were a little fellow you and she pretended you were engaged."

"And so we were," said he, "and have been ever since."

"It's a little like your father and me," said the mother, a bit wistfully. "Oh dear, how soon young people grow old, and children grow up."

"Children!" exclaimed the father. And then he clapped his hand over his mouth.

"Of course," said the kid's eldest sister, "you'll finish what you are pleased to call your college career."

The kid nodded. "It's only three years."

His father drew a deep breath, sighed, and said: "Well, I can stand it if you can."

"What did you mean, father, when you said 'I can stand it if you can'?"

"I meant that the sooner they're married,

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the sooner there'll be a grandson in the family, and the more time I'll have to teach that grandson all the tennis I know."

"Maybe the child's parents won't approve. I don't think our boy ever really cared much about the championship."

"Don't you? Shows how much you know. He's a thoroughbred. He hides his feelings."

Four years later the elder Greenway was bending over a shapely boy baby, to whom he had just made a present of a tennis-ball. Hearing a sound, the elder Greenway straightened up, guiltily, and turned around.

It was only his son entering the nursery to have a parental look at the baby. But for some reason the kid was blushing as if he had been caught in a shameful act.

"What you blushing about?"

"Nothing."

"What you got your hand behind your back for?"

The Greenway kid very sheepishly withdrew his hand. It contained a tennis-ball.

Then the two men looked each other a long time in the eye. A lump rose in the elder's throat. They bent over the cradle.

"Got a bully chest on him," said his father gruffly.

"Got a bully set of arms and legs," said the son.

"Got a bully round head on him; going to be clever."

"Got a fighting jaw."

There was a long, admiring silence. Then the grandfather, very, very gruffly:

"May not be a worthy ambition, but I propose that when the boy gets to be about seven——"

"What are you two talking about?"

The mother and the grandmother had come in, linked together like two schoolgirls.

"The kid," said the grandfather grimly, "was just saying that in his opinion the Progressive Party is bound to win in the long run."

"You see," said the kid with dignity, "it's made up of our own kind of people—people who realize that there are better things in this world than money and power—people who——"

But the ladies had seen the tennis-balls. And they put their hands to their mouths. Then the grandmother took the baby out of the cradle (without breaking any of its bones) and dandled it, and she said with fine sarcasm:

"Is this, by any chance, your Progressive Party that's bound to win in the long run? . . . Did ums was a champion, I wants to know!"

THE TWO DYINGS

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I CAN remember, once ere I was dead,
The sorrow and the prayer and bitter cry
When they that loved me stood around the bed,
Knowing that I should die.

They need not so have grieved their souls for me,
Grouped statue-like to count my failing breath;
Only one thought strove faintly, bitterly,
With the kind drug of Death:

How once upon a time, unwept, unknown,
Unhelped by pitying sigh or murmured prayer,
My youth died in slow agony alone,
With none to watch or care.

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The Rivers of Paradise

"YOU FIND NO FAULT WITH ME FOR GOING AWAY?"

by

L J Beeston

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
ARTHUR BECHER

THERE were flower-beds round the sides of the cloister, and the gardener, an ancient man, was going from one flowering plant to another, nipping off withered blooms. On the north side a row of Lombardy poplars looked over a wall of brick mellowed and stained by time. These trees, this wall, shut out the setting sun and threw a twilight half across the cloister.

"For monastery, the homes of the sick; for cell, a hired room; for chapel, the parish church; for cloister, the streets of the city or the wards of the hospital; for enclosure, obedience; for grating, the fear of God; for veil, holy modesty."

Two Sisters of the convent sat on a bench by the wall. Each wore a dress of coarse black serge, with a white fillet that came down to her eyes. No veil covered their young, fresh faces, for they were postulants of their order, the final vows yet unspoken.

It was Sister Beatrice who had quoted that sublime passage of St. Vincent de Paul. She was scarcely twenty years old, and was going away in three days.

Her companion, Sister Mary, answered with a tranquil look: "Well?"

"They are the words of a holy man," said Sister Beatrice in an imploring voice.

"I know it."

"They do not move you?"

"Profoundly. It is the formula of the Filles de la Charité. I honor it; I adore it. But it is not our formula—we who are called Little Crucified Sisters. And if you are

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tempting me to abandon one for the other you will not succeed."

Sister Beatrice colored and was silent. Presently she said: "You find no fault with me for going away?"

"To a great happiness? No, I do not blame you."

"Yet, if you were coming I should be happier."

"That is impossible, because your cup is full."

"But it can overflow?"

"I will pray that it may. Do not talk about me. When are you going to see your betrothed?"

"This evening. He is permitted fifteen minutes in the guest-room before vespers. Mother Frances never leaves us, but she is good and keeps at the other end of the room."

"You have never told me his name."

"It is Louis Georges."

A slight line appeared between the listener's tranquil eyes, and she echoed the name, almost troubled. She asked: "He is an officer of police?"

"Oh, no. He is a lieutenant in a cavalry regiment. What made you ask that question?"

"I thought I had heard that name—but I was mistaken. And you truly love him?"

"Yes, Sister Mary."

"Yet you came here?"

"You forget. I was at the convent school and was passed from there into the convent for one year's training under the vow of postulancy. It was understood that I was not to make the final profession."

"And that does not invite you?"

"No, I could never do that," answered Sister Beatrice earnestly. Then she added in her beseeching voice: "But you—you are determined to remain? You will take the veil when the time arrives?"

"One shall be taken and the other left," murmured Sister Mary. A cloud of pain troubled her serene eyes. "The world which calls to you I abhor. It has no power, no charm for me; no welcome. And our life here, within these walls, our days of patient toil, of contemplation, of prayer, which dismay and frighten you, are my satisfying treasures, the gifts of Heaven. The covering veil from which you shrink is to me a blessed thing. You count the hours which separate you from your departure. Well, I count them also, for they keep me from vows which never can be broken."

The other answered pensively: "I believe where I can not understand. You are

INSIDE
THE CHURCH
THE OTHER MAN
AND THE GIRL WERE
BEING WEDDED, STANDING
BEFORE A GAUDILY PAINTED REREDOS AND ALTAR.

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only a few years older than I, and you are very beautiful. Why should you long for the evening when the dawn that waits for us is so fair?"

"One shall be taken and the other left," whispered the Sister again.

"The lonely cell suffocates my heart."

"It is the Bridegroom's chamber."

"Endless penances weary me."

"They make the weak strong; the strong great."

"One day is just like another, and all are dreary."

"Beyond them ages which outnumber the stars."

"Attendances in chapel, so long, so interminable, stupefy one's spirit."

"On the contrary, they transform it to flame."

Sister Beatrice sighed. "You are determined, then, to remain?" said she wistfully.

The other answered: "Might I, by ceaseless beseeching, prevail upon you to stay?"

"No, no!" said Sister Beatrice, almost wildly.

"Then no more easily can you persuade me."

At that moment the bell in the tower of the convent chapel clanged six sonorous notes. The two Sisters fell upon their knees; the ancient gardener forced his creaking joints to a like posture. All moved their lips in one minute of prayer. Then Sister Beatrice, rising perhaps too hastily, said in an eager voice: "It is his time; he will be waiting." She almost ran down the cloister and disappeared through a doorway at the end on the left.

Sister Mary lowered her eyes to a small volume on her knees. It was a book of the divine offices. Her eyes ran over the words: "Before starting on any task the postulant must recite a *De Profundis* in a slow and deliberate manner . . . ." But she did not perceive even the letters, for recollection had burst the barriers long opposed to it.

Perched on the high wall a thrush was singing a hymn to joy. And in the dew which was falling lingered the scent of flowers, the scent of the ground, the chilling breath of the trees.

This pale Sister, who was not yet twenty-five years old, remembered. She thought of her bridal night.

Just now she had spoken of her cell as the Bridegroom's chamber. But that was faith's vision; a splendid idealism hard always to set up, its enraptured moments few and far between in the long, gray hours. . . .

She saw a church built of pine logs that were painted white, which had a pale-blue dome surmounted by a gilded cross. Grouped outside this church were some men in sheepskin jackets and caps of fur, and women in red cotton dresses. Before the building and behind it, and far, far down as the eye could perceive, was a forest of trees divided by a straight road. The road was buried under a depth of snow; and the trees, tall and mournful, supported the snow on their melancholy branches.

Along this road came a springless vehicle with two pairs of wheels, an arrangement of parallel poles on which rested a cradle-shaped body with a wooden hood at the back, having no seats, and straw laid thickly in it for the comfort of the passengers. Three horses made this cumbrous affair fly like the wind over the frozen road. A horseshoe-shaped yoke was arched over the necks of the animals, and four little bells, hung from this yoke, jingled music. There were three occupants—two men and a girl, covered with furs.

The vehicle drew up before the church of pine logs. One of the men and the girl went into the building. The other, who was extraordinarily handsome, with a long mustache and laughing, mocking eyes, stayed outside, in the roadway, joking with the women in red cotton dresses, throwing some silver pieces to the men. He kept peering along the ribbon of road, and every time he looked he shrugged his shoulders and rapped out an oath.

Inside the church the other man and the girl were being wedded, standing before a gaudily painted reredos and altar. The altar was a blaze of lighted candles. A piece of red ribbon was tied round two of the candles; one of these was given to the bridegroom, the other to the bride—symbol of the clearness of their purpose, of its purity.

Suddenly a harsh footstep interrupted the murmuring of the priest. He who had waited outside had entered with lack of respect. And he called out imperiously: "You had best make it as short as you can, by Jove!"

The bride's heart quaked. The rest of the service was a fear, a painful dream,

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THERE WAS A MAD RACE THROUGH FOREST AND SWAMP. TWELVE AFTER THREE; TWELVE WHO MEANT TO KILL TWO OF THOSE THREE.

hurried over, gabbled through. As she was hurried from the church a wrinkled old candle-seller in the porch cried out with a shrill laugh: "*Mon Dieu*, there's a pale face for a bride!"

And then? A phantasmagoria; a wildest vision against the background of which, like a storm-bank, one or two incidents glimmered with the fierce brightness of lightning.

There was a mad race through forest and swamp. Twelve after three; twelve who meant to kill two of those three. It endured, that test of limb and nerve, hour after hour. Behind their clumsy carriage the powdered snow flew up in dust; the white road tore underneath, swept behind, an indistinct blur of speed. They passed through villages where peasants shouted and barking dogs raced in their track. They careered with dreadful crashes over hidden stumps, hidden roots. The pines and firs and the silver birch-trees whirled behind them to a far, flat horizon where the sun, a flame-colored ball, was setting in a stainless sky.

And while the bridegroom held his young wife and urged her to be brave, his friend knelt upon the straw, looking back, a long pistol in either hand, and cursed with terrible oaths the slow decline of the day.

Suddenly the sweating horses, in the last stage of exhaustion, staggered into a clearing and stopped without command outside a stockade of logs which was a post-station. The man with the pistols and the driver jumped down. Inside a quadrangular yard was a fresh relay of horses. A tall fellow in sheepskin coat and astrakhan cap barred the entrance with folded arms, a cigarette between his lips. He called out curtly:

"Go on or stay if you choose. As for me, a message over the wires forbids me to change your horses."

The driver, awed, stepped aside with a shrug.

The man with the pistols had his reply ready. "A good answer to a bad joke!" he snarled, and fired with the words yet on his lips.

He looked round for the driver, who had run away; then at the snow-dust which

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showed the pursuers closing in. He was frightfully cool, this man. Without the suspicion of hurry he harnessed three fresh horses to the loosely-fitting shafts. Then he went back for the cigarette which had dropped from the lips of the shot post-station master. He tossed his pistols into the body of the vehicle and climbed upon the driver's seat. His whip cut into the horses' sides. They raced off, reckless as a hurricane.

The day was dying—at last. The orb of the sun had gone, leaving pale green streaks, livid streaks which striated the scene of its setting, and in which a slender slip of moon glimmered. The forest was behind them. They flew over a vast, flat expanse with nothing to mark the buried highway save an endless line of telegraph posts standing rigid at all angles, with a single wire, a black thread under the darkening sky. The rising wind moaned through the insulators, moaned and screamed its song to the waste.

The pursuit hung on well. Darkness must beat them, however. From their direction red flashes came. The bridegroom made his girl-wife cower low in the cradle-like receptacle, and he answered those sinister splashes of fire with similar ones from his pistols. The driver looked over his left shoulder. A burst of mocking laughter came from his lips. He shouted in derision:

"A long *au revoir*, rascals and scoundrels!"

And then he pitched headlong with a bullet through his brain.

The long reins flew from his hands, became entangled in the legs of one of the horses, which crashed heavily. There was a stampede, a fury of kicking hoofs, and the vehicle plunged, overturned, into a ten-foot drift.

The bride awoke from a long night, an eternity of delirium. She had been hurt; had been very ill. The law had not waited for her. It had taken her lover; consigned him to a lifelong exile. And he died in that frozen land six months later.

His bride became Sister Mary; to pain she opposed prayer; to sorrow, ecstasy; to longing, contemplation.

"During all times of conversation the Sisters are warned to keep guard over their tongues. When their opinion is asked they must give it with moderation and all humility. . . ."

No, she could not follow the simple words of simple rules. She closed the book on her knees. The radiant happiness of Sister Beatrice distracted her. She confessed that it was beautiful, natural; but it had something of the rapture of a singing bird that finds itself free; and this jarred upon her—she who sought tranquillity in meekness of obedience, in hourly adoration, in the self-crucifixion of her order. "One shall be taken and the other left." Sister Beatrice would go, and she would remain. She would not have it otherwise. She longed for the day when the period of postulancy would end and her abnegation be accepted of Heaven.

The thrush had finished its song and flown to its nest in the brake. Bats skimmed erratically over the garden. The evening star, the planet Hesperus, glimmered in the abyss, a pale golden disk. The bell tolled. It was the signal for Vespers.

Mother Frances, her fingers busied with needlework, occupied a window-recess in the guest-room, and paid no attention to the two other occupants at the farther end, one of whom was Sister Beatrice, the second, Louis Georges. The latter, who kept glancing uneasily at the Mother Superior, was saying in a very low tone:

"If you truly love her, this Sister Mary, it is in your power to make her supremely happy."

"I?" The postulant showed frank astonishment.

"You, and no other. Listen to me carefully. I have something of the utmost importance to tell you—and only twelve minutes allowed me."

"Go on. I promise not to miss a word." Perhaps there was a touch of disappointment in the answer. Only twelve minutes, and they must be used up in talking of a third person.

Louis Georges flashed another suspicious glance toward the unobtrusive Mother Frances. He was very handsome in his dark-green tunic, polished knee-boots, white gloves. An empty sword-belt was at his waist. He had curly hair, black eyes rather too near to each other, a small mustache, and swarthy cheeks which seemed flushed with repressed excitement. He went on, in little more than a whisper: "Do you know anything about your friend?"

"No."

"A few words, then. Before she came here Sister Mary was Adrienne Remy, beautiful, of good birth. She met in a Paris

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salon Boris Varnhagen—enemy to his country's government, refugee, political spy—desperate, resourceful, feared, and—and my friend. They fell violently in love with each other. For the sake of his passion Varnhagen promised to break away from further schemes, to snap the meshes of revolutionary plots for the soft arms of a wife. But first he must make a necessary, a final, visit to his own land, where there was a price upon his head. The girl declared she would go with him, linking her fate to his, vowing in that extraordinary fashion of a doting woman that if he was caught they should catch her also, and permit her to share his exile or his death.

"Well, they attempted this secret, this mad journey. More, Varnhagen accomplished his object—thanks to his spies, who watched those of the government. But the police got upon his track before he was clear of them. He and Adrienne Remy, with a third person named Stroukoff, made a dash for the frontier. They got a good start, so good that on the way they arranged to be married—which was in the nature of a mocking laugh at the expense of the hunters. Wedded they were, sure enough; but the delay was fatal, all the same. Boris Varnhagen was captured. He perished in exile. The girl entered a convent—this convent. All this is perfectly clear to you?"

Sister Beatrice, whose eyes were shining, nodded.

"Well, it appears that the dead sometimes come to life."

Sister Beatrice permitted herself only a slight start.

"Varnhagen has been seen."

"Where?"

"Within a league's distance from here."

THERE WAS A STAMPEDE, A FURY OF KICKING HOOFS, AND THE VEHICLE PLUNGED, OVERTURNED, INTO A TEN-FOOT DRIFT.

"*Mon Dieu!*" Sister Beatrice forgot herself in intense delight.

"He has written a letter to—his wife. He entrusted it—to me. His wishes are

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that I do the best thing in an extraordinarily difficult situation."

"His wife? Why, then—then——"

"She can not take the veil. True."

"Ah! I will tell her——"

"No, you will do nothing of the sort—yet. An immediate action on her part will imperil Varnhagen—my dearest friend. Here is his letter, which contains only these few lines:

"Adrienne, my beloved wife: The bearer of this note has told you that I am alive and in some sort of freedom. I escaped three months ago. The officer whose negligence allowed me to slip through his fingers delivered to headquarters a report of my death. This was a cloak to hide his blunder. Do nothing in haste. I must see you, adored. I have found out where you are. I know even your daily life, thanks to many friends. At midnight on each Friday, before the altar in the chapel, begins a twenty-four hours' Intercession. I have waited for your turn, which is to-night. You will keep holy vigil there alone until dawn. I implore you, for the sake of what I have suffered, for what you have suffered, to give me an interview. If you will do this, place a lighted taper in one of the windows after midnight, and I will come. I dare say no more now. The greatness of our love perceives no sacrilege in this. An open course would lead to my discovery and our final ruin. I press you to my longing heart. Boris."

Louis Georges read the words slowly, tracing them with his finger while Sister Beatrice followed them with bright, eager eyes.

"Will she do it?" asked Georges with a stealthy glance toward Mother Frances.

The girl's face clouded. She shook her head slowly.

"Why not?"

"I know her heart, meek, loving, but filled with the fear of God, with deepest reverence for the divine offices."

The Mother Superior coughed slightly. It was a signal that the brief interview had reached its limits.

"But Varnhagen must see her!" said the other in a vehement, fierce whisper. "Such a chance may not come again. He is hiding in the deep woods beyond the convent, and in hourly danger. Ah, if you knew him—this fine fellow, Boris Varnhagen. She *must* agree."

"She will not," said Sister Beatrice.

Mother Frances coughed louder.

"Then we look to you to help us," whispered Georges.

"Oh, how willingly, if——"

"You can!"

"Tell me!"

"By placing a candle in one of the chapel windows."

"Impossible, Louis," said Sister Beatrice, greatly distressed.

The Mother Superior put down her work.

Georges answered, with a straight, commanding look: "All the same, we rely upon you. You will do for your friend what I am doing for mine. We trust you, understand!"

Mother Frances came forward. Georges rose. He made her a profound bow and went out. The clanking of his spurs sounded harshly, ominously, along a stone passage, through a wicket where the porter waited, and into the outer court.

II

Sister Beatrice, much troubled, sat on the side of her little bed, which had a straw mattress, one blanket, and a counterpane, in a tiny cubicle close wainscoted, and tried to make up her mind what to do.

It was eleven o'clock. The last service of the day, which closed with the threefold prayer of Pater, Ave, and Credo, had ended three hours ago. During those three long hours Sister Beatrice had asked herself if it was the voice of the tempter that was speaking, or the voice of God.

She could not answer the question. Ought she to do this thing, or put it resolutely away?

A pale light was creeping into the cubicle. Just under the ceiling was a foot-square opening traversed by two stanchions set vertically; through this a wan light entered, shed by a late-rising moon.

Between the aperture and the floor was a small, oaken slab hinged to the wall, holding two books of devotion. At the other end of this very narrow apartment was the door, over which were written in large, black letters the words:

"White as a lily, every morning my heart unfolds."

The Sister kept saying to herself: "If I do as he asked me, if I give the signal which brings a stranger and a man to the chapel, I commit a sin. On the other hand, it would bring a great joy to Sister Mary. It is not wrong to make another happy."

With all her heart she wanted to act, but the fear of sacrilege, of the breach of discipline, unnerved her, and she could not bring herself to a decision.

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But the romance of it, the adventure, stirred her girl's heart. What an astonishment in store for Sister Mary! And what a splendid friend had Boris Varnhagen in Louis Georges! She smiled when she recalled Sister Mary's mistake—in supposing that Louis was an officer of police. Had he not told her that he was a lieutenant of hussars?

Suddenly she started. The ponderous drone of the chapel bell drifted through the dormitory, announcing the midnight hour. Sister Mary was already at her post in the church, in a vast semi-gloom, a silence, where the burning candles created shadows, fitful specters. Her knees pressed the stone; her lips murmured the Intercession, the prayer for pardon of all the evil ever committed or to be committed all over the world; a prayer which comprehended dead ages and ages yet to be born. One pair of lips, one woman's soul, breathing this stupendous supplication.

Sister Beatrice rose and opened the door of her cubicle. Some show of action would soothe her trepidation; she need not go too far; just temporize a little; just see if condition and time made the thing possible. After all it might be beyond her power.

A corridor separated the dormitory or *dortoir*, which was in two sections—one either side of the passage. At one extremity of the corridor, which was covered with a green paper, was a large window of leaded panes, whose stained glass represented an apotheosis; at the other end was a door which admitted into the Common Room.

She stole noiselessly toward this large hall, which was used for recreation. The remnants of a wood fire smoldered in a marble fireplace, burned there like the glare of a menacing eye. To the Common Room came the Sisters after service or choir practise in the chapel to warm themselves. Connection between it and the chapel was by a flight of sixteen stone steps, and a covered passage, also of stone, with a groined roof. On either side was a door in a recess, one of which led to the chapter-house, the other to the cloister.

At the farther end were five more steps, deeply worn, which stopped at a door surmounted by the figure of a sainted abbot, in a niche in the stone. This door, covered with iron rivets, opened directly into one of the aisles of the chapel. It was hardly ever locked, being invariably used as ingress and exit in all services of the community.

Sister Beatrice, trembling with excitement, with the chill of the damp, gloomy passage, pressed her delicate fingers upon the ancient, stone-like portal, which swung inward with no creak of protest. And immediately she heard the voice of Sister Mary reciting the words of the Intercession—a faint, earnest murmur; a moan of sound that drifted through the pillared darkness of the place and lost itself in the cradle vaulting.

The interloper advanced three stealthy steps. She darted, with a scared look, toward the high altar, where two tapers glittered with motionless spires of flame; then toward the other end of the church, where a door used for solemn processions communicated with the cloister; then she peered across aisle and nave, where four small altars were ranged along the eastern wall, each bearing a lighted taper. Before one of these altars prayed the Sister whose vigil it was.

Sister Beatrice had only to cross the chapel to get one of the lighted candles. Could she do it? Quite easily. Not only would the gloom conceal her, but the attention of Sister Mary was bent with passionate earnestness upon her supplication. She was striving with heart and soul against mere mechanical repetition, against mere lip movement—that insult to God.

Still the intruder hesitated, pressing her hands upon her palpitating bosom. She was afraid. Of what? She could scarcely answer the question, could not wholly explain this terror that was compressing her throat and robbing her cheeks of every drop of blood.

Then she commenced to glide along the aisle and to cross the chapel by one of the transepts. She shielded her face from the glimmer of the candles by the high altar, as if they were eyes, the eyes of some tremendous presence in those holy precincts, watching her.

The suppliant saw nothing, her head bowed; heard nothing save the murmur of her own voice imploring that immensity of compassion, that eternity of forgiveness.

And a few minutes later Sister Beatrice was in her cubicle, on her mattress of straw, trembling violently, staring into the dark, and listening . . . listening . . .

She had placed the taper on the inner, sloping sill of a window which looked upon

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the cloister. The window, of richly stained glass, contained a representation of the rivers of Paradise. It was almost in one of the corners of the chapel, separated, however, from the wall by a curtain on a brass rod. Behind the curtain was a chamber with lockers for vestments and ornaments, and with a door opening into an angle of the cloister.

Sister Mary, whose eyes looked down to the stone which her knees pressed, whose hands were crossed upon her bosom, saw nothing but the hard altar step, or possibly some impalpable presence growing clear to her introspective gaze. The tall white candles before her bowed head burned with a flame which swung, now and then, in a faint current, with a weary motion as if overburdened by the weight of darkness, of trying to hold up, to press back, the waiting gloom.

Suddenly a nervous tremor made the Sister's figure quiver. She had heard a sound which resembled the crack of rending wood. Only for a fraction of a second did she consider it. The noise had tempted her attention to drift; she conquered the wrongful impulse. If it were possible, she redoubled her earnestness. Yet in this very vehemence of prayer she perceived selfishness, for it issued from a surcharged heart; a heart to which Sister Beatrice had imparted, by her pleading, a longing for the things which might have been, for the hopes which were dead, for the love which was under the earth.

The sound was repeated. A cold sensation seized the Sister's limbs. Still she refused to look away; still her lips murmured her prayer.

A moment later the hanging curtain at the end of the aisle was drawn back slowly, and a man's face appeared. It was a terrible face, for the quick-shifting eyeballs burned with consuming excitement, the mustache seemed to bristle, and the strong white teeth showed below it. The left hand held back the curtain; the right grasped a pistol with a long, blue-steel barrel pointed to the stone flags.

This silent apparition glared here and there, and suddenly it caught sight of the Sister. A stealthy step forward and the curtain dropped behind it. It began to advance, darting in every direction piercing glances; the pistol-arm, at full length, extended slightly backward, ready to swing up with a lightning movement and fire with the action.

After that second sound Sister Mary had heard nothing; but she was cold as ice and her heart had almost stopped beating. Vainly she strove with a numbing fear; she still uttered the sacred words of the Intercession, but they did not penetrate her ears and she had not the least idea of what she was saying. And even when a voice, a trembling, hoarse voice, whispered: "It is you, Adrienne! My poor lost girl, I have come to you!"—even then she could not raise her face, or dared not; and the sentences of the supplication became an incoherent babble on her lips.

The man leaned over her; his breath was upon her colorless cheek; and into his soul crept a chilling terror that she might be lost to him indeed; that memory, reason, were gone. He uttered a half-stifled cry and threw his arms round her, dragging her almost roughly to her feet, crushing her against his breast, looking into her wildly staring eyes as she fought for release.

"My God!" he cried in anguish. "I am nothing to you? You do not know—you do not want me?"

Suddenly her struggles subsided; she became still, inert, held up in that strong grip; and she looked—looked . . . Pale before, the hue of death showed now in her waxen cheeks.

"Boris!" It was not even a whisper; only her lips fashioning the word; silent echo of her heart's cry.

He answered in a breaking voice: "Yes, I am Boris—come back for you. Soul of my soul, they have not frozen your love for me?" And he began to cover her face with kisses, with a passion of burning caresses. And, half fainting, she made not the least resistance; understanding nothing; not trying to understand; only letting herself be carried away into happiness.

He stopped at last, sweeping a long and anxious glance into the semi-darkness. Freeing his right arm, he slipped a hand into the pocket where he had dropped his pistol, and drew the weapon out again, keeping it concealed behind him. He said, tenderly, with infinite gentleness:

"I knew you would give me these few moments, which shall be my treasures of gold until I see you again. That will be soon. Wait until you hear from me. Stay here in this convent until then. When I am

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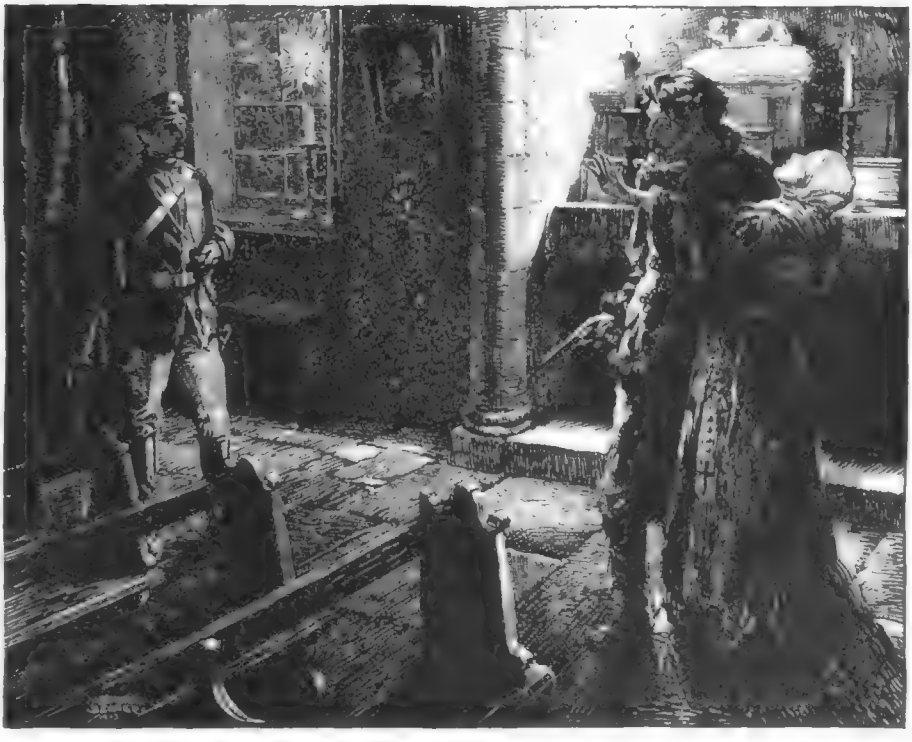

"NO VIOLENCE IN THE HOUSE OF GOD, MONSIEUR," SAID A QUIET VOICE.

in a place of safety I will write openly and you will come to me. No one can prevent you. To Heaven I address my thanks that I escaped before you took the veil. For be a nun of the cloister you never can—you are my wife, my beloved. My letter reached you?"

She shook her head slowly, this ecstasy still half a dream.

"But the taper—in the window—there?"

Her eyes glanced at the point of light. He read in them surprise. They returned to his, wanting him only. Suddenly she perceived the pistol; alarm leaped between them. She cried out in bewilderment, "I heard nothing from you."

"But my letter—for your hands only?"

"It never came."

"And the candle there—the signal that called me?"

"I know nothing of it."

"Death of all the devils!" He spun round, feeling the jaws of the trap closing.

"No violence in the house of God, monsieur," said a quiet voice.

The man Louis Georges was at a distance of six paces. The point of his drawn sword rested upon a stone flag.

He added steadily: "You are my prisoner. I have ten men outside. You will accompany me."

The Sister panted, with ashen lips: "Mother of pity!"

"Excellent," said Boris Varnhagen. "It was you who intercepted my letter to this lady?"

"I do not answer your questions."

"And you have a friend in here who helped you?"

"Come instantly, or take the consequences!" The officer slipped a whistle between his lips.

"Oh, I obey, monsieur." Varnhagen turned to the Sister and kissed her lips. "With that caress we renew again our

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undying vows," said he. He strode toward the door that was covered by the hanging curtain.

"Your weapon," said the officer haughtily.

"Ah, pardon; it is I who ask for yours."

"Here it is!" Georges dropped upon one knee and delivered a terrible upward thrust. The other foiled the point by a violent sidewise leap. The whistle uttered a piercing scream.

"If presents are being exchanged—" snarled Varnhagen.

His shot finished the sentence.

Ten men rushed through the curtained recess. The window beside it, whose stained panes represented the four rivers that water Paradise, flew to fragments as the fugitive hurled himself through.

The Sister sank upon the altar steps, all her senses in a dark night.

She did not hear the noise of the pursuit, the curses of three men who fell over the body of Louis Georges, who lay dead upon the stones, looking upward in a wide stare of infinite amazement.

The house of Little Crucified Sisters, built in the bed of a valley which is almost a ravine, surrounded by trees of pine, of walnut, of livid beech, is an attestation in stone to the solitude of the lives which it encompasses. The broad highroad that winds over the champaign country is out of sight. At times an ancient calèche brings a new tenant to the silence, or removes one to the old enchantment of the world's claims and needs.

One evening, Adrienne Remy—Sister Mary no more—saw the wicket open to her, and the ancient carriage waiting. She held out her arms to Sister Beatrice in parting.

"You are going to him? You know where he is?" said the latter.

"Yes."

"He is safe from his enemies?"

"Yes."

"You will be very happy with him."

The other answered brokenly: "You will not remain here always. The wound will heal. You are too young, you are too beautiful. Sorrow is a bitter friend, and you will tire of it."

Sister Beatrice, with a wan, a piteous smile of remembrance, answered: "No. The world which calls to you I abhor. It has no welcome for me. My life within these walls, days of patient toil, of contemplation, which now dismay and frighten you, these are my satisfying treasures, the good gifts of Heaven."

The other bowed her head. What could she say?

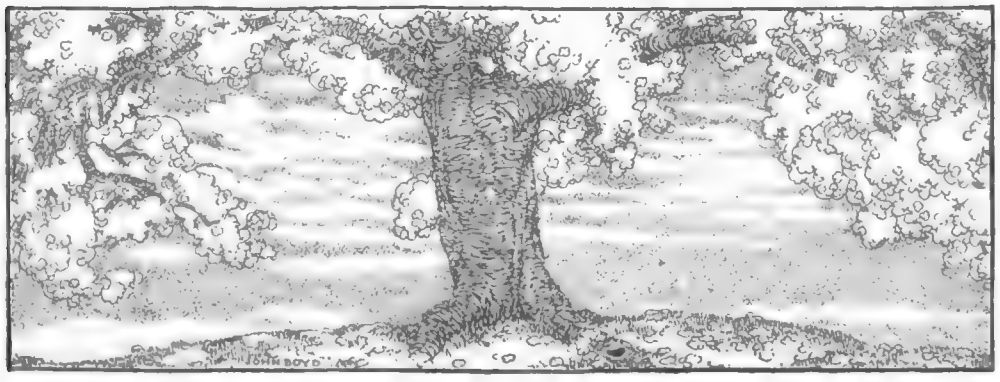
"Listen," said Sister Beatrice with infinite gentleness. "Might I, by ceaseless beseeching, induce you to remain?"

"Ah, you know——"

"Then no more easily can you persuade me to depart."

She turned away quickly, suffocating. She heard the jar of the closed gate, the grinding of carriage wheels. The sound became fainter and fainter . . . fainter and fainter . . . .

The hourly bell tolled, and Sister Beatrice sank upon her knees. The ordered words rose to her lips, but in her heart was only a cry: "One shall be taken and the other left!"



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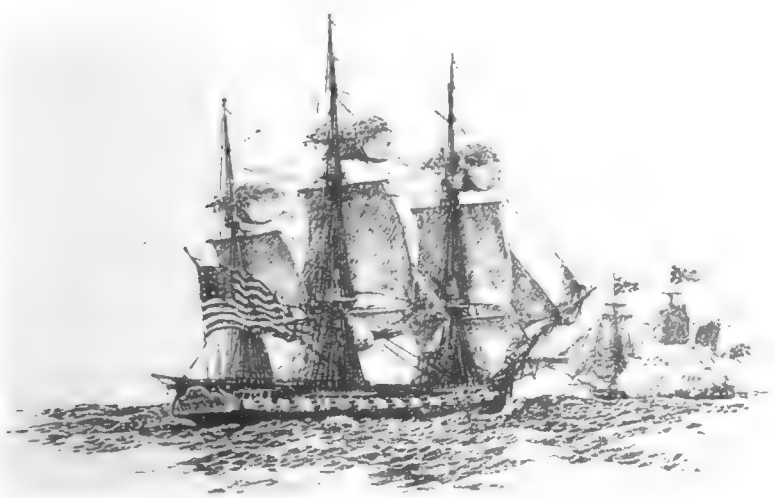
THE CONSTITUTION and the GUERRIÈRE

a ballad of 1812



with illustrations by

JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

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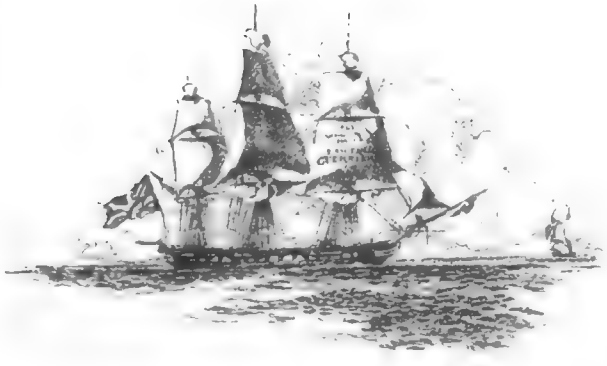
THE CONSTITUTION

and the

GUERRIÈRE

(Air: The Landlady of France)

It ofttimes has been told that British Seamen bold
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy, Oh!
But they never met their match till the Yankees did them catch—
Oh, the Yankee Boy for fighting is the dandy, Oh!



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2

The Guerrière, a frigate bold, on the foaming Ocean rolled,
Commanded by proud Dacres, all the grandee, Oh!
With as choice a British crew as a rammer ever drew—
They could flog the French, two to one, so handy, Oh!

3

When this frigate hove in view, says proud Dacres to his crew:
"Come, clear the ship for action and be handy, Oh!
To the weather gage, boys, get her!" and to make his men
fight better,
Gave them to drink gunpowder mix'd with brandy, Oh!

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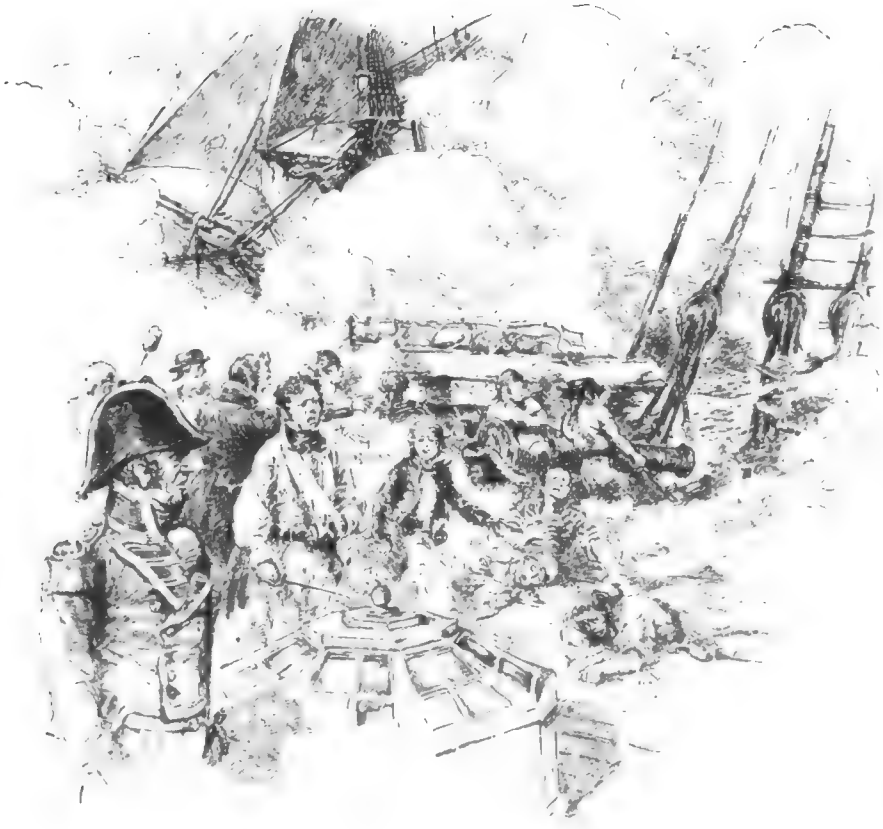
4

Then Dacres loudly cries: "Make the Yankee ship your prize—
You can in thirty minutes, neat and handy, Oh!
Thirty-five's enough, I'm sure, and, if you'll do it in a score,
I'll treat you to a double share of brandy, Oh!"

5

The British shot flew hot, which the Yankees answered not
Till they got within the distance they call'd handy, Oh!
Then says Hull unto his crew: "Boys, let's see what we can do!—
If we take this boasting Briton we're the dandy, Oh."



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6

The first broadside we poured took her mainmast by the board,
Which made this lofty frigate look abandoned, Oh!
Then Dacres shook his head, and to his officers he said:
"Lord! I didn't think these Yankees were so handy, Oh!"

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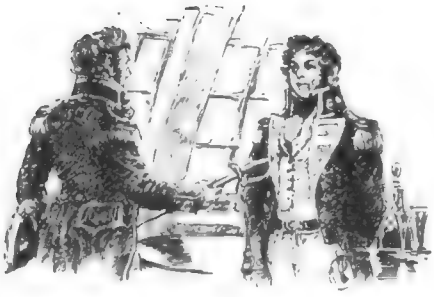

7

Then Dacres came aboard to deliver up his sword—
Loath was he to part with it, 'twas so handy, Oh!
"Oh, keep your sword," says Hull,
"For it only makes you dull,
So cheer up—and let us have a little brandy, Oh!"

8

Come, fill your glasses full, and we'll drink to Captain Hull!
And so merrily we'll push about the brandy, Oh!
John Bull may toast his fill! let the world say what it will,
But the Yankee Boy for fighting is the dandy, Oh!

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"HER NAME *was* NORMAL"

In which Roger Phillips abandons his Sentimental Search

by

Walter Prichard Eaton

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY," "AT THE NEW THEATRE AND OTHERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL FOSTER

SPRING had come. Roger Phillips had been his own master for six months, after ten years of newspaper grind, and had relearned how to get up in the morning, though not yet how to go to bed at night.

He had also experimented variously with the gentler sex: with an ardent seeker after the freedom of literary "Bohemia," who had led him into the tawdry license the "Bohemians" mistake for liberty, to his ultimate revolt; and with a delicate, high-bred daughter of millions, whose inherent limits of real sympathy and understanding had at length been revealed to him at one of those dances that our charity workers arrange to give the "working classes" a good time without vicious surroundings. As "Bohemia" was revolting to his finer senses, so this aristocracy of wealth and selfish culture (however little it was conscious of being selfish) was cramping to his spirit, for he had in him to the marrow the old Yankee passion for democracy.

When he turned away from the mansion on the Avenue where the daughter of millions dwelt, it was toward Beekman's store, and the glove counter, and the pretty saleslgirl he had met at the dance. That destination was merely symbolic of his revolt toward democracy. Miss Macdonald, behind the glove counter, did not hold him long. A dinner or two, and her racy idiom palled; and though he took a genuine interest in her efforts to better her position, he could not delude himself that he was acting a sensible or fair part in such attentions.

He tried to go back to his literary work. For ten years he had spent his weekly day off in arduous composition. But now, with seven days of the week to work in instead of one, he found himself accomplishing less than before. He was not the first man—the first American, certainly—who has discovered the lurking fallacy in the supposition that all sorts of artists would do better work if they only enjoyed an income. Spring had come, after a winter of absolute freedom, yet his ten-year-planned novel was not even begun.

It was noon on an April Monday. The city editor of the *Star* looked up from his pile of assignment clippings and saw Roger coming in the door. "Want an assignment?" he laughed.

"That's just what I want," said Roger.

The other man looked surprised. "Do you mean it?" he said.

"I certainly do mean it," Roger replied. "Give me something that'll make me work. I'm nothing but a dirty loafer now."

"You can have my job, if you'll give me your income," said the city editor. "*I've* got no conscience!"

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"What's my assignment?"

The city editor looked over the assignment book. "I can't really give you anything good to-day," he said. "News is light, and the space men will need all the good things——"

"Thought you had no conscience," Roger laughed. "Well, what *do* I draw?"

"Let's see—how'd you like to get a defense of the newspapers from Mayor Gaynor? *That's* something to keep you busy! No? Well, here's a tip from one of our office boys. There's to be a performance of 'Hamlet' this afternoon by twelve-year-old Wops, at the Raymond House Settlement. I had it down for the Woman's Page. Maybe you can squeeze a real yarn out of it. 'Fraid it's the best I have."

"Let me have it."

"Copy in by seven, sharp!" said the city editor.

Roger laughed and lingered to chat with the reporters—his old allies and friends of many years, whom he had loved and slave-driven, and who had loved and slaved for him, because both he and they were working for the honor of "the game." The smell of the office—of ink and matrices and stale tobacco smoke and dust—was good in his nose. Nobody envied him his ten thousand dollars a year. He heard the latest shop gossip. He felt curiously alive again, and walked presently through the crowded slum streets to Raymond House with a sense of zest. A hurdy-gurdy was playing at a corner, and little girls were dancing, all shoes and pigtails and love of rhythm. The push-carts, piled high with green vegetables, were like a garden border at the feet of the brick tenements. The scene had wonderful color, animation, stir. One almost forgave the smell!

Raymond House, an old, forgotten, aristocratic brick dwelling, now converted into a settlement, was full of guests, mostly parents of the children, but sprinkled with supporters of the excellent charity, who on such occasions caused their chauffeurs to pilot them south of Washington Square that they might see what interest they could get from their investment.

Roger announced himself from the *Star*, and a pretty, pale-faced girl ran away and presently brought to him a second pretty, pale-faced girl of thirty, who said quite simply: "I am Miss Crosby, the head worker. I am so glad you have come. It helps us to let people know what we are doing."

"Then I am glad I came," said Roger.

She waited patiently the brief interval required for this reply, and then continued: "Please don't mention the players by name—you couldn't, anyway, because you couldn't spell them—for they are enough like real actors already. What we want to show is their ability to speak the finest of English verse, Shakespeare's, though they are little aliens. But I mustn't presume to write your story. Come right this way."

This was simple and businesslike. Roger followed her, noting the dark hair waving up from her neck, and her slender figure in its plain, black dress.

She showed him to a seat near the end of the single large room into which the ground floor of the house had been converted.

"The play will begin in a moment," she said. "There are no programs, but the leading actor's name is Rodrigo Lemongeli."

Roger looked into her big, dark blue eyes, and they twinkled back for a second.

"I told you you couldn't spell it," she smiled. "It's not what your mother used to make for dessert."

Then she moved away. Roger found himself almost wedged between two ample Italian mothers, who chattered in voluble whispers. The very end of the room in front of him was screened off by muslin curtains strung on a wire. From behind came smothered but excited whispers. Then Miss Crosby appeared again, peeped through, turned toward the audience, clapped her hands, and the curtains parted.

It was a remarkable performance of "Hamlet"—or rather of portions of "Hamlet"—which the audience witnessed. The melancholy Dane himself was a thin, dark-eyed, melancholy-looking Italian boy of perhaps fourteen. Not only was he letter perfect, but he was by nature both an actor and a marvelous mimic (if, indeed, the two are not the same!) and, having been to see Sothern at the Academy of Music, he reproduced that actor's readings, gestures, inflections, with uncanny faithfulness, yet not without an imaginative passion of his own.

Horatio, Ophelia, the Queen, the Ghost (who had to appear without a spot-light) were less remarkable; yet the beautiful, exalted speech rolled off their childish tongues with a fluency and music which would put most American children to the blush—no, would put their parents to the

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"THERE'S TO BE A PERFORMANCE OF 'HAMLET' THIS AFTERNOON BY TWELVE-YEAR-OLD WOPS, AT THE RAYMOND HOUSE SETTLEMENT. MAYBE YOU CAN SQUEEZE A REAL YARN OUT OF IT."

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blush—well, anyway, would put their teachers to the blush—or *some* of their teachers to the blush. And what interested Roger almost as much as the performance was the naive interest these Italian parents around him took in the story of the play. The production seemed to him to reproduce Elizabethan conditions much more nearly than many an academic "Elizabethan" revival. He found himself applauding loudly with the rest when the play was done.

Roger lingered while the crowd passed out. He watched Miss Crosby chatting with the departing parents, with the fashionable visitors from up-town, and giving directions to the little players, who seemed loath to doff their robes of romance. She was always simple, direct, efficient. When he could finally get her ear, he asked if she coached the play herself.

"I pretended to," she smiled. "But Rodrigo really did it all. He nearly fell out of the top gallery at the Academy watching Sothern. I think he remembers every bit of business he saw, and he knows every part in the drama."

"I'd like to come to some more of your plays," said Roger. "They are more interesting than anything on Broadway."

The girl flushed a little, with evident pleasure. "Come, of course," she answered. "Some of the children are going to sing a little operetta next Friday night. Yes, Stella, I'm coming, right away. Good-by, Mr. ——?"

"Phillips," said Roger.

"And thank you—and the *Star*—for coming to-day."

The man walked back to the office, sat down at a typewriter, and wrote as pleasant and human a little story as he knew how, the sort for which the *Star* in former years had been noted. His successor at the night city editor's desk chuckled over it, and put the head on, himself. "If one could only print less alleged news and more stuff like this, the world would be a more interesting place," he sighed. "Want your job back, Roger?"

"Not yet," Roger laughed, "but I guess most of us are as well off when we feel the tug of a harness now and then."

He went home and waited eagerly for Friday. There were no fashionable visitors at the settlement for the operetta. It was just an entertainment in the domestic routine of the House. Miss Crosby thanked him cordially for his story of "Hamlet," and showed him Rodrigo, still cultivating the aspect of the melancholy Dane in a corner. "I'll bet he has the clipping of your story in his pocket," she laughed. "He's a real actor! You mustn't write him up again."

"I won't," said Roger. "I'm here unofficially now. I'm not on the *Star* any more, in fact. Once in a while I do a story for them for the love of old times."

"You're in a new business?" she queried politely.

"New for me," he smiled. "I'm a loafer."

"I hardly believe that," she answered. "You look quite intelligent."

She delivered this with just a hint of conscious audacity, and turned quickly to give some order, which was instantly obeyed. Roger felt in her a mingling of efficiency and femininity which was at once charming and admirable. His eyes followed her during the course of the little song-play; and when the children had done their parts, and the room was cleared for dancing and a general good time, he kept near her as much as he could, though he soon found himself dancing with her assistants, or with neighborhood girls, or helping to start songs.

"You'd better become a worker here," she laughed, as he came up to her after a dance with a little Italian miss who was just learning the American two-step.

"Will you give me a chance?" He looked at her with something personal in his eyes.

Her own looked back at him, wide and innocent. "We'd like to start an evening class in debating for the older boys," she said. "Could you do that?"

Roger took the plunge. "I'll do it!" he cried.

"That's very nice of you. But you mustn't back out after two evenings."

"What makes you think I'll back out?"

"Oh, I don't think you will," she smiled. "I just said you mustn't. We have had enthusiasts before, however."

"I should fancy you might have," said Roger, again with the hint of something personal in his eyes.

But, as before, he was met by wide-eyed innocence. And he liked her the better for it.

The evening class took Roger back to his college days, when he had, in an altruistic moment, taken charge of a debating course in a Cambridge settlement. Twice a week he met with these young aliens in New York,

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OFTEN HE COAXED THEM OUT OF THEIR STUFFY FLAT AND TOOK THEM UP-TOWN ON A BUS FOR DINNER AT SOME GAY HOTEL.

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and tried to persuade them that invective is not argument, even on the subject of capital and labor. Miss Crosby came into the room several times the first week. He knew that she was watching him. Once or twice she spoke, and he saw the instinctive respect for her words the boys and young men entertained. It was plain to see they admired her, too; that her pretty face was an asset as well as her common sense. Roger could not have taken his new task lightly under her scrutiny, had he been so inclined.

But his mind was too well-disciplined to take the task lightly, under any conditions. And he soon found, moreover, a profound satisfaction, a sense of peace and usefulness, in shaping, however slightly, the minds and ideas of these aliens, in trying to give them some of the education which had been so liberally provided for him. His course grew in a fortnight till it packed the room, and everything from English pronunciation to the statistics of urban crime engaged the attention of the eager class.

"For a loafer, you are doing very well," said Miss Crosby one evening, after the third week, as Roger was walking with her around the corner to her flat in a so-called "model" tenement, where she lived with two other workers. The night was warm, the street smells oppressive, and she looked very wan and tired under the arc-lamps. Roger, gazing into her face, felt a sudden wave of pity for her, something he had not felt before because of his admiration for her efficiency in her work. He recalled that on several evenings now she had looked this way, and he reproached himself for his blindness.

"Let us walk up to the Square for a breath of the fountain; you look fagged," he said, ignoring her remark, and speaking tenderly without being conscious of it.

She darted a little look at him, a look of shy gratitude, and assented with a nod.

Washington Square was pleasant in the May night. The cooling fountain was a white wraith of spray. Loiterers were taking their ease on the benches. The dim arch towered slpendid, and framed the golden vista of the Avenue lamps. Miss Crosby sank down on a bench, and Roger beside her. Neither spoke for several moments. The intimacy of the night and the peaceful Square was upon them.

"You ought to have a long vacation," Roger said presently.

The girl laughed. "On what?"

"On the good ladies up yonder who support Raymond House, I guess!" he replied.

Her comment was a shrug.

"Do you love the work so much that you wouldn't do anything else? You must, or you couldn't do it so wonderfully well."

"I should want to do anything well—and I have to earn my living," she replied.

"You talk the way newspaper men act," he laughed. "But what would you do if you had work to accomplish, but no spur of necessity to make you do it?"

"I think I should just do it," she replied.

"Yes, I think you would," he said slowly. "I think you would!"

She looked into his face in the dimness. "You are under no necessity to teach debating," she said, "and you do that very well."

"Oh, but I am! Once with those boys before me, I've got to make good."

"But who made you go before the boys?"

"You did," he answered.

Her eyes were still wide, but they were no longer innocent. They were troubled. "Did I?" she said, quite simply.

"I'm afraid you did," he replied.

There was a long silence. She broke it presently with a little laugh. "One of the boys in kindergarten came in this morning and announced his sister was 'sick of a fever' yesterday," she said, "but that this morning 'her name was normal'!"

Roger smiled at the story, and instinctively declaimed:

"My name is Normal, on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks . . . "

Roger looked at the girl beside him, curiously frail and tired-seeming now, as if only the purely feminine portion of her was present; he felt the spell of her slender loveliness close to him in the night, but he thought, too, of her splendid control of all the lives and resources under her supervision, of her unfailing sympathy and unflinching devotion.

Then—"I shall call you Miss Normal," he said, soberly.

She looked up at him quickly, unaware of what had been passing in his mind. "Why?" she asked.

"Never mind," he smiled. "Now you must go home for a normal sleep—if that is to be had in that awful air you live in."

They walked back in silence to the door of her tenement.

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ROGER WATCHED HER WITH PROFOUND SATISFACTION. AND, AS HE WATCHED, THERE STOLE OVER HIM A GREAT LONGING TO TAKE HER INTO HIS ARMS—SHE WAS SO FAIR, AND SLENDER, AND DEAR.

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"Thank you," she said, before she entered, "for—for caring if I'm tired!"

There was something wistful in her tone. It touched his heart like a tiny stab. "Oh, of course I care!" he cried. But she had vanished into the dark entry.

From that night there was a new and subtle and silent bond between them. And from that night, in some manner he did not pretend to fathom, Roger began to work on his long-delayed novel, driving himself at first till the work took hold of him, and thereafter being carried joyously along. He went down to Raymond House almost daily, after his own stint was done, and took Miss Crosby out for a walk. He had become the firm friend of the entire settlement family, and often he coaxed her and the two younger workers who lived with her, out of their stuffy flat, where, after a hard day, they returned to prepare their own dinners, and took them up-town on a bus for dinner at some gay hotel, where he joyed to see their appetites and color return. They were happy parties the four of them had, and once it struck him with curious irony that theirs was the true Bohemia, since no one noted their comings or goings, and yet their freedom was but the utterly natural condition of their lives.

But better still were his snatches at Miss Crosby's time alone, when in the hour between the day's work and dinner he made her take a walk with him, exploring quaint nooks of town, idling with the throngs on the Avenue, or wandering along the water-front under the prows of great liners in from their deep-sea voyaging. He soon noted that on these walks she seemed to find relief from what she called her "sweat-shop," that her mind liked to slough its cares as a garment, while she chatted of other things.

He knew her at the settlement as the shrewd, capable executive, with her fine energies bent on helping others. He knew her on these walks sometimes as the sheer woman, tired and leaning on his fresher faculties for support, or sometimes as a playful, rather wistfully imaginative spirit, who loved to convert the Flatiron Building into the prow of a liner and to loiter in old Chelsea conjuring up a life of long ago.

One afternoon they strolled through the doorway of the Theological Seminary in Chelsea, and found themselves in the green, scholastic enclosure. There was a sudden sense of hush, of peace. The buildings were old, and there was ivy. A few students loitered on the paths, or lolled at their windows. Roger thought of his own college days, with the wistfulness such memories always bring. The girl dreamed by his side in silence. They entered the chapel. The hush deepened. Entering a pew at the rear, she sank for a moment to her knees, and then sat back beside him, with closed eyes, as if the peace were sleepily soothing.

Presently a young organist entered and began to practise. He, too, was in a wistful mood, and the organ droned softly, with plaintive stops. Roger looked at the face beside him. How pale it was! Her hands lay in her lap, and he saw that they were thin. She felt his gaze, and opened her eyes to his. He smiled tenderly, and a little color crept into her cheeks.

"Very tired to-day?" he whispered.

She nodded. "But we must go," she whispered back.

They slipped out into the sunny enclosure again.

"It is odd," she said, "how much you give of yourself in this work of mine—I suppose in any work where you are trying to teach others. Let's come here often. I feel as if, in the quiet here, some of me came back to myself! I could feel it coming as I sat in there."

"Poor child," said Roger. "I wish *I* could give you back yourself every night, or give you new strength, and some color to your cheeks."

"You do," she smiled. "I never took any walks till you came to the House."

"But what are these walks!" he flung out, suddenly angry at the universe for keeping her at the grind—"these walks over dirty pavements, amid germs! I'd like to walk you through the green country. That's what you need."

"The country!" she smiled wistfully. "It's odd that I, who love the country so much, should be living in a New York slum. I think I've forgotten what the country looks like. But you, who don't have to stay here, why do you do it?"

"You told me I mustn't be a quitter with that class," he laughed. "I don't dare go away."

She looked at the green turf of the enclosure, then at the low sun over the Hudson. "I'll release you," she said.

"No, you won't," he replied, softly. "It isn't the class that keeps me."

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She said nothing.

"It isn't the class. It is you. If I went away, your poor, pale face back here in the coming heat would haunt me. Besides, I'd probably stop working on my book if I got far from you."

"Do you mean that? Why?" she asked quickly, joyously, but without looking at him.

"Because I'd not done a stroke till you stung me into it that night in Washington Square, and somehow, in a way I can't explain, it is you who keep me at it. Can we ever explain how it is that certain of our friendships seem to keep the best parts of us in the ascendency? I had a friend in college who seemed much like other men, but when I was with him my sympathies for all kinds of suffering, for the poor and ignorant, for beggars and children and dumb animals, always were awakened. Yet he never said a word. His own deep sympathy was silently contagious. There's an efficiency about you that is silently contagious."

The girl darted a happy little smile at him and was silent a moment. They had reached the exit now. She looked back. "But I don't feel efficient on these walks," she said. "I just feel weak and womanly, even clinging-viney!"

"'And her name was Normal,'" he smiled. "That's something else I *could* explain, but I guess I won't. If you weren't such a tired little woman with it all, I couldn't—I couldn't—well, we silly males do love that rôle of the oak!"

He stammered at the boldness of his speech. She did not look at him nor answer for a second. Then she said with a smile: "Your explanation is rather Ciceronian, isn't it? That must be the effect of this scholastic environment. We'd best be going!"

But she walked close by his side on the crowded thoroughfares, and though they spoke of common things as soon as the roar of the city had swallowed them again, Roger felt a joyous sense of isolation with her, as if the tides of life were swirling about them but not touching them, as if they still walked in an atmosphere of their own, surcharged with the serenity of a pure affection and of spiritual comprehension.

Memorial Day came at the end of the week. Roger, with the aid of her assistants, persuaded the head worker to take the holiday, and bright and early he called for her in a taxicab, whirled her to a ferry, bought two tickets to Lincoln Park—the facetious ticket seller declaring he was glad to sell *somebody* a ticket to Lincoln Park—and soon they had left the dirt and dust of town behind.

Once on the country road the reaction from her months in the settlement set the girl's feet almost to running. She threw her head back, and swung her arms gaily, and swooped upon roadside flowers, and let her eye range the green intervale to the far line of hills, and seemed to leave behind ten years of her life, or more, and to be eighteen again.

The wind blew steadily in their faces fresh from the northern hills. The birds sang. On top of a fence post screened behind an old lilac-bush by a tumble-down farm they found a robins' nest, and the girl peeped at the eggs, clapping her hands with joy and declaring them bits of the sky, while the mother bird protested that they were nothing of the kind.

Roger watched her with a profound satisfaction. It warmed his heart to see her so happy. And, as he watched, there stole over him a great longing to take her into his arms —she was so fair, and slender, and dear. He had never regarded her this way before. That he regarded her now no less tenderly, no less admiringly, no less as a fine spirit calling to his, but as a woman, also, to be desired, filled him suddenly with a great joy.

He had sought sentimental adventures when he left the *Star* office six months before. Sentimental adventures! What were they? The poor pantomimes of passion before this holy and wonderful thing! He wanted to cry out to her, to seize her by the hand and run up the white road mile on mile, into that paradise "over the hills and far away!" What he did was suddenly to call her "Helen."

She looked at him quickly. "No, of course I don't mind—Roger," she laughed. "Oh, there's a rail fence. I want to climb it!"

She tore through a tangle of briers and climbed the wayside fence with a reckless show of stocking. Then she climbed back and sat on the top. Roger stood at her feet, his elbows on the rail beside her. She was looking down into his face, flushed and laughing. She was neither executive nor woman now, but girl—almost, he could fancy, a coquettish girl. "Why do you suddenly call me Helen?" she asked.

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"Because you suddenly *are* Helen," he answered.

"Why?" she persisted.

"Because you are suddenly a girl, and have jump-over-fences feelings and ankles."

"Have I ankles?" She thrust out her feet, as if to see, gave a little scream, put a hand on his shoulder, and vaulted into the brambles. He took her hand to help her through and, again in the road, he still held it. She looked into his face curiously. The broad intervale was green and silent about them. Bees hummed. A distant cock was crowing.

"Mustn't I have ankles?" she asked with sudden soberness.

He gave her hand a final pressure. "As many as you want, dear girl, and thank God for them!"

"I only want two," she smiled, and they tramped on in silence.

They came at noon, after many explorations of back lanes, with dusty shoes to a wayside inn, an old house converted to public purposes. Several motors stood in the yard. Typical motor parties—fat, coarse men and over-jeweled women—were in the dining-room. The two trampers, however, were oblivious to them. They looked at each other over their plates and smiled. Words were superfluous.

After lunch they loitered on through a little village and so northward toward the Jersey hills. They had no idea of the train schedule, but somewhere after four o'clock they turned toward Pompton.

"I will now show you the most palatial station on the Erie system," said Roger impressively.

The warning gallows over the crossing came in sight—then the station. Helen emitted a peal of laughter. The station stood close to the track—one of those old combination smoker and baggage cars with the wheels removed and foundations of cross-ties substituted. The passenger compartment was now the waiting-room; the baggage compartment held the ticket-rack and telegraph machines. On one end the car flaunted the name of the stop.

"I suppose this car once started out for Greenwood Lake," laughed the girl, "but got discouraged at the prospect of ever getting there, and settled down here."

They found the New York train was due in half an hour, and investigated a near-by drug-store in the search for soda and post-cards.

"Nice pictures of our depot," said the clerk, handing them a card. "Quite a depot, ain't it?"

"It's a lovely depot," said Helen. "I wouldn't have it changed for the world. Give me four cards."

"Neither would I," said the clerk. "We sell more of those cards than any other."

They strolled back and sat in the sun on a baggage van, swinging their feet. The wind still blew from the hills, racing softly past them down the green valley. Presently the train came out of the hills, too, and they climbed aboard, Helen sinking wearily into the cushioned seat with a happy sigh.

Back in town they sought out the old Brevoort House on the lower Avenue and lingered a long while over a supper of cold meats and salad, strolling finally homeward in the warm dusk of the evening.

The holiday crowds were still in Washington Square. Children were racing with shrill cries through the fountain spray. The Judson cross glowed against the sky. The scene was animated, happy, and in the haze of night the Arch and the red brick dwellings to the north were beautifully pictorial.

"It has been a wonderful day," said Roger, softly. "It is wonderful even here."

"It *has* been a wonderful day indeed, Roger," she answered. "How can I thank you for it?"

"You have thanked me by enjoying it," he said.

She smiled her appreciative gratitude, and walked on in silence.

"Tired?" he asked at her door.

"Bodily tired," she answered. "I like that kind. I'm all here to-night. I found parts of me in the country that have been lost for years!"

They were in the dim hall of the tenement, alone. He looked at her, seeing only her glimmering face and the large eyes looking into his. Putting out his two hands, he took hers. She made no resistance.

"Dearest," he whispered, "you know I love you."

"I am very glad," she whispered back. "I want you to."

He kissed her softly, tenderly, on the mouth, then brushed the hair back from her ear, and laid her cheek to his for a long moment, his arm about her. Presently he found himself alone in the swarming slum

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street, walking as a man whose head bumps the stars.

A few days later in a terrific early June heat, they climbed a 'bus at five o'clock that she might have a breath of air. She looked wan and tired beyond the safety-point.

"There's none of me left to-day, Roger," she said. "I'm all scattered in little pieces. Oh, help me gather them up!"

"How can I?" he cried.

"Maybe if you could hold me very close they'd come together," she whispered.

They alighted at the Cathedral and slipped into the great, dim vestibule. No one was there, and in the shadows behind a door Roger gathered her into his arms and held her hard to his heart.

"They are coming back," she murmured. "But you see I'm not at all what you think me. I'm just a silly woman. Where's your efficient executive now?"

"Right here in my arms," said Roger. "Right here in my arms, thank God!"

Presently she heard a step and slipped from him, leading him into the Cathedral nave. There she sank to her knees a moment while he watched her almost in awe.

"I prayed for us both," she whispered as they went out. "I wonder if even you can know all it means to pray for two!"

But he was silent before the ecstasy in her eyes.

Presently he said: "You must plan to leave Raymond House before July sets in. We are going to tramp the Vale of Exmoor, the land of Lorna Doone, and see the home of William Barnes. Then we'll go on and watch the rollers climb the Cornish cliffs. It's high time your vacation came."

"Yes, sir," she answered with a twinkle, "I promise to obey. I don't know what will become of the debating class, though. To think you'd turn out a quitter!"

"Maybe I can resume it in the fall," he laughed; "or sometime, anyway—unless we go to live in the country. But you needn't think *you* are going back!"

"I don't want to," she said with sudden gravity. "That work is done. But there is always work to do, for any of us, anywhere. I'd love to live in the country and teach the country women a lot of things they don't know about hygiene. I dare say you'll never find my hands folded very long."

"Please, long enough to get some fat on them!" he laughed, touching one with his fingers.

"If you don't like my hands you needn't touch them," said the head settlement worker, after the fashion of sweethearts since Time was.

YOUTH

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

WHAT do they know of youth, who still are young?
They but the singers of a golden song;
Who may not guess its worth or wonder—flung
Like largesse to the throng.
We only—young no longer, old so long—
Before its harmonies stand marveling—
Oh! we who listen—never they who sing.

Not for itself is beauty, but for us
Who gaze upon it with all reverent eyes;
And youth, which sheds its glory luminous,
Gives ever in this wise:
Itself the joy it may not realize.
Only we know, who linger overlong,
Youth that is made of beauty and of song.

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The REMEDY

by THOMAS W. LAWSON

THE FIGHT IS ON!

THE new helmsman of the ship of state, President Wilson, and the new Congress are busy with the tariff, and even a three-eyed optimist can hardly expect Federal action on the report of the Pujo Committee before next fall.

Consequently, I want to take advantage of this lull in the proceedings to make both a threat and a promise. I am not going to write any instalment of "THE REMEDY" this month. I may not write any next month. While Congress carries out the work to which it is definitely pledged, I propose to bivouac the situation, keeping my arms and accouterments handy for an emergency.

In the meantime, let me briefly show you how our account stands to date, so that you may raw-edge your interest against the bugle-call to action next fall.

There is only one way to wipe out the gambling end of the Stock Exchange, which collects its billions of dollars annually from the cost of your necessities; and that is by Federal legislation. Governor Sulzer and the senate and assembly of New York have tried to apply a remedy during the past three months.

Thirteen bills were introduced. Some passed both houses and have been signed by the Governor. These were the bills that the Stock Exchange was "willing" to have passed. In the legislative shuffle that followed, Wall Street "arranged" that the bills which would hurt should not be passed. And they were *not* passed.

Here is the Albany record of the more important bills:

A Bill Limiting the Interest on Call Loans.

When the "call loan" calls with a high rate of interest, your money, which may be needed for moving your crops or developing home industries, concentrates in Wall Street to supply chips in the gambling game. It comes from your banks and trust companies and insurance companies. They give you from three and one-half to four per cent. for it. Wall Street, when there is a flurry in the money market, frequently pays several times this rate for its use in loans that are payable on demand.

Governor Sulzer backed off from this bill and it was smothered in committee.

A Bill Making more Stringent the Prohibitions Against Bucket-shops and Wash Sales.

The Stock Exchange never has loved the bucket-shop. It prefers to work both sides of the street itself. Moreover, it has its own regulations against wash sales.

This bill passed both houses and was signed by the Governor. It prohibits wash sales. But it puts it up to you to find them.

A Bill Prohibiting a Stock-broker from Trading Against a Customer.

Good enough bill, but how will it be enforced? Passed both houses and now awaiting the Governor's signature.

A Bill Prohibiting the Manipulation of Securities with Intent to Deceive the Public.

If Albany could enforce this bill, Wall Street tickers would rust into junk. The best comment on it is the fact that it slid through both houses. Governor Sulzer signed it.

A Bill, introduced at the request of the New York Consolidated Exchange, Prohibiting the New York Stock Exchange, or Any Other Exchange, from Making an Agreement to Prevent its Members from Dealing at the Regular Rates of Commission with Members of Any Other Exchange.

This bill was a bitter pill to the pride

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of the New York Stock Exchange; but as violent opposition might bring about a restraint-of-trade attack, the Exchange sidestepped. The bill passed both houses and has been signed by the Governor.

A Bill Providing for the Incorporation of Stock Exchanges.

This bill never had a ghost of a chance. It passed the assembly and died very dead in the senate.

A Bill was introduced at the request of George H. Kendall, President of the New York Bank Note Company, prohibiting the New York Stock Exchange from refusing to list securities which were engraved by his company.

This bill got only as far as the "general orders calendar" of the senate.

George H. Kendall accused Senator Stephen J. Stilwell of demanding $3,500 from him to pass this bill. The senate "vindicated" Senator Stilwell of this charge by a vote of 28 to 21 and the Grand Jury of New York City has just indicted him on practically the same evidence that was presented to the senate.

Wall Street boasts that it keeps no lobby and never has. Wall Street has always preferred to deal politically with one man, rather than with a bunch.

Hence Charlie Murphy!

The president of the New York Stock Exchange said he was "gratified at the action of the senate and thankful to the senators" for defeating the bill to incorporate the Stock Exchange and for other legislative favors.

He needn't have. In control of both houses is the MACHINE. The majority voted as it was told.

And the steady rumble of the machine drowned the anguished shrieks of the Governor.

The gambling end of the Stock Exchange will face its real fight when Congress assembles next December. You all know now that the Pujo Congressional Committee established by the sworn evidence of experts every vital indictment that I made against the present methods of the Stock Exchange.

The great American public is now on to the game. With clear eyes, it is going to demand that the next Congress shall put stock gambling in the same class with all other forms of gambling that are now stamped as "illegal" because they are against public policy. And only the Federal Government can enforce such laws. From this house-cleaning will emerge a Stock Exchange that will put honest prices on stocks and bonds and render correctly the public service demanded of such a market-place.

The temper of the present Congress may be judged by some of the bills that have already been introduced:

Senator Albert J. Cummins of Iowa has introduced in the Senate, with the intent of preventing stock gambling, a Bill Taxing Short Sales Out of Existence.

Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona introduced in the Senate, on April 21st, the "Bill for the Regulation of the Use of the Mails by Stock Exchanges" that I had drawn and published in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE *last February.*

Congressman George A. Neeley of Kansas, who was a Member of the Pujo Committee, introduced in the House of Representatives on April 17th the excellent bill "to Prevent the Use of the Mails and of the Telegraph and Telephone in Furtherance of Fraudulent and Harmful Transactions on Stock Exchanges," which was Framed by his Committee.

This last bill differs in detail and not in essentials from the one that I had drawn for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

KEEP TALKING

That is the docket to date. In spite of false moves, in spite of ridicule, in spite of bitter, intelligent, and expensive opposition, it is a better showing than anybody dared dream when the first chapter of "THE REMEDY" was written.

Now, as I said, I am going to stop; but don't for a minute think that I am going to quit. I am going to save my ammunition until there is something in the open to shoot at; pending which it is up to you to see that the work does not have to be done all over again in the fall.

It is your interests that are at stake, and it is your business to keep it a live matter of discussion, wherever discussion is possible; to see that your representatives know how thought runs in your neighborhood. It is your money that is being wasted to pay these gigantic gambling tolls, and it is your representatives who should be stirred up sufficiently to protect your interests.

If your representatives know that you mean business, *they will act.*

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The SONG of COURAGE

by

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," "THE LOVERS OF SANNA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

IT WAS in Berlin, the day after the wonderful operatic success of the new singer—that triumph which has since become so assured! And I had sought the interview.

We had but just met that morning, and I was leaving for New York on the morrow. . . . She lay on the bed in the high-windowed, heavily curtained hotel bedroom, a strangely motionless little heap in a brown dressing-gown, with relaxed arms and hands; the eyes shining out of her small, deeply worn face revealing, by a startling contrast with her physical exhaustion, the eagerness and energy of an indomitable spirit.

The business of the interview had gradually merged into the unexpected meeting of two souls. . . . I found myself telling all my desires and perplexities to a comprehension that seemed illimitably embracing—embracing is the word: it was as if she had her arms around me, to give me such tender yet helpful comfort as I had never had before. Her sympathy with me led to my involuntary questions. . . . She seemed something wonderful and precious that I couldn't let go before some further insight was vouchsafed me.

After she once began to speak, we both, I think, lost count of time. . . .

It was only a month later that the news of her death reached me. M. S. C.

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NOW that the triumphant end has really come, or the beginning—whichever you choose to call it—now that my great song has been sung at last, it does seem a relief to speak, and to a stranger. I couldn't tell it all to my darling Erla: it would hurt her too much. After all, we often tell the deepest things about us only to strangers, because they seem in a way just disembodied interest and sympathy. Our friends know us, and the people we are telling about, too well to be able to see clearly. And it makes it different, doesn't it, meeting this way in a foreign country?

You seem so young and so pretty to be earning your living alone here; I have always loved pretty people, though even in my best days I was never anything but a plain little thing myself. That is what I heard my husband say about me, a couple of months after we were married, to a friend of his:

"She's a plain little thing, but she's a dear."

My husband himself was a very handsome man—perhaps that was really one reason I married him. And I knew I wasn't pretty, but oh, I would have liked him to think that I was!

I was brought up on a farm, and it was the kind of life you've always heard about—not only work from morning until night, but almost from morning until morning. Long after even the last of the hired men had been fed and the dishes washed and the fields lay quiet under the moon, there were always "critters" to be seen to, chores to be done, fires to be kept up, and endless sewing on my mother's part, with her worn and knotted fingers—the thousand and one little ways of toil, beginning again long before daylight; and there was always a sense of irritated depression in the air in all this unending effort of the elders, because at the best there was no money in it, and at the worst there was a bottomless loss.

Yet there was the daily routine to keep things together—existence, even with this shadow, wasn't aimless. We children—there were five of us—were busy enough with "chores," but we had our schooling; we were not *too* hard worked.

And though I was a plain little brown, round-cheeked, freckled-faced child, I always had a separate life of my own—perhaps set in motion, without my knowing it, by the daily Bible-reading in our household—the magnificent words in it sometimes touch strange chords beyond our knowing. I used to go off by myself with a doll or a book or a bit of sewing for a pretense—so clever children are at hiding themselves!—and sit in the corner of a little wood down the slope, with a green "fairy ring" in front of me. We had an old Irish woman working for us once, and she had told me that round green places in the grass were "fairy rings." It was a fairy ring, but God made it.

When I stood there, it was as if I were miles away from every one. I sang to the leaves, and the blades of grass, and the little white clouds far, far above; I sang songs to them, in words I made up myself, perfectly disconnected and unmeaning, yet that had a strange and deep connection with some great and unknown power in myself—something I didn't know how to express; something—I put it now as I felt it then childishly—something that was just between me and God; the same God that the children of Israel talked to. It was a comfort to feel that He knew. It was a joy to get off by myself and play, childlike, with the fanciful, yet real, consciousness of that power. People said that I grew absent-minded, carelessly indifferent—I wondered sometimes that they couldn't see I had another world to live in.

I could always sing, even as a baby. My parents were proud of this, and when I was very little I performed at all the school celebrations and at the concerts of the Methodist Church. One day, when I was about eleven years old, I heard a woman, a boarder from the city, say after one of the school performances:

"That child has a wonderful voice. If she is trained she will make a great singer."

I shall never forget the words—it was like having a door opened into heaven. Music had always set me quivering with a sense of beauty that was almost too great to bear. After that all my dreams, all my talks to myself, were of singing—in a wonderful, great hall, filled with rows on rows of people, a glittering crowd, with princes and princesses among them, and in that final intoxication of joy, when my voice should soar and soar far up above, carrying the souls of all that crowd with it, I would feel the meeting with something that was divine. As I grew, the dream grew; I filled it out with details; I planned for the means

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toward it, no matter what the difficulties in the path.

In that strange way that sometimes happens, the very difficulties themselves seemed to make opportunities. My poor, hard-worked mother died; when I was seventeen my father married again; before another year was over he sold the farm and moved to the far West. His new wife did not want me with them, and said so.

My two brothers were already married, living at a distance and struggling to make a living; my older sister had gone as a missionary to Japan. I had not known before how to leave the nest, but when I was pushed out I learned to fly. Young and inexperienced as I was, I had dreamed to some purpose; I got the address of the lady from New York who had praised my voice six years before, and, by some enormous stroke of good fortune, found her.

No one could ever have looked less like a possible great singer than I!—a little country girl with a round face and a shabby black hat and jacket. But Mrs. Stanford had friends among great musicians; she took me to the greatest conductor of the day—I have never known any one so much a part of music as he, a man as kind as he was great—and made me sing for him. I was terribly afraid as I began, but as I went on I came suddenly into my other world: I stood with my feet in the fairy ring, singing up to the blue sky above me, and to the Power of which I was a part. When I finished, the two who were listening said nothing, but the great man held out his hand and shook my friend's hand, and they looked into each other's eyes.

After that my work was cut out for me. My brothers—poor boys, they had little enough!—sent me the tiny sum each week that they could spare—enough to pay for a dingy hall room for me; my musical education was provided for.

The landlady of the boarding place which Mrs. Stanford had found for me was a good soul who was supposed to look out for me—and did, as well as she could. I met some women, mostly older than I, at my classes, but I was shy and not attractive-looking; I never became really a city person—I was always just a little country girl, and our intercourse never became anything permanent. And I needed no companionship in those days: I was music-mad, drunk with it, filled with that sense of it that leaves room for nothing else. I lived gloriously in my inner world; I practised interminably; when I was not practising I was studying the theory and history of the great masterpieces of my art. I became used to the fact that when I sang even those women who didn't like me became silent, and that people pointed me out when I entered the conservatory.

At the end of three years I had made one of the grand triumphant steps of my dreams—I won a prize, and was sent to Paris to complete my course for grand opera.

But before that something had happened to take away from the joy of achieving, as is so often the case when we have at last attained what we have planned for!—so that it is the same and yet not the same.

I had met Paul.

II

Paul was from Vermont; he had come to New York about the same time that I did, but it was only the year before I left that he happened to take a room in the same house where I boarded and we got acquainted. He was a small clerk in a down-town wholesale house. He was an extremely dignified, a very handsome young man, with dark, flashing eyes, a low white forehead under his thick dark hair, and very white teeth.

He sang in the chorus of a large amateur singing society of great vogue in those days, and as I sang in it also for practise, he fell into the habit of escorting me to and from the rehearsals.

I think most of the girls there were ready to fall in love with him, on the strength of his looks, but he always seemed, at least, to be quite unconscious of the stir and flutterings that his presence caused; if he noticed them, it was only to increase a sort of country-bred shyness that mingled with a country-bred conceit under his dignified exterior. He felt uneasily that they expected attentions from him that he didn't know how to give. I alone expected nothing.

From the first I became his confidante. He was very lonely, my poor Paul! He told me about the home and the good food that he missed, about the small makeshifts, laughable and otherwise, that his small salary necessitated, about his aspirations in a business way, and the setbacks

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I WAS TERRIBLY AFRAID AS I BEGAN, BUT AS I WENT ON I CAME SUDDENLY INTO MY OTHER WORLD: I STOOD WITH MY FEET IN THE FAIRY RING.

and jealousies that he had already encountered. He was morbidly afraid of criticism.

But from the first, although I didn't realize it, I think Paul fell in love with me. What agitations, what whirling-brained, sleepless, yet not unhappy, nights I went through, the month before I sailed! Often as he had told me that he loved me, I had been so bent on my career, I was so much a part of music, that I hadn't wanted to listen to the suggestion that I was giving way to anything else. And he wouldn't

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hold me back from my career. It was all very harrowing and delicious and high-minded and young; but he suffered more than I—far more!

I sailed and left him standing on the dock looking after me. Yet though I cried so hard after I had seen the last of him, something in me was glad to get away, too. The strain had been too much—I couldn't have stood it any longer. And though Paul had confided so much to me, he had never had any of my confidences, because I knew secretly—but so well!—that he hadn't wanted any of them. No one had ever cared to hear anything of that inner life of mine.

Those three years in Paris—golden years! Homesick as I was at times for Paul, I was glad I had them—so glad! But for them, I would never have known in the flesh the possibilities of my art. They were immortal years; they filled me with an insatiate flame. How I worked and how I sang! I made my small body strong, I lived frugally, I bathed, I exercised, I worked with that absolute precision and ardor of routine which alone make for the highest purpose, the highest power.

There was almost always a disappointment visible in every one at first sight of me—I was used to that!—and then the sudden, swift attention when I began to sing, and the silence after I had ended. I was to be the greatest singer yet. My masters made only one proviso—I could take no liberties with my voice nor with my strength; I had no large and naturally robust frame to fall back on.

And all the time I wrote every week to Paul, trying to help and comfort and sympathize, to be everything I could. I loved him dearly and carried always with me a sense of responsibility for his welfare. The month was fixed for my appearance as *Marguerite* in Gounod's "Faust;" I had been kept back strictly from the public, and only rumors of my wonderful voice—that's the way they put it, though it was more in its quality always than its strength—had been carefully circulated. I tasted all the preliminary sweets of success in the anxious excitement of the masters and the manager. One can never foretell what may make for failure in even the most promising prima donna; no one could foretell here, I least of all! . . .

The week before my contract was signed I had a letter from my poor Paul, a last, despairing appeal to me to come to him; he was ill, alone, he needed me now. It was a bitter, anguished cry from the heart to one slipping finally out of reach; a call to consider the things of the heart before it was too late for both of us. Couldn't I love and sing too? And what was any song without love?

Well! I did not sign the contract. I passed through a terrible week of storming fury on the part of those who had built their hopes on my career, and had given their work toward it—Mrs. Stanford telegraphed me sternly from Italy—she had a right to be angry, Heaven knows! . . .

Many people tell me how differently they would have lived their lives if they had known what they know now; I'm not sure that I can say that; I can't assert that I would have decided differently even if I had known—for I *did* know! although I told myself I was only abdicating for the moment. I couldn't think that my career was really given up for all time; it should be taken up without fail later. I was horribly worked up, emotional, unbalanced by excitement and Paul's need of me—yet through all, away underneath everything, I *think* I knew. And even if I had really—My life has been a succession of what Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney—I read her books and loved them when I was a girl—called "the next things." My going to Paul came imperatively "next."

You know the quotation: "O Art, my Art, thou'rt much, but Love is more!" I don't think I could ever have said that; I don't think the kind of love I felt at the time *was* more. It was simply that Paul loved and needed me, and I was young and a woman; suddenly I, who had held out so easily, couldn't remain stone to his appeal any longer; something in me responded whether I would or not, something I had never reckoned on; I just went.

Paul was somehow strangely older, strangely thinner, strangely *less* than I had imagined him—that was my first half-sinking, half-frightened impression before Love entered and absorbed the field of vision.

III

People have such different ways of happiness, haven't they? Mine didn't consist in a daily, continuously happy state, such as one reads about and such as is the experi-

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ence of some sheltered souls. Most of us have to be satisfied with those single brilliant flashes of happiness that leave a reflected glow on the way ahead after they've passed by. And for that first year—well, I had some of those sweetly illuminative flashes, although just after our marriage Paul lost his position, and it was a long, long time before he got another.

There began soon after our honeymoon was over a struggle that has never ended until now; a mighty struggle that always—until now—seemed pitifully disproportionate to the result.

We lived in a little bit of a two-story house in a straggling, unimportant suburb. I was terribly sorry for Paul's disappointment in the collapse of his firm and the loss of his position, and was anxious to show him how little I minded the temporary stress. I threw myself into the breach with ardor. I got a place to sing in a church choir—Paul had an invincible dislike to my having anything to do with the stage—and gave singing lessons at a low price to a few pupils whom I managed to get through the good offices of the organist.

It bothered me somewhat that there was a slight huskiness in my voice, brought on by the dampness of the cottage when we first went into it, and by the lapse of my regular routine. It bewildered me to have my expensive musical education bring such a small return.

Like most girls brought up on a farm, I had never been trained to cook properly or do housework well. I had only done "chores," odd jobs that led to no further accomplishment in the same line. I could bring the flour and set out the pie board, but I couldn't make the bread or pie. Then in the six years of my musical education I had done nothing whatever in this line. I kept house, therefore, very badly at first, with an immense amount of misdirected exertion; but I learned.

Paul was always sweet and good-natured over my mistakes; he ate burned food cheerfully, and went without his coffee uncomplainingly if I forgot to order it. His deprivations didn't worry him; but neither did it trouble him in the least that I also was obliged to eat burned food and go without coffee after my unavailing toil.

There are some things that give me a strange and awful wonder when I think of them—things I could not own even to myself without that strained wringing of the heart; it's only because you are a stranger that I am speaking now—for the first time. My husband was sweet and kind and unfailingly gentle, unfailingly loving, but it never seemed to distress him that it was I who bore the burden of the household as well as of our maintenance. Home was naturally the place for a woman.

Once a man he had invited to the house was amazed to find that I was a girl he had known at the Conservatory in Paris; he said: "*You* here!" as one might speak to a queen who had given up her throne. Paul never seemed to realize that I had given up anything. He took it as simply that I should like to work for him as that he would have liked to work for me; that was fine, in a way; but in the years that followed there were three consecutively in which he could get no regular position whatever, and, except for a few odd jobs at bookkeeping, contributed nothing to our subsistence.

He was always willing enough to work—or he was at first—but he didn't know how to ask for it; he sat around home most of the day and read the papers or played with the children. Then for two years he was ill and helpless, and though he got about again, he never really recovered his strength. Although I didn't realize it then, I think now that he had never been strong, and that this accounted for his seeming lack of initiative.

I gave more lessons than ever. I was fortunate in getting pupils. And I not only did the cooking and the housework, but I shoveled the snow and tended the furnace and planted and hoed our tiny garden, and I had three children who lived and buried two when they were tiny babies.

I say that I gave lessons at home, charging more for them than before; but I no longer sang in the choir. My voice, my real voice, was gone—you don't have to have a real voice to teach singing! After Pauline's birth I got up too soon and caught cold in some way. Well, it did something to my vocal chords—a sort of partial paralysis. It was well that I had no time to realize it.

There was another thing that made life harder at first—I wasn't naturally a mother. I have found many women since with the same experience as mine in that regard, but I thought I must be a monster. Those days and nights when I held Pauline in my

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too-tired, aching young arms—she was a delicate, crying little thing—I used to wonder, like many another young mother before and since, if this was the rapture people wrote about and pictured. It was even strange and agonizing not to be able to be comfortable and happy unless that unresponsive, irresponsible little mite were happy and comfortable also, to feel my soul wrung with solicitude for her whether I was giving a lesson, or whether I had her in my arms; never to have her off my weary mind, day or night.

But after a time this acute stage passed; I loved my little girl; some of those flashes of happiness came to me with her.

Jack was born a little over a year after Pauline, and there were two babies to take care of before I had learned how to look after one. Then those other times—but I can't speak of them. The worst of it was, perhaps, that even in the midst of my grief it seemed despairingly best that those two little new-born souls should escape at once from such a hard-pressed life. I did not see how I could possibly tend them, or keep them from harm.

But one thing I must stop and say right here: All this sounds a sordid, wretched recital, as if I, who had the chief part in this domestic drama, were soaked in a sort of hopeless misery. My dear, we live our own lives so gradually, from day to day—do you know, I never once thought this was the way my life was being lived; these were only temporary phases and situations of grinding stress. My voice, even, was only gone temporarily. I never, even to myself, in my darkest moments, thought: This is all; it is all I am ever going to have. Always I knew that there was more! Why, I should have died outright if I had thought the other!

That feeling of something very great that was mine to express some day came to me at moments, bringing an exquisite uplifting, inexpressibly dear. A very little thing could bring it to me, as when I struck certain chords on the piano and dreamed into them, singing softly in harmony, or when I saw the harmony of a rosy cloud floating across the blue sky, or the sunlight sparkling across ice-clad branches, or shining through the first spring-budding of the yellow-flowered bush in our yard. There was a something in me beyond and apart from my life as a wife, or a mother, or a wage-earner—something that was as truly I, yet that nobody knew!—something, as I felt when a child, between me—and God. Always, in the old childish speech, there were times still when I could stand with my feet in the fairy ring.

And then—what strange ways God has of making real mothers of us!—and then Erla came.

Never had I so nearly lost my place in the fairy ring as in those months before she was born. Never had I felt so passionately protesting. It was the impossible thing to happen at that particular time. My poor Paul had fallen ill again before she came; I had everything I could do, and far, far more. I had moments of actual frenzy, amounting almost to madness.

It happens so often to us stupid, stupid mortals that that against which we protest beforehand the most vehemently turns out to be one of our greatest blessings. Like many another woman, the child whose coming I most intensely repudiated was the one who afterward brought me most exquisite pleasure. In a sense I loved no one of my children more than another; in illness my anxiety was the same for each, my care for health and happiness always as unremitting. Both Pauline and Jack had been nervous, delicate babies, ever more of a care than a refreshment, their small, precious existences always haunting me with a dread fear. But Erla from the first was different: she was such a healthy, happy little thing; she would lie in her crib for hours at a time as good as gold, when I was busy; whenever she saw my face she smiled.

From a tiny little thing her love for me was different from that which the other two showed; if I were out late she feared that "something might happen to mama;" she had strange little endearing, voiceless ways of showing care and sympathy for me. Erla, by some divine intuition, always knew what mama wanted—it was so strange to have any one look out for me, to have any one see when I was tired. It was Erla who brought me my slippers when I came in from giving a lesson, and tried to unbutton my shoes.

And when Erla, with those baby-angel eyes of hers resting on my worn face, climbed up into my lap and patted my cheeks with her soft hands, saying: "Dear, pretty mama! Mama is so beau-ty-ful!" she brought an exquisite wonder and happi-

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IT WAS A VOICE THAT CAME STRAIGHT FROM THE HIGHEST. ONCE IN A CENTURY THERE IS A VOICE LIKE THAT.

ness to my heart. I have never been beautiful to any one but Erla.

She was only a year and a half old when her father died. I am thankful that in those last years, at least, I tried to lay no burdens on *him*—I don't think I did. Mine were the shoulders to bear them; whether it was right or wrong that the part was mine instead of his, was mercifully settled for me by his illness—*then* it *was* right. It is terrible to *have* to see that those we love are in the wrong; no matter how wrong we know ourselves to be in many things, we want them to be perfect.

When Paul died, something went out of my life with his spirit and his unfailing gentleness—youth, perhaps you might call it for want of a better name. He and I had been young together. I was gladder than I had ever been before that I had come back from Paris to him. The children were his as well as mine—and I had Erla!

People were very kind to me in those first days of my bereavement. Death is a concrete thing; it is a tangible and accredited reason for sorrow. Sorrow that comes from God brings its own comfort; it is not like those terrible, self-brought seasons of mental incapacity and depression in which the will becomes a flaccid thing—seasons in which one is ready to snatch at a straw to save oneself from drowning, only that on those occasions there is never even a straw to catch at. When one cries out for help in one's weakness, no one wants to help at all—at least I've always found it so. It is only when one is inwardly strong that others stretch out their hands to help us. Spiritual weakness antagonizes—people fear it, it is such an ugly thing! We have to try to raise ourselves to the plane above to come into communication with our kind. My God! How hard we have to try sometimes.

IV

It was no new thing for me to have to support the family. When I look back it

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seems impossible that I could have done so much and in such different kinds of ways—if it were not that so many of us do impossible things. But the anguish of all the working lately had been to have to take the time for it from an invalid who needed me. I was free to work as hard as I wanted to now.

I not only had classes in the house: I went to other places, other towns, even. I was lucky at getting and keeping pupils. Pauline and Jack and Erla helped in the house in little ways, as they had for some time, but they had to be educated.

You don't need to be told about those years, sweet years in spite of everything. And—I can't exactly explain it—but much that had hurt in my married life faded away forever, and left only the sense of love; what was good and sweet in Paul stayed by me.

Erla, though the youngest, was the little mother of the family; she was Jack's companion; her quick perception went ahead of Pauline's slower wit; she took care of me, always. She had her father's beauty, his thick, curling dark hair and his clear complexion; she grew up very tall. But though both Jack and Pauline had sweet voices, Erla never would sing; apart from that she was the most sensitive to music of them all.

We think our children belong to us.—When my pretty, delicate, flower-like Pauline was eighteen, she married a man over forty who was on here for a visit from Denver. It was one of those blows—it came upon me like a blow—that are out of all expectancy. Yes, he was well off. Pauline was made to be guarded. Yes, he loved her—she has always been happy, I think. I have seen her just six times in twelve years. You might think it strange that when she was rich, I should still keep on working hard—she was so young when she married, she was only used to taking things, child-fashion, from mother, not giving. It is I, since, who have kept on sending her the little love-presents—trifles that I make myself, pretty collars and ties that can't be bought out where she is. At Christmas and on my birthday Pauline and her husband send me a handsome present—a silken down quilt or a fur cloak. Pauline always says:

"I do hope if you want for anything at any time, mother, that you'll let me know."

Want for anything! And Pauline has come on to buy Chippendale furniture and thousand-dollar curtains for her house in Denver, and has seen the way I live! No, I am wrong: she doesn't see; she has the eyes of a child still, to whom mother and mother's house are apart from the rest of the world, complete as they are. It is my fault; I should have taught her better. Erla was the only one of my children who ever saw—but that is no credit to me; it was a divine quality in herself that I couldn't take away. So much that we lack afterward in our children, it is a strange, self-stabbing sort of comfort to think, *must* be our own fault!

Jack, my poor Jack, never had any business sense; I haven't either, for that matter—I can only work! Jack wanted to leave the position in which he was getting a few dollars a week to go away as a missionary; I suppose it was a higher aspiration than just helping me. I never looked forward to a time when my children would take care of me, as many parents do; it seemed as if I must always provide for them. Yet this gave me a strange sort of shock.

I told you that I had a sister who was a missionary in Japan: well, she managed it that Jack went out there as a lay-helper; she had been writing to him for some time. I believe he has done much good—they say people love him—my little Jack! He sends me enthusiastic letters, occupied entirely with what he is doing. There's a sort of excitement in working for people when you're not obliged to do it. So I was left alone with Erla.

I've skipped the greatest part of it all, you see. One day, when Erla was about fourteen, I heard her sing.

V

I remember it all so vividly! She thought I was out of the house, but I had come in again without her knowing. I sat late one February afternoon, in my bedroom with its shabby, ragged rugs, its mean, yellow-painted furniture, knitting a pair of gray mittens for Jack; he was driving a grocery wagon at the time.

I was unusually tired that afternoon. Jack's minor positions in the business world always necessitated an excruciatingly early breakfast, and this had been my morning to get up; Erla insisted on seeing to it on alternate days, although I did not want

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her to. My lovely child was growing too fast and studying too late at night for the high school; she was fitting herself to be a teacher.

I had taught all day in town, with but a brief interval for lunch, and with the information that two of my best pupils were to leave unexpectedly. I had begun lately not to get so much for teaching as I used. My methods had grown old-fashioned; I had no time to keep up with the newer music. It took more to live, and there was always something unforeseen to drag back just as one began to get ahead.

The furnishings of my bedroom had never been replenished since my marriage, and they had an indescribably sordid look. I sat by the window; opposite was a row of mean, shabby white houses, the front yards sodden. But just above was a patch of blue sky with white clouds around it. Anything very beautiful could always set my feet momentarily at least in the fairy ring. I have often wondered why most people—in cities, at any rate—look at the sky so little, or seem to get so little pleasure from the sight. And at that moment I heard some one in the room below singing—that voice!—I sat up straight and said: "God in heaven, *what is that?*"

I slid out of my room and down the stairs, noiselessly, and through the open doorway of our little parlor I saw my Erla. She was singing from an old English book of songs, open on the piano: "Phyllis has such charming graces." You know it, perhaps. She stood there in her short plaid frock, with her back to me, her head held high, the thick braid of her dark hair falling below her knees, and her hands clasped behind her.

That golden voice! Whether low or swelling high, so round, so full, with such a divine quality—even in the light shades and trills of the song, still round and full—but you have heard it! Nothing could ever add to the quality of it. She has learned confidence—she was so timid at first that she couldn't sing a note if she knew any one was listening; she has learned many things, but nothing was ever added to that wonderful quality. It was a voice that came straight from the highest. Once in centuries there is a voice like that.

I crept up-stairs again and I fell to weeping; I wept in torrents. Oh, I couldn't begin to tell you how I felt. It was like dying and being resurrected, the same and yet not the same, and not being used to the strange new body. I realized, as never, never before, what I had lost! I seemed to be equally torn for myself and for the child who had the Gift. And I made a vow then——

When Erla came up-stairs and saw me face downward on the bed, she flung herself down beside me, holding me tight in her young arms, with her cheek pressed against mine.

"Why do you cry, mother?" she whispered pitifully. "Why do you cry? I didn't want to have you hear me sing. I thought you were out." And then: "Oh, mother, you'll get your own voice back some day, I know you will; I've prayed for it ever since I was a little bit of a girl."

My little Erla! But even to her I couldn't speak of that.

That night we talked it all out together. It was only within a year that she had found her voice; but always—so strange it is that we may live so close to a child and never know the child's inner heart—since she was very little she had sung all the songs she heard me teaching, in her mind—it was the only way she could explain it, but it must have been to her something like practising with one's fingers on a clavier which makes no sound. She couldn't get courage to make the sounds with her voice, she was so afraid some one would hear it; she had an agonizing shyness about being heard. But after a while she had sung whenever she was alone.

Well, the idea of her studying to be a teacher in the public school was abandoned at once, though she fought against giving up; in a few more years she might be earning forty dollars a month, and she had so longed to be a help to me! The very idea of singing in public terrified her. "In half a dozen years you may be earning four thousand a month, or even a week!" I told her.

My dear, I found that times were different from what they were when I was a girl; there were so few American-born singers then that one with a real voice had some prominence. I was a rarity. But there are far too few patrons for the hundreds of girls now with voices to exploit. There was nobody to make Erla's way for her but me.

When Pauline came on from her home

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she was interested, as much as the child could be in something that wasn't her own child-life—and she gave Erla twenty-five dollars for her birthday to help on with the lessons: the lessons cost me eighty dollars a quarter. Pauline was proud of Erla, but she didn't understand. It was natural that mother should look after her girlies. You may think it foolish, as well as strange, that I never asked Pauline for a penny in all those years, either toward Erla's musical education or for my living. I think maybe I have been unjust to Pauline in not asking, in defrauding her of the giving. But I couldn't—I was too proud. Everything was there for her to see if she would have seen it—and if she didn't . . .

VI

It was strangely like, and yet unlike, my old life over again, those years when Erla was learning to sing. But she was in no boarding-house alone; she was with me, her mother. She went to town every day for her lessons and practising; I didn't pretend to teach her. But every night she came home to me, except those nights when I met her in town and took her to the opera, and we came out together, past midnight, to our house and bed.

I sometimes caught sight of our two selves in a big mirror in the foyer, as we walked through—Erla tall and beautiful, with her long, dark hair wound around her lovely head, her long throat, her young, swelling figure in the tight-fitting dark-blue "tailor" suit that I'd cut and sewed with my own fingers, and I, the plain, thin little woman in the brown skirt and jacket—I heard some one speak of me once as "that little middle-aged woman with the young eyes."

It gave me a curious feeling as if I'd been found out. I knew that in myself, in spite of love, and birth and death, and care and sorrow, and grinding work for all these years, I was as young as that look in my eyes, as eager for expression as ever, as eager to live my own life as I dreamed it. Even if you're a mother, it's strange how much you keep on being your own self still.

Those years when Erla and I were alone together, we both worked tensely in our different ways. She was not actively demonstrative, but she had all the little ways of love and understanding; she pulled the blind down to shade my eyes before I realized that the sun was shining in; she walked to and from the train when she was in town so that she might save her carfare to buy me a little package of chocolates, or a flower; she wouldn't get a new hat for herself until I could buy one too; and when she dressed or undressed, I had to go and stay in the room with her so that we might have those precious minutes at least in which to talk over all that had happened since we had talked last. She told me every word of praise her masters gave her, religiously; she knew that that was what my soul lived on. Erla had all the little ways of love that feed the heart.

It distressed her that I had still to be the wage-earner; I had to keep her purpose inflexibly before her, or she would have given up the future many times for the present need. For the rest, we pinched and saved in every way we could. I trained her in the routine that had been mine in Paris, and let no household duties interfere with it, that she might have the highest measure of health and strength with which to back up her voice.

Her greatest stumbling-block was her constitutional shyness. To get confidence, and the ease and repose that come from it, was the thing she had to strive most for. There is always something to stand in the way; with me it was my plainness, my insignificance, my utter lack of presence. Erla had presence; but it was a question whether she would ever be able really to sing alone in public—that is, sing as she could. Many voices have gone to pieces under that strain—they haven't been able to fulfil the heavenly promise they gave.

So that was our only uneasiness. If after all this tremendous uphill effort there was to be another failure, though of a different kind, at the end of it—if Erla was to suffer as I had done! . . . I think, no matter what I was doing, I was invariably praying, praying, praying in all kinds of ways; as the humblest, most needy, most undeserving of sinners, and then again with the confident, proud claiming of one's intention as the same with that of the Highest; praying, as I said, in all kinds of ways, as if to catch His attention by one method if not by another—to catch the omnipotent cooperation that alone makes our striving competent. One can not be daily in communication with a great Force without acquiring power oneself. From that inner intensity I gained

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an outer calm, a sureness, a repose. There was a life at stake, and *I* must not falter.

VII

When it was ultimately arranged, after long consideration and preparation, that Erla should go abroad to Berlin to study, with a couple of other young women, she wept and implored me piteously to go with her. It was a terribly hard thing to send her away so far, but I had to stay home and earn the money. I could see no way of earning it over there.

THE EYES SHINING OUT OF HER SMALL, DEEPLY WORN FACE REVEALED THE EAGERNESS AND ENERGY OF AN INDOMITABLE SPIRIT.

In those last four years I had saved a little; I borrowed the rest—enough to take Erla over, and to begin on—from the grocer in our suburb—now grown to a large place—whose children I once taught, and one of whom had since died. Among all the people I have known in musical circles or of social prominence, I have never met one except this man who seemed to realize that I ever needed any special help, even when we went through our most crucial seasons of poverty. I think I had a quiet manner that seemed self-sufficient; I never talked of my own affairs. But Mr. Dalton once, when it had been difficult for me to pay his bill, had come forward and in the plain, matter-of-fact way which shows the most delicate kindness, had said that if I needed money at any time he would be glad to lend it to me, with no security but my word. I had never taken advantage of his offer until now, but the mere fact of his kindness and faith in me had been heartening.

I was glad, for one reason, to have Erla go. I had to work so much harder than I had let her know, and it began to be more and more difficult to keep things from her.

You know how conditions that seem to be permanent change. After my pupils had gradually melted away, I had lectured in music in a couple of schools, and I held the post of secretary to a musical society. I had picked up typewriting, and that helped. If you once get in the way of earning a living, there is always something you can find to do—you get used to burrowing through any narrow tunnel, mole-like, forcing a further opening as you proceed.

Before Erla left I knew, though she did not, that one of these periods of wholesale change had begun: the musical society was

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about to disband; one school gave up the musical lectures, and the other engaged a man for the next season in my place. I tried for nothing more of the kind. When Erla left I took lodgers; I cooked, swept, scrubbed; I took in plain sewing and fine washing; I made cake and salad dressing for exchanges in odd moments; I knitted baby socks. Many a night I have worked until two o'clock in the morning that Erla's checks might go to her regularly, and I hardly felt whether it was dawn or dark.

And I had in that time some of my most exquisite flashes of happiness; it was almost as if I had a premonition of what was to happen. I had always been fond of beautiful things, but I took a fresh joy in sunsets, in the shimmering of lights across the snow, in the swaying of green leaves, clouds in a blue sky—things that come in the way of every one—full of a beauty that raises the strain of courage in one's heart. I couldn't listen to music any more—it tore at something in me.

I had never been much of a reader, but I took to reading a couple of books over and over. One of them was "Walden," by Thoreau—that was almost like being out under the sky; one was "Kidnapped," by Stevenson. You may think it was an odd kind of a book for me to like! But those struggles across the heather seemed to take me along with them.

I had my children's letters—dear letters from my dear children, Pauline and Jack, full of all that they were doing. Pauline had no children, but her husband was very good to her—bless him for that! She was a happy child herself. Sometimes I had the joy of sending tiny checks to Jack. And I had my letters from Erla, not only filled with what she was doing, but with thought for me. She was succeeding—though not quite sure enough of herself yet. Sometimes she couldn't help being afraid that, after all—but I never wavered in my thought of her.

Those months, those years—they flew; but when the time drew near for her first appearance in grand opera in Berlin, when the date was really set—all of a sudden, for the first time in my life, I found I could work no longer. Almost as swiftly as I am telling about it, I arranged to leave the house with another woman, and go over myself, without letting Erla know. I spare you the details. I hadn't meant to do it, but I *had* to go—it was as if I were "called." Yes, and I *was* called!

I didn't even tell Erla when I arrived; the ship was late and I only reached Berlin the last evening, a couple of hours before the performance. I had cabled for a seat the day I sailed. It was as if I were on fire!

You saw Erla last night and the crowded, glittering house, the Emperor in the royal box. It was a triumph when she first came forward on the stage, and her loveliness seemed to make an atmosphere around her; why, she was so beautiful that the audience applauded involuntarily, didn't they? They were kind and encouraging when she began to sing. But she was frightened; you could see her tremble—her voice trembled too. Erla couldn't sing off the note if she tried, but her voice trembled—it wasn't sure.

I suffered in those moments—that next half-hour. I couldn't begin to tell you how I suffered! What availed all my life, all my love, all my struggles, all my prayers, if I couldn't help her now? To be a mother, and not to be able to help!

I had feared that my presence might distract Erla, unnerve her, make her conscious if she saw me. But now I wrote a little note on a slip of paper from my play bill and got an usher to take it for me to Erla. He took it when I said I was her mother. I told her where to look for me.

And when she came on again—you were there—you heard her, but you didn't see her eyes leap to mine, you didn't know that in all that glittering, gorgeous house she was singing for a little brown old woman with wrinkled face and knotted hands, wrapped in a white silk cloak. . . . She sang—her voice uncertain still, at first, then gaining, gaining in strength, in tone, in volume, in some heavenly, unspeakable quality—God in heaven! You only heard *her*, but it was *I* who sang! She and I knew! From that first moment my voice had leapt to meet and blend with hers, to sustain it, to carry it up, up, up to the gates above in ecstasy. My lips did not move, but it was my voice that carried. . . . I stood with my feet in the fairy ring at last, in the supreme consciousness of the fulness of creative power. I stood in the fairy ring at last, with my voice going up to God!

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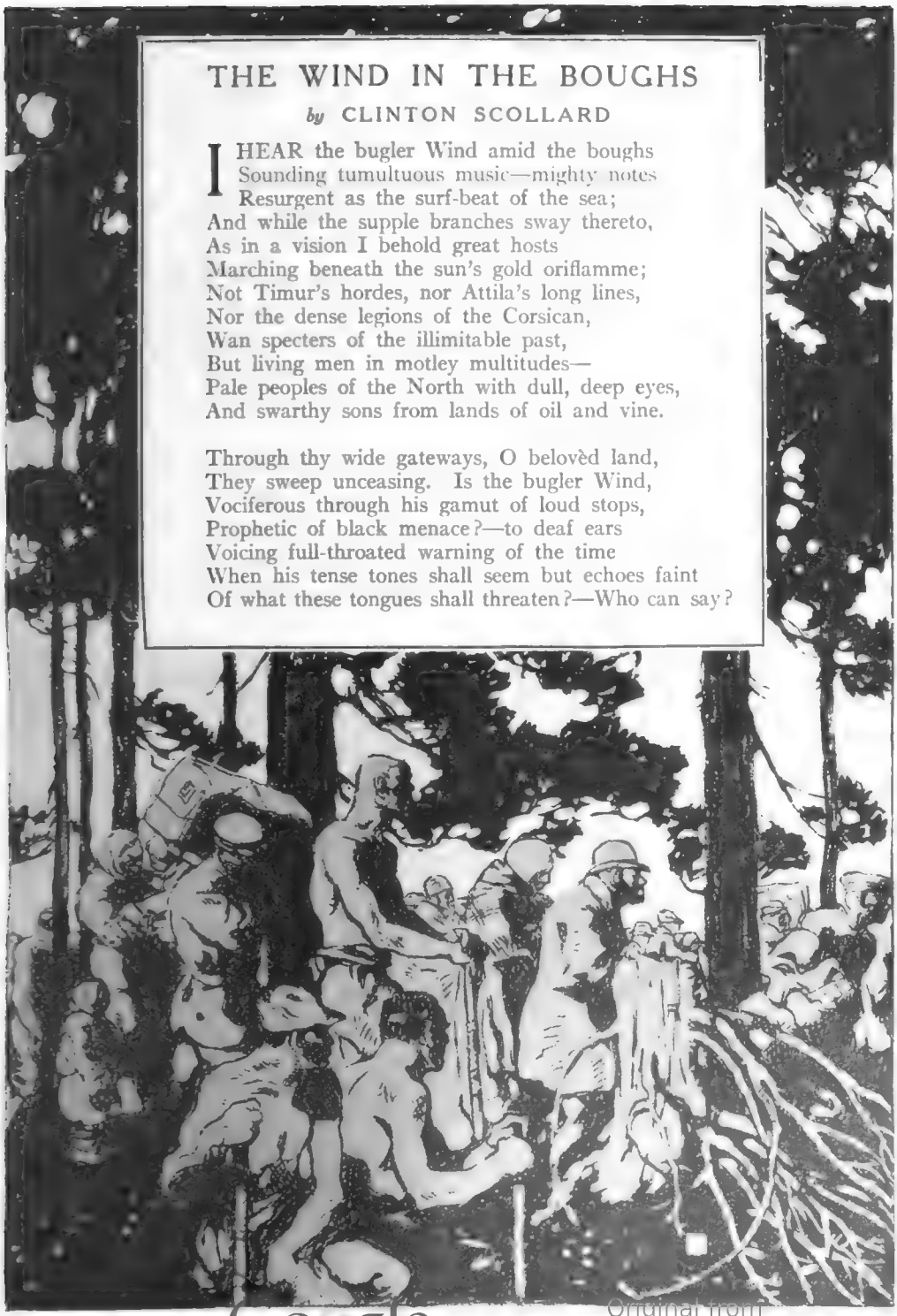

THE WIND IN THE BOUGHS

by CLINTON SCOLLARD

I HEAR the bugler Wind amid the boughs
Sounding tumultuous music—mighty notes
Resurgent as the surf-beat of the sea;
And while the supple branches sway thereto,
As in a vision I behold great hosts
Marching beneath the sun's gold oriflamme;
Not Timur's hordes, nor Attila's long lines,
Nor the dense legions of the Corsican,
Wan specters of the illimitable past,
But living men in motley multitudes—
Pale peoples of the North with dull, deep eyes,
And swarthy sons from lands of oil and vine.

Through thy wide gateways, O belovèd land,
They sweep unceasing. Is the bugler Wind,
Vociferous through his gamut of loud stops,
Prophetic of black menace?—to deaf ears
Voicing full-throated warning of the time
When his tense tones shall seem but echoes faint
Of what these tongues shall threaten?—Who can say?

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The RABBIT *and the* GREYHOUNDS

Being an Economic Fable with a Moral

BY

J. RUSSELL SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE

THE fishing is bully when the fish compete for the bait, especially if I have a good, industrious boy to dig bait and put it on the hooks for me. I can fill my fish-basket in no time and go sit down in the shade while the boy cleans the fish. That is what I call cooperation. The boy and I work together; I catch those foolish little fish, he cuts their silly little throats and skins them—and then they are my fish.

Many able gentlemen (also wealthy gentlemen, mostly from Wall Street) have of late been telling us glowing things about the new epoch we are entering, the epoch of "cooperation" that is to succeed the terrible and unchristian period of competition. Some captain of industry rises up every day now to lament the folly of this trust-busting age. The captain says several bad things about the folly of it all and winds up by saying that all this pestering of business is just trying to bring back the period of cut-throat competition.

What is this "cooperation"? What is this "cutthroat competition"? Does it cut throats, and if so, whose throat does it cut?

I was out in Kansas when I was young, and saw my first rabbit. I was riding across the prairie when something with long, gangly legs, like a new-born lamb, rose up in front of me. I spurred up my borrowed horse, and as I approached this awkward, whitish, shambling thing, it cut two right angles like forked lightning, and presto! it was going in exactly the opposite direction to that which my charger and I were pursuing. By the time I got turned around, the jack-rabbit was securely minding his own business about two hundred and fifty yards away.

With the pride of a tenderfoot, I resolved not to be outdone so easily by a stupid rabbit. So I rode back to my uncle's house and got his greyhound. "Now," said I, "Mr. Jack Rabbit, we'll show you a thing or two."

It did not take us long to stir up Jack Rabbit again. Away he went and the greyhound after him. It was a pleasing spectacle, and I sat back in the saddle to enjoy the sport. The hound made his twenty-foot leaps so fast and so regularly that he resembled a giant measuring-worm on a hot stove. He went like the wind, gained

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rapidly on his quarry, and stretched his jaws to pick him up. Just at that critical instant, as I was almost feeling the weight of J. Rabbit in my hand, he suddenly turned on his heel, made that wonderful right-angle figure, and went the other way—and the hound, with the speed of the wind, rushed past just as a trolley-car does when the motorman doesn't notice you. The hound slowed down after he had gone about two Broadway blocks, but J. Rabbit hadn't slowed down at all.

The hound was plucky and tried it again. After about five furlongs of running he once more neared the rabbit, and there was another demonstration of right-angle turning. The poor hound had enough. He looked reproachfully at me, tucked his tail between his legs, and went panting home.

I followed him and told the story to my rancher uncle. "Well, well, you tenderfoot," said he, "wait till to-morrow morning, and *I'll* show you how to catch a jack-rabbit."

When the dew was off the grass, we rode over to his neighbor's, borrowed a *second* greyhound, and then we went after the rabbit. We soon started him up, and my uncle's hound went flying after as he had done the day before. At first I thought there must be two rabbits, but I could see only one, so I concluded that the borrowed hound was rattlebrained. He ran like fury, but he didn't run after the rabbit at all. He went scurrying through the grass, away off to one side about sixty feet away from the first hound. On and on they ran, this crazy pair, until suddenly J. Rabbit did his right-angle stunt, and left my uncle's dog whizzing off to nowhere. But it so happened that he turned right in front of the borrowed hound, who picked him up as neatly as a fielder takes a fly. Then both dogs wagged their tails and looked wise. I drew my pocket-knife and cut the rabbit's throat.

Those hounds had caught the modern spirit of cooperation. They left the cut-throat competition to the rabbits, who were perfectly free to compete for anything they wanted to get, including their liberty.

Now, then, I should like to know what the average American thinks he is. Does he class himself with the cooperation greyhounds or with the competing rabbits? I'm a rabbit. I know I am for I'm a producer of raw material and I've been shown.

I own a little piece of land on the eastern slope of the Appalachians, not very far from the Mason and Dixon line. Not long ago I did a little clearing and found that I would have about a carload of poplar pulp-wood to sell. I knew that Tom Bolyn, two stations down the branch railroad, was loading cars of pulp-wood all along the line. I also knew that the price of paper had gone up, 'way up, and I did not think the price of pulp-wood had gone up in proportion, so I thought I'd get a better price than Bolyn was offering. To get this better price, I thought I would avail myself of the stimulating influence of competition among the pulp-wood buyers.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO TOM BOLYN

In a business directory I found the addresses of ten paper-mills that were so located that they might buy my wood to advantage. To each of the ten I wrote, asking for quotations and specifications. One class of answers was like this: "We do not buy in that state," or "We are not buying in that state," or "We do not buy on that railroad." That sounded queer to me, but the other class was the real thing. The answers were like this: "We would refer you to Mr. Richard Baker of P——, Pa., who attends to our pulp-wood purchasing," or "We suggest you write to Mr. Richard Baker of P——, Pa., who attends to our purchasing in that territory," or "We advise you to take the matter up with our purchasing agent, Mr. Richard Baker of P——, Pa., who will promptly pay you highest cash price for any wood you have to sell."

Finally there came a letter from Mr. Richard Baker himself, saying: "I understand you have some pulp-wood for sale at ———. I have called the matter to the attention of our agent on your road, Mr. Tom Bolyn, who will look after your interest and pay you highest cash price for any wood that you may have for sale."

That was all. I was just where I had

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started. I had set out to get away from Tom Bolyn, and I had landed right in his arms. Then I remembered the Kansas jack-rabbit, and realized that I was another one. I had set out to flee from one paper company, and the first jump I made landed me right in the jaws of its partner. It was about this same time that I first heard the praise (always from Wall Street it comes) of the system of "cooperation" that is so much better than "cut-throat competition." My pulp-wood experience was a perfect example of the way it works. The purchasers of pulp-wood had divided up territory and combined in one purchasing agency ("cooperated") until there was just exactly *one purchaser of pulp-wood on my road.*

Now the dullest of us knows that he didn't set up any very hot competition with himself. He left the competition to the producers of the wood.

Accordingly, I smiled upon Tom Bolyn, and asked him if he wouldn't take my wood-pulp. He did, and paid me six months later. It was also six months after I had retired from the pulp-wood business. I then saw what this cooperation of Wall Street meant. It meant hunting in couples. The paper companies were the hounds and I was the jack-rabbit. Also, the other wood-cutters were jack-rabbits.

THE DESPOT THAT HAS EVER RIDDEN THE HUMAN RACE A BAYONET. NOW HE GOES WITH PAPERS OF INCORPOR-

Putting it into the general terms so much delighted in by the portly after-dinner speaker, it runs about like this: *One business group can so combine (cooperate) that they no longer have free competition among themselves. They simply pass the trouble along to others.*

Business is a drama with six persons in it. These are Manufacturer, Worker, Raw Material Man, Carrier, Middleman, and Consumer. Now every time Consumer spends a dollar, it is divided up among the other five persons in this play.

Do they divide that dollar fairly? If not, who gets the lion's share? If free competition of equals sets their shares, there will be a fair division. If any one of them gets to be star actor and sets his own price—"cooperates"—stops competition among his group, he establishes cutthroat competition for others. He is able to put some other group or groups down to the point where they are working for their board, and it may be poor board at that—making jack-rabbits of them. Sometimes the laborer gets pinched. Sometimes the raw-material man gets pinched, and

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USED TO GO WITH A CLUB, THEN WITH A SPEAR, THEN WITH ATION, A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT, A TRADE UNION.

sometimes the trick is turned and they take two dollars instead of one from the consumer, and *he* becomes the rabbit.

My pulp-wood experience was a raw-material type.

MAKING A RABBIT OF THE WORKER

Now here is one of the bottom rocks in the hard path of life, and you can't get away from it, either: You can't count on people paying you any more for anything then they have to. That includes your services, your wages, your goods. If I'm wrong about this, please let me know at once, for if you have found a place where people will pay you more for your things and your work than they have to, I'm going there at once and set up in business. And before I go, I'm going to float a railroad company and a steamship company to carry the millions of emigrants who are pining to rush to that favored land.

In *wages*, my dear sir, there is competition. That is a harsh fact, harsh as the law of tooth and fang, but don't forget it for a moment. It is as true as taxes, sure as death. Your employer doesn't pay you any more than you can get in the next shop, and on the average you don't pay your worker any more than the amount necessary to get another worker to do the same service. The same thing applies to your goods. Competition is a world force. It applies to you and me somewhere, and when Wall Street develops the "cooperation" that ends competition among that group, it does really make cut-throat competition for the rest of us. It catches us just like jack-rabbits.

This is no secret among the more intelligent of the workers. An able young fellow who worked for the Standard Oil Company out in Indiana was talking to me about his work and his prospects. His prospects did not seem flattering to my mind.

"Suppose," said I, "a rival company should open a new refinery alongside and offer you a substantial raise, would you go?"

"Not I," said he. "Do you suppose I want to cut my head off? How long do you think that company would last? The Standard would get 'em in about two years and then where'd I be? No, siree. I wouldn't look at 'em! I know which side my bread's buttered on. I'm a refinery man, and there's just one company I can work for."

Suppose all the employers in your industry are "cooperating" *à la* Wall Street. Will they bid up for you or will they take

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you as they took my pulp-wood? Cut-throat competition—yes, but it's *your throat*. There are plenty of examples if you look for them.

Go out to Pittsburgh and take a good look around and see how the steel workers have fared since Messrs. Morgan, Carnegie, and others cleaned up their five hundred million dollars or more of profits in floating the Steel Trust and stopped competing for labor. If you haven't time to make the investigation yourself, you can read all about it in a wonderful report made by experts and called the *Pittsburgh Survey*. The reading will not console you very much, but it will give you one good, long, lasting look at how this "cooperation" of the giant manufacturers works as applied to the laborer. He is jack-rabbit No. 2.

THE CONSUMER JACK-RABBIT

The consumer is the best jack-rabbit of all. Who sets the price of the things he buys? There are two ways for price to be settled. One is by the agreement of the "cooperating" producers, the other is by the relation of supply to demand, working through the old law of free competition, which makes an ever-changing price.

See how competition sets the price of wheat, corn, and apples, peaches and horses. When there is a big corn crop, the price goes down. When there is a short corn crop, the price goes up. When the frost kills nearly all the peaches, the few that get to market bring a price that leaves the ordinary mortal very peach-hungry. When too many cars of peaches come to town (if the railroad or the commission man lets them get there), the market is glutted and you can actually buy them for less than they cost to produce. It has always been so. The price of commodities in the natural markets fluctuates with the free competition of supply and demand, and the advantages are sometimes with the producer and sometimes with the consumer.

Now look at the price of anthracite coal. When was the last time you saw that fluctuate? It was years and years ago that it went down a peg, and for the most part it only fluctuated upward—and you, the Consumer, have paid the price or gone without. You are the jack-rabbit in that episode.

But anthracite is an old story. You know about that.

This business drama must go on: Worker, Raw-Material Man, Manufacturer, Carrier, and Middleman will continue to serve, and Consumer will continue to pay. But if any of these players gets to be dictator and sets his own price, then he uses somebody else for a jack-rabbit.

WE ARE ALL CUTTHROATS

It seems to make no difference which of us gets the whip-hand; we whip just the same. It's a vicious circle of exploitation. Humans are built that way. When a man gets a chance he will inflict cutthroat competition on others. Freedom from competition usually gives him the chance. Humans can't stand absolute power, and that is what freedom from competition amounts to. If he can get away with it and make it pay, man will enslave man—some of them will. Proof comes alike from Parthia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome—also from Mexico, Mississippi, New York, Boston, and Chicago. The men who can freely set their own prices without the check of competition or majority control are the twentieth-century editions of the despot that has ever ridden the human race. He used to go with a club, then with a spear, then with a bayonet and mercenary soldiers. Now he goes with papers of incorporation, a corporation lawyer, a gentleman's agreement, a black list, a trade-union, or with dynamite.

Suppose I could have controlled the price of pulp-wood. Is there any good reason to think that I would not have bled the paper-mills to the full limit that cutthroat competition could drive them? I should probably be a multi-millionaire, with that large pile of money in front of me that so frequently shuts off the rich man's view of the life of other men.

The worker also will have difficulty in proving that he is any better than the rest of us. He forms unions. He has been

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driven to it usually by the stern necessity of cutthroat competition that has him tight. History seems to show conclusively that he had no other means to save himself from economic hell, which was no future condition, but was actually upon him. But when he gets the full price-setting power, he naturally removes himself from the free-competition group and pushes cutthroat competition off on to some one else—as many a manufacturer can testify. Sometimes the manufacturer can pass it along to the consumer. That seems to be the way it works out in the anthracite-coal business; when the labor-union gets something out of the coal operators, they, having "cooperated," turn around and take it, and more, out of the Consumer.

Now, when one of the players gets to that position of which Mr. Wall Street inadvertently boasts, then the time is at hand for a revision of the rules of the game.

FOURTH-OF-JULY THUNDER

The country seethes with hot desire to revise them. We want equality of opportunity, declare Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Debs and Anarchist Brown. Equality of opportunity sounds good. It's easy to say, yet two thousand years of effort show it to be a very elusive thing to get. But hope rises with each generation, and two thousand years of failure merely make us the more furious in our quest of the goal of the ages—equality of opportunity.

How? There are several systems, the political economists tell us.

A hundred and twenty-five years ago the leading progressives thought that if we placed the ballot in every man's hand and thus gave him equality of political opportunity, all other equalities would follow as the night the day.

Along with the doctrine of political equality came the doctrine of *Laissez-Faire*—Let Alone. It was, in short, the doctrine of freedom. Make men as free as possible and then let them alone to work out their own destiny, and the joint result of all these free individual efforts will be the best kind of a state.

We Americans have held to this doctrine fiercely. It has been the bone and sinew of our best Americanism. It makes a good Fourth-of-July oration, but a mighty bad cost of living—and there's only one Fourth

of July and there are three hundred and sixty-five days when we would like to live and be comfortable.

So we are getting restive. Two wealthy gentlemen of my acquaintance are expecting a French Revolution with all its bloody trimmings. At any rate, we are getting tired of the theory at the end of one hundred and twenty-five years of trial in the richest land that a nation ever possessed. We have wonderful and increasing resources, we have wonderful machines, but—and here's where the shoe pinches: Let Alone has given a few men hundreds of millions, and it has given Wall Street brokers the power to set prices and take unto themselves the cream of the continent, leaving the skim to us, the common people.

We are tired of the skim milk and the Let Alone that gave it to us. The nation tosses unhappily. It cries out incoherently also, like a child in troubled sleep. But when it wakes, as soon it must, and begins to look thoughtfully at its new self, it will see that a new day has begun. It will discover that the Philosophers who figured out this Let Alone theory of managing things were thinking of men supplied with two fists on a beach peppered with cocoanuts to pick up, and clams to dig, and plenty of fish to catch. They knew nothing about a steam-engine or a modern trolley-car or electricity or petroleum or a modern corporation or a holding company.

Let Alone wasn't made for that game, but it works nicely for the man who has the whip-hand—the power and the holding company. "Let me alone"—that's what the unthinking magnate wants. Let him alone while he grabs the rest. Let him alone after he has grabbed it.

We must not. We can not.

We are definitely pledged by all parties to the policy of regulation of industry. Particularly, of course, to the regulation of the trusts, because they are the present bugbear. By trust regulation we are in this decade trying to reestablish equality of

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opportunity. And can competition be restored? The Taft administration broke up Standard Oil into a large number of parts. The object, of course, was cheaper oil. The price of oil rose, also the price of oil stocks rose, and the millions of the oil magnates rose. The pennies of the oil buyers shrunk a little more. Flat failure for that attempt. The beneficent system of "cooperation" still continues in oil.

THE REGULATION THEORY

One day I told the story of my pulp-wood episode to a very intelligent, a very religious, and a very earnest citizen. Indeed, he is the principal of a school preparing young men for college. Instantly he almost roared out: "We need a strong, honest government and righteous judges."

I replied: "But what can they do to the pulp-wood users to make them compete for the wood?"

"Break up the combination," he answered with confidence. Then the more he looked at it the more he realized that it was very much like the well-known case of the horse and the water. We can lead him to water all right, but no one has yet invented a way to make him drink.

A strong, honest government might make those half-dozen firms stop using one purchasing agent. By so doing it would probably interfere with a real economy, and we could do nothing whatever to keep them from informally dividing up the territory. If they should informally agree to buy in different places the Government could not make them compete in price.

It seems pretty plain that there will be many, many situations in which experiment along the present course of industrial regulation will show that *we can't make men compete.*

And do we really want free competition?

It is a fact proved by experience that competition can in some cases make, as surely as it can kill, a combination. There is a harmless little grocer, Jones, working his peck measure, tying packages overtime on the corner of two small residence streets. The chain-store company with one hundred and twenty-five such stores and one wholesale supply-house concludes that it will get at Jones's grocery. Jones won't sell out, so they conclude to knock him out. They open up a similar store on the opposite corner. They take no special advantages. They get no freight rebates; they bribe no policemen; they have naught to do with courts. They buy in the open markets at market prices, and they sell at cut rates to the rejoicing housewives who flock to get the cheap goods. That is all. They lose money, it is true, and poor Jones across the street loses money too. Since Jones hasn't much money to lose, he does not last long.

Six months after he quits he is back in the same old store on a salary (a small one) for the chain-store company, and the store is making money.

The chain-store company got Jones by operating their new store No. 126 at a loss for a time. That loss was made up by the profits from store No. 125, while the other one hundred and twenty-four stores made their good money all the while. Indeed, they could easily use the profits from stores No. 101 to 125 inclusive, to make up the losses in stores No. 126 to 150 inclusive, and capture twenty-five poor Joneses all at once.

JONAH AND THE CORPORATION WHALE

The story of Jones's grocery is not a piece of theoretical political economy. It is an exact description of things as they happen. That is the way most of the trusts have scooped up—and are scooping up—the retail trade. This holds true in the case of most of our most widely distributed commodities, such as tobacco, sugar, oil, shipping, woolens, etc. The trust in each case has taken over its smaller competitors in practically the same way Jones's grocery was taken over.

I do not mean to give my whitewash to any or all of these particular trusts, and their methods of doing business, but I want to make it very clear that a lot of their present monopoly is due to the plain and supposedly proper exercise of our much-desired free competition. Equality of opportunity among men sometimes works out as it did with the pony and the rooster when in a moment of exuberant friendship they agreed to take turns standing on each other's toes. The rooster hasn't any toes now, and the pony doesn't even understand what happened.

Equality of opportunity! Equality before the law! God! what mockeries! Is it equality of opportunity when one of the persons is that legal person, the Standard

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Oil Company, with hundreds of millions of resources, going into combat with a plain, two-handed, average common-people man? Jonah and the whale had an even tussle in comparison with that, for the corporation never regurgitates its victims.

WHAT'S LEFT FOR *US?*

The intensely new appliances of modern industry have given us almost overnight a new industrial world. A very few decades of experience have shown us that our triumphant individualism, our Americanized *Laissez-Faire*, has ended. Equality of Opportunity isn't working right. On one side, monopoly is roping off its empire by agreements and combinations which we have touched about as much as the baby touches the dollar on which he cuts his teeth. On the other side, monopoly ropes off its second empire by price-cutting. We shall soon find ourselves with only the street to stand in, while we ask monopoly what rent he charges and what wages he pays. How can we stop the roping-off process? We are still in the regulation-of-industry stage. The Republicans have tried it. The Democrats are now going to try it. What can either of them do?

Monopoly is a matter of prices. We don't care a straw who owns things if we can get them at fair prices, and the monopolist wouldn't be breaking the laws of God and man to get his hold on the resources if he had to sell them at a fair price. Shall the Government set the prices? No less a business authority than Mr. Andrew Carnegie is said to have declared that before long we will have a supreme court of prices. That sounds fantastic until we think about it. The truth is we have it now. We have clamored for it for years. At last we have it, and no one seems to dare to object; also no one seems to be staggered at the gravity of the situation.

It has been recognized that it is desirable that this Government shall regulate railway rates. The railway rate is one of the greatest commodities in the United States. We are buying on the average over one hundred dollars' worth of it per family every year in this country, and the national government and also the state governments have, and exercise, the admitted right to set the price. Thus far we have chiefly busied ourselves with marking the goods down and restraining the sellers from putting the prices up. In fact, we have already got to the point where we insist upon putting our O. K. on price raises.

A couple of years ago the railroads proposed an increase in rates. The buyers objected, and stated their objections. One of the objectors was Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, who showed that the railroads were wasteful. Accordingly, the Government refused to let the roads raise the price of the commodity they had to sell. The Government has already fought long and hard in the attempt to keep the railroads from selling their goods at extra cheap rates *via* the rebate, special rate, and pass method.

Much more astonishing even than this is the recent action of the Supreme Court in approving by practically unanimous decision the Kansas and Dakota statutes to

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prevent a seller from marking down his price on consumption goods. We have actually stopped a seller from giving us cheap goods — unless he gives all of us cheap goods. This Kansas law was aimed at the Standard Oil Company practise of cutting prices here and there to scoop up competitors, after the manner of grocer Jones narrated above. The new law says that if they cut the price of oil at Squawtown, Kansas, they must also give the same price to all Kansas, which is supposed to be the same as "Thou shalt not cut prices."

I do not venture to state how long it will be before the Government will set exactly the price of my pulp-wood, of a day's labor for the wood-cutter, of my mule, and a bushel of oats. But this much I do know, we are headed in that direction, and we are "going some."

THE SOCIALIST

The Socialist says that the monopolies that have grown up on our competitive system are mere robbery, anyhow; that the competitive system is frightful waste—that the present strife of Raw-Material Man, Worker, Manufacturer, Carrier, Middleman, and Consumer for the plum of surplus is like throwing three grains of corn to twenty chickens. The chickens walk over the top of each other and there is no fair division of the corn. One or two accidentally get near it, gobble the three grains, and the rest have mere strife.

"Let us all collectively go into business," say the Socialists. "Then we won't have to fight, compete, or monopolize in the wild effort to get our share; we will all get it naturally in the due course of the business." Socialism is a name to conjure with. Utter the word, or even something that sounds like it, and the gentleman who is making twenty thousand dollars a year from his factory nearly has a fit. Apply the smelling-salts, fan him a bit, revive him, and ask him if the Government should control railway rates, and his power of emphasis will return. Then ask him if the Government should control the money trust, and he will probably swear a bit, so thoroughly does he believe that it should do so. Then ask him if he believes in the parcels-post, and he waxes warm with approval.

That man is typical of thousands. He is horrified at the word Socialism, and he is in favor of all the next steps toward Socialism, and is actually working for some of them.

There is no questioning the fact that the present decade shows much evidence in support of Herbert Spencer's prediction of thirty years ago that we would soon rush toward Socialism.

THE SINGLE-TAXER

If you want to get a Socialist in that purple condition where he can only sputter, show him a Single-Taxer; and if you want to get the Single-Taxer in the same condition, show him a Socialist. The one would cure our social pain by collective action, the other by individual action. They stand at the opposite poles of political philosophy.

When you get the Single-Taxer cooled off so he becomes coherent, he will admit that the Socialist means well, but assert that his method is fatal. It is tyranny. It will kill invention. It will kill freedom and stop progress. "Make men free, really free," says the Single-Taxer, "and the ills of society will cure themselves."

"What do you mean by freedom?" I asked a prophet of this faith.

"I mean equality of opportunity, an equal chance at *resources*, at the *earth*, at the things God made. They belong to all of us. Then let man keep the things he makes. Man didn't make the coal or the field or the iron ore. God made 'em and they belong to all of us. Let the Government be the landlord, not the boss. The Socialists want the Government to be the landlord and the boss, too, and it'll be a bad boss. But it'll make a bully landlord."

"This thing of private ownership of land is, after all, a recent invention of monopolists, anyhow. For thousands of years the village, the group, the tribe owned the land—each man owned it alike. It has been so in all real democracies. Then kings gobbled the land and gave it to their friends. That

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is how this new style started. We've got to go back to real equality of opportunity. *The land belongs to all of us, and the man that gets it must pay us all for the privilege.* He now has a special privilege. Single Tax would do away with special privilege.

"A man can't make land value. The community makes it. Did John Jacob Astor make a hundred million dollars? Not much! His old great-grand-daddy owned a farm in the middle of Manhattan Island and raised cabbages and geese. And the family has hung on to the farm. That's all. Now people are paying millions of dollars a year for the privilege of using it. When somebody gets something he didn't earn, somebody else earned something he doesn't get.

"The Astor family didn't make that value in the old Astor farm now covered with high buildings. The people of New York made that value by their mere presence, and it is a crime to give it to one man or to any group of men. Landlordism is the curse of this age. It is the mother of special privilege. The people of New York made that Astor value and they ought to have it."

A REMEDY FOR HUNGER

"How can they get it?" I managed to put in.

"Just tax that land up to its full rental value minus a fair allowance for any improvements that the various owners may put on it—mind you, the community, all the people, make land valuable—therefore let the community take what it makes and let man keep what he makes. That will make a rich community, and the land monopoly and high land values are gone. No one can then afford to hold land without using it, and any one can use it who pays the rent. *It lets man get at the resources.* Men will farm again and give us food. The present monopoly system is robbery and even worse—it is disuse of resource. Look at the land around our cities. Idle, within sight of the hungry! Why? Because some speculator has got it, holding it, doing nothing with it, and waiting for Worker to pay him a lot of money to get out of the way and let the land be used. The Steel Trust is nothing but an ore monopoly, and the ore is land."

"Would you take all of this unearned value?" I queried.

"Every cent of it, just as the Government

took the slaves in 1863. They didn't pay for the slaves then, nor for the rotten meat that the food inspector threw away last week."

"But that would be confiscation," I objected.

"Confiscation? That's what taxation is—confiscation in the public interest. The present landlordism is confiscation, robbery, robbery of the public interests, to the public's injury."

"Would not the taking of this unearned increment by the Government make a great panic?"

The great champion was not daunted. "It would, of course, make some social adjustment," he continued, "but it would make the greatest prosperity ever seen. Every man who wanted to could go to work. There could be no Steel Trust, for all manufacturers could get at the ore. There could be no Coal Trust, for no one could monopolize the coal. It would be free to all who paid the rent. We would have the great benefit of free competition, individual initiative, and the power of monopoly broken."

Then I pointed out to him that the huge sums of this unearned income would more than supply the needs of Government and would lead to state extravagance. He had a prompt cure for that, too.

"Let the state declare dividends to the citizens," was his answer. "Nothing more natural. By moving into a city, a man by his mere life there increases land values and makes rents go up. These rents the Single-Tax city takes just as John Jacob Astor does, and then after paying its expenses the Government hands the surplus back to the citizens in dividends. Why, some towns in Europe declare dividends to the citizens now just because they have the income from some near-by forest lands."

I tore myself away and ran, for this Single-Taxer was like all the rest of them. He

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would have talked forever, so full was he of his vision of the reformed state with equality of opportunity, individual initiative, no monopolies, no taxes, and a state dividend in his pocket.

It is a fact that the human mind, goaded by the exactions of monopoly, is becoming rapidly convinced that the unearned rather than the earned income is the thing to tax. Over a hundred German cities tax it, and the Imperial Government takes a slice. The great fiscal reform that recently shook England so hard was fought on just that proposition, which has practically won. What Europe has, America soon gets, both in hats and ideas.

THE PRESENT TREND

Cities in British Columbia have no source of income but the land tax. The idea is practically dominant in many other parts of the Canadian Northwest, and also in our own northwestern states. Thus far it has been dealt with only as a source of revenue, not as the ultimate cure for what ails society. But the rapidity of the advance of this idea is as significant as the advance of Socialism.

Socialism can easily be pointed out in the abstract as a great, heavy, bungling thing. In comparison to its complexities Government landlordism is simplicity itself. It involves no new industrial principle. It merely adds careful assessment to the English Lords' successful system of farm renting, to the existing city system of ground rents, and to the present system of mine leasing, which now fetters many a millionaire who doesn't know the difference between a mine and a grotto full of stalactites.

On the surface there appears to be no reason why we may not have continued development of the three conspicuous present-day efforts at the prevention of cut-throat competition—Government regulation of industry—Government operation of industry—Government assumption of the socially created land values. The third will probably be the great influence at restraining the second.

The future will be a series of compromises, with a preponderating trend toward govermental regulation of Industry. That is the middle course. Public opinion in this country moves slowly. The individualistic fetish of early American history is only gradually accepting the new Industrialism.

Probably the American people will never accept complete Socialism nor the Single-Tax, complete. But we will continue to utilize the ideas of both as quickly as it finds them adaptable.

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DENNY

the Jew from Ballintemple

by

E. R. LIPSETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

DENNY was hugging a letter the postman handed to him shortly after the mother had gone out to work, and just as he was to set out for Jackson Street Park with his little sister Minnie, whom he had to mind in his mother's absence.

The envelope was addressed "Mrs. Honora Nolan," and it bore the postmark of Cork, if it was all the same to you, and if you had good eyes. But Denny wanted to know nothing of Cork, where his father now was: he remembered only Ballintemple, where he himself was born—the next best place to New York.

"It is from Ballintemple; I sees it plain," Denny said to Minnie, when they had settled down on a bench. "Don't you see it, too?"

Minnie examined it and said, yes, she saw it plain. Then she showed it to Glup, the lame and bald cat that had followed them to the park as usual, and Glup made silent confirmation.

"An' Daddy says," Denny began, accentuating himself with his finger on the envelope, "he hopes as you an' me an' Glup an' mama is well, jisht as it leaves him. An' he is comin' out on a boat to meet us."

You see, Denny's father had gone to Ireland on a visit and had got in an automobile accident on the road to Kildare. And when he had landed at Ellis Island with a cork leg, and it was found he had not taken out his first papers, he had been sent back the way he had come.

But Denny had the idea in his head that if his father were a Sheenie everything would go well, 'cause thim Sheenies could do most anything. In his own way Denny had managed to arouse the interest of a man from the Hebrew Immigrant Society, and this man had dropped a hint to Denny's mother that possibly he might get some good friends to help her and her two children join the father in Ireland.

That was just a day or two ago. But to Denny the world moved on the wings

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of love, which knew not of time nor space, nor of any other factors nor facts. He had only the one great care in his heart—to be with his father, and very soon. And here was what the father had to say to it.

Denny had his recollections that a letter from Ballintemple always brought tears to the mother's eyes. This time, as he handed her the letter in the evening, he said, looking up to her encouragingly: "You won't cry, mama—sure you won't, 'cause daddy will be comin' out on a boat to meet us."

"A white boat with a band," Minnie added.

"No," Denny vetoed, "it will be a boat he'll be rowin' by himself; 'cause I'm goin' to have a boat like that when I'm big."

Minnie would not question Denny's authority in the matter. She only felt disappointed. But she would not altogether forego her birthright, and by way of getting in the last word she said that she should be "flaid" to travel in such a boat, and Denny would have to go alone.

There was call for a tear right at the beginning of the letter; and Mrs. Nolan was thankful for the altercation between Denny and Minnie, for it kept Denny from seeing that tear come. She wiped it quickly away.

The letter said:

Dear Wife—This letter leaves me well and hopes to find ye and the childer as well as it leaves me. Dear wife, I am very well, thank God. Dear wife, I am afeard this two pouns here I am sending ye will be the last for the present. Dear wife, I am sorry to have to tell ye that I am going to lose me job. It is no fault of mine, nor the fault of anybody else but as little. Dear wife, we mustn't complain. It was God's will that Master Joe, that is the young boss, should fall in love with a barmaid. Leastwise she was a barmaid wanst in a hotel, till Master Joe met her. And the oul boss he wouldn't forget it for her, and he's quarreled terrible with Master Joe over it, and would cut him off with one shillin if he could, but he couldn't, because the brewery is in both names, the two of them, Shanahan and Son, that's what you can see on all the labels on the bottles. Dear wife, I am sorry to tell ye that the oul boss and the young boss has quarreled most terrible, and the business is going to be sold out to a man from Liverpool, a bloomin' Englishman that thinks everything has to be changed. Dear wife, I am sorry to have to tell you that the hosses is going to be done away with, and they're going to have all ottermobills. Dear wife, may the Lord forgive me for saying it, but them ottermobills is at the bottom of every misfortshun. There's no grass growing wherever one of them puts their foot in, and it is no miss to say bad cess to em.

Dear wife, I am afeard it'll be very hard for me to get a new job. As the sayin is, nobody wants a man with one leg. An' divil a footing I'd ever have got in that oul brewery but as little, if it wasn't for young Master Joe. He sorta took to me when he seen me, and, signs by, all the men that ever works under him is fairly gone about him, he's that kind and good to everybody, may the Lord bless him and spare him wherever he goes.

Dear wife, I want to tell ye by the same token that Master Joe thinks of coming over to America when he's married, and buy a fine farm with his share of the money and live happy and peaceable; for he's sick and tired of everybody gibing him and wanting to cut him on account of his sweetheart. And what harm, but she's fit to be a queen, and it is meself that knows it. It isn't wanst nor twice that Master Joe sent me with messages to her, bad as I am with me hobbles, ye may say. But he knows there's nobody that would serve him better, and I would run miles for him if I hadn't a leg left at all, at all. And I would do the same for herself independent, for she is a grand young lady and she has the quality in her.

Dear wife, I am thinking to meself what a quare country America is entirely, that would keep apart some husbans and wifes as I knows, for nothing they done, and would invite-like other husbans and wifes to make 'em happier than ever them could be anywheres else. I am not saying it agin Master Joe, for there's nobody in the world that could compare with him, but I knows what I knows. There's no fear they'd refuse to land in America a man of quality that has plenty of money, not if he had ten legs missin'. They're jisht as fond of quality in America as they're elsewhere, and never mind about their boast of ickquality. Ickquality, how are ye!—moreya! Dear wife, I must conclude this letter, which hopes to find ye and the darlins as well as it leaves me. Dear wife, this is all I have to say fer the present. From me, your best husband,

Patrick Joseph Nolan.

Mrs. Nolan read the letter aloud, Denny and Minnie sitting opposite her at the table; Denny with his two hands under his chin, his eyes steadily covering the mother's face; while Minnie kept on turning hers alternately from the mother to Denny. Only they stayed longer on Denny's face; for Denny was the man; Denny knew things and he spoke them out. And you would think Glup did not want to take Mrs. Nolan at her word, for Glup was perched on the table, right in front of Mrs. Nolan, and was thoughtfully looking over the edge of the letter, page after page. And it was not a bit inconvenient to Glup; for she could read it just as good upside down.

You can see it was not the sort of letter that Denny wanted; and so he did not know a word of it after the mother had read it through. Besides, his attention had all been concentrated on watching the mother's features, to see that she did not cry.

"When are we going over to him, mama?" Denny asked at last.

And the mother, who had struggled so bravely all the time during the reading to

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swallow her sobs, could not withstand this.

"My two orphants! My poor, poor orphants!" she cried, coming between Denny and Minnie and hugging them tight to her sides. "Your poor daddy is losing his job, an' it wouldn't be no use coming to him, for he won't be able to kape us!"

Minnie cried aloud in sympathy; and Denny sighed helplessly. Glup, too, wanted to be comforted, and she settled on Mrs. Nolan's shoulder.

Presently Denny took up the letter to have a read for himself. But though Denny could very well write letters—if you heard me tell about him before—it was a different thing when it came to reading other people's writings. Denny had had no difficulty in reading the address on the envelope, because it was writ large; but the writing in the letter was small, and there was so much of it; it was bewildering.

He laid down the letter in disgust; and with hands again under his chin he was having a big think for himself.

"Mama," he called out after a time, "do he say anything about the wooden leg in the letter?"

"No, dearie, he don't," the mother answered earnestly. She respected her child's concern, and was willing to meet him fittingly.

"An' do he say anything about Sheenies?" Denny asked again.

"No, darling, not a word. Did you want him to?"

In answer, Denny sank his head, and then he lost himself in thought again.

It was both humiliating and puzzling that his daddy should never pay the littlest heed to the letters Denny had lately sent him, instructing him to get a wooden leg instead of the cork one, and try to become a Sheenie, so he should be allowed to land when he came again to New York. 'Cause they never said a word to Sam Knoploch's uncle that came with a wooden leg from Californy; an' 'cause they do anything for Sheenies and never refuse 'em nothing. And there he only says in his letter that he is losing his job and they can not come out to him; as if that was the end of all things; as if Denny had never opened up an alternative.

But maybe his daddy only just wanted to keep it secret, to play off a mighty surprise on the mother and Minnie and Glup; just as Denny himself had kept his letters secret, for the same reason.

And now Denny was beginning to see things. He knew why the man from the Sheenie society offered to send them to the father instead of bringing the father to them. It was because they was Irish an' wasn't no Sheenies, an' the Sheenies wanted to have all Manrole Street to theirselves, an' didn't want nobody else there.

In turn Denny became amazed at himself that he ever should have for one moment consented to go to live in Ballintemple, and even have exulted in the prospect of it. Why, Ballintemple was not in America!

Denny fell asleep with the faith strong in his heart. He counted upon his father's

HIS ATTENTION HAD ALL BEEN CONCENTRATED ON WATCHING THE MOTHER'S FEATURES, TO SEE THAT SHE DID NOT CRY.

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return with the certainty of the bearded men and *beshaiteled* women of his neighborhood counting upon the coming of Messiah; only while these had nothing to do but sit and look out from the windows of their synagogues, Denny had yet to pave the way a little.

He had no fear about his daddy's share in the undertaking. With the resources of a grown-up person, he could trust to him to land at Ellis Island, a ready-made Sheenie from Ballintemple. But that did not seem enough to Denny. It was necessary to do something at home to give the family its standing in Manrole Street, and a full right to claim the landing of the head, should any fresh difficulties crop up at Ellis Island. Before all things, Denny himself must become a Sheenie, and convince his public that he was one. He would find the way; but he could not think it out now, 'cause he wanted to sleep. Good night!

It was provokingly providential that the following morning, as Denny, with Minnie and Glup, was wandering about Jackson Street Park, he should come upon Ike Seltzer and Sam Knoploch, while they were hotly engaged in a long-distance spitting-match.

"Now, that's farther as Denny Nolan could do it!" Ike shouted, after a most successful performance.

"Here he is!" both Ike and Sam presently cried out, seeing Denny approach. "Bet yer now, Denny Nolan, we can spit as far as any Irish Betzimer, only we couldn't did it the other day, 'cause we wasn't no used to it."

"No," answered Denny, "ye can't spit as far as the Irish; but ye can spit as far as me now, 'cause I can't spit no farther as ye; 'cause I'm a Sheenie meself now."

"Ho! ho! who made yer a Sheenie? What for do yer want to be a Sheenie for? Listen to that Irish Betzimer!"

"Bet yer now," replied Denny as clincher, "I can't spit farther as any o' yez! Let's try now."

He made Ike and Sam follow him to the identical tree before which he had triumphed over them in an earlier competition, to the glory of the Irish.

In his heart Denny had to acknowledge to himself that there was a decided improvement in the performances of Ike and Sam, after he had seen them try. But that was neither here nor there. The point was that he must not do better than they.

"Now," he cried, after pretending to work very hard to overreach them, "didn't I told yer I couldn't do it no farther as ye!"

Ike and Sam looked on each other somewhat mystified. They could not quite understand what had happened; but they had the hazy idea in their heads that the entire affair was based on the assumed truth that Sheenies could not spit as far as Goyim. And so they asked of Denny:

"But why do yer say that we can't spit as far as the Irish?"

They might have remembered what Denny had told them before; but they had paid no heed to it at the time. And Denny was right glad to tell them again, for it gave him opportunity to emphasize his conversion, and he answered thoughtfully:

"'Cause our Lord cursted we Sheenies; that's why."

"Ho! ho! Listen to that Irish Betzimer! He calls hisself a Sheenie!"

"Can't I be a Sheenie if I likes?"

"Can't we be Irish if we likes?"

"No, ye can't; 'cause yez don' come from Ireland. But I can be a Sheenie; 'cause it makes no difference where them comes from."

"But ye ain't no Sheenie, 'cause yer sister throws Tselems over herself."

With her usual alertness and eagerness to demonstrate her attainments whenever her name was called into question, Minnie was in a moment ready to "b'ess mese'f." Denny promptly put back her hand with a little slap.

"No, Minnie," he said, "don' let 'em see ye make the sign o' the cross no more; 'cause we is Sheenies, an' we hates to see Tselems."

Ike and Sam became thoughtful. Denny was making his impression. There was bound to be something in all he had said. Still, the situation was not quite plain to them.

"But how can ye be a Sheenie," began Sam in earnest, "when yer name is Denny Nolan, which is reg'ler Irish Betzimer?"

"Never mind," put in Ike, who felt himself entitled to know things, because he had an uncle who made knee-pants for a man that was president of a synagogue. "They can give him a new name."

"No," Denny hastened to declare, "I ain't goin' to change me name, 'cause it was the priest gave it to me in Ballintemple."

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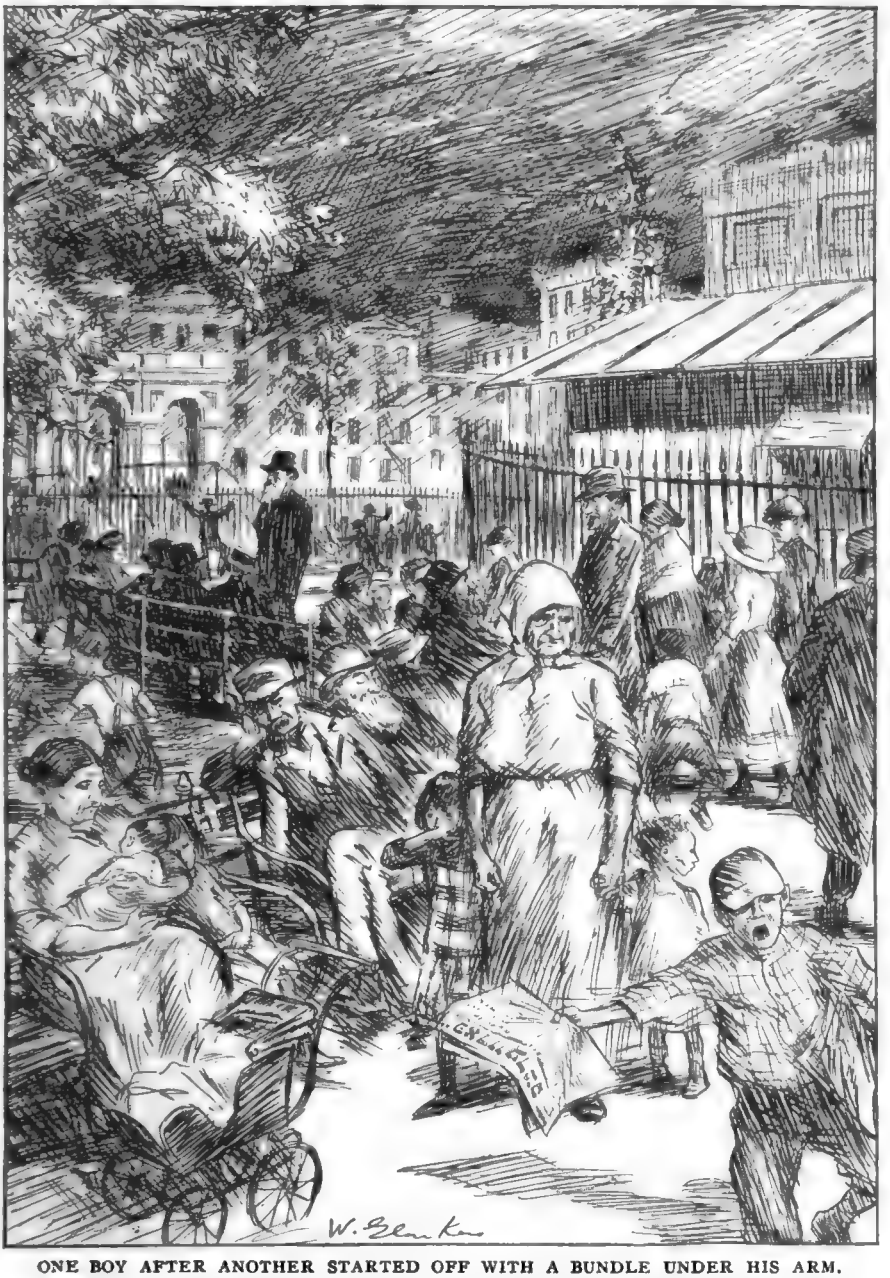

ONE BOY AFTER ANOTHER STARTED OFF WITH A BUNDLE UNDER HIS ARM. THEY RAN AS IF FOR THEIR LIFE; AS IF A KETTLEFUL OF BOILING WATER HAD BEEN EMPTIED OVER THEM.

"But ye'll have to," contended Sam, "or ye can't be no Sheenie."

Denny looked doubtful. It seemed to him that becoming a Sheenie shouldn't call for such a sacrifice. The proposition would bear thinking over.

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It was drawing near noon. From the distance came piercing through the air the shrill cries of the newsboys calling out the Yiddish papers, steaming hot from the press.

"Ho—*Steigen-Fleigen*—ho!"

"Ho—*Heltzer-Peltzer*—ho!"

"Ho—*Gottsganof*—ho!"

They were familiar sounds to Denny's ear. He had long since learned by heart the names of the three Yiddish papers, though it was only now he noted that you had to sing out "Ho!" when you were in business. And he was going to remember it.

Selling Sheenie papers was a much pleasanter way of becoming a Sheenie than giving up a good Irish name that the priest had given you.

But there was still the old difficulty. Minnie stood in the way. He had to mind Minnie all day long while the mother was away at work; and he could never think of bringing Minnie along with him. She would be trampled under foot in the great scramble on East Broadway while they were waiting to get the papers from the man in the basement. And Minnie wouldn't be no use nohow; girls never is; and Minnie was too little, and she could not run with him; for you have to run very fast as soon as you get your bundle of papers.

Still, with his eye for weeks past so longingly set upon the possibility of his selling Sheenie papers, Denny was not without knowing certain little things. He knew that at least once in the week the papers came out at ten o'clock at night; and that was Friday night.

It has yet to be found out why the Saturday papers would not come out at twelve noon, the same as all the other days in the week. Unless it was because Saturday was the Jewish Sabbath; but the Yiddish editors were too high-minded to pretend to yield to the merest figment.

But the fact so essential to Denny Nolan's purposes remained. The wizards of the editorial room made the world begin its Saturday's stunts from three o'clock in the afternoon on Friday; and at ten o'clock in the night they had them ready for exhibition to the public, at a penny apiece.

Let them beware, those good souls that are so given to lamenting the backwardness of the East Side. You would not say that a man that woke up on Saturday morning with the day's news already digested from overnight was behind the times.

Denny had four brown cents in his savings-bank; and it was a pity he had not a fifth one; for then he could have gone to East Broadway on Friday night and secured his dozen papers. The man in the basement that handed out the papers to the boys would not look at you under a nickel; and Denny did not know what to do. He did not want to ask his mother for the other cent. It is the price of independence to be hard up. Denny wanted to do things all of hisself, without nobody to give him no help; and he had a weakness for springing surprises upon those he loved. It would be fine to be able to lay seven round cents in his mother's lap, the profit from the dozen papers, and then stand and watch the mixed expression of delight and mystification on her face.

It was a sweltering Friday night. All along the footwalks on East Broadway half-clothed men, and women in loose kimonos, with overcharged bosoms that wobbled and danced at the slightest motion of the body, sat in rows on chairs digesting the heavy Sabbath meal. From Seward Park, that open-air drawing-room of the Ghetto, came struggling above the din from the crowd the last strains of some Yiddish melody from the band provided every Friday night by a thoughtful and sympathetic city government. And mingled with those brazen notes was now the rattle from the machinery printing the Sabbath papers on the opposite side of the street. Great crowds watched the machines at work; and the doors were already besieged by the newsboys waiting to get their papers.

Denny Nolan stood forlorn in the rear, scarcely knowing what he was doing there with his four pennies. Presently the first bundle of papers made its appearance through the door, and ten dozen thin arms wildly stretched out for it. The fearful scramble began, and immediately one boy after another started off with a bundle under his arm. They ran as if for their life; as if a kettleful of boiling water had been emptied over them somewhere from the editorial windows overhead.

Denny stood aside watching and learning. He learned that you don't have to sell the papers as soon as you get them. First you take them and run with them; run as fast as your legs can carry you; and you don't look to the right nor the left, and never mind the odd hands that are held out to you by the way for papers. You just run and howl

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—howl hard, with a big "Ho!" at the beginning and a little "ho!" at the end. Then you start coming back slowly, and settle down to business.

"Ho—*Steigen-Fleigen*—ho!"

"Ho—*Heltzer-Peltzer*—ho!"

market, and he must turn to the middleman. Denny opened up negotiations with one of the newsboys to let him have eight papers for his four pennies. The boy began with the offer of five and ended up with seven. A second thought, however, came to

"SINCE WE MUST MAKE ALLOWANCE FOR WRITERS WHO CAN NOT WRITE, THE LEAST WE MAY DO FOR NEWSBOYS IS TO ALLOW THEM NOT TO BE ABLE TO READ."

Things had quieted down. The boys were now back with their papers, hanging around Seward Park, hungrily casting their eyes about, and now and then tamely calling out the name of the paper, without any "ho!" at all. That was it; you say "Ho!" only while you are on the run; not when you want to sell them. Denny had to know that yet.

It was the usual way of the world. The small merchant can not come to the best

Denny, and he doubted the wisdom of investing one's entire capital in one throw. He would need to retain at least one penny as reserve fund; and so in the end Denny had under his arm seven papers, in exchange for his three pennies.

He ran through Hester Street and back through Division Street, and he did just one better than any of the other boys. For Denny never knew that there was no Saturday issue of the orthodox *Gottsganof*, and so

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he was howling out all the three as he kept on running:

"Ho—*Steigen-Fleigen*—ho!

"Ho—*Heltzer-Peltzer*—ho!

"Ho—*Gottsganof*—ho!"

In Division Street Denny paused before the Café Kabtzonia, where the East Side intellectuals gathered of nights and drank tea with lemon, and ate *tsimes-nahit*, and formed into factions in the editorial quarrels between the *Steigen-Fleigen* and the *Heltzer-Peltzer*, and went home hoarse.

Denny thought it would be a fine place to begin business, with so many people that wore glasses.

"Papers! — papers! — *Heltzer-Peltzer!* — *Steigen-Fleigen!* — *Gottsganof!*"

He went the round of the crowded tables, holding out a paper before each, but nobody heeded him. There had been a hundred and ten boys in before him, doing the same thing and going the same way. The gentlemen of the Café Kabtzonia did not buy papers. They helped to make them, for the greater number of them, and the rest had cousins who did; and those that had not were playwrights and were above reading papers.

However, near the door on his way out it was Denny's luck to attract a keen-eyed, sharp-nosed gentleman; and he must have had a fine ear, too, to hear Denny's voice amid the deafening din.

"Give me the *Gottsganof*," he said to Denny, with a sly leer at the elderly man beside him.

Denny offered him all his seven papers, to let him pick out the *Gottsganof*.

"*Wos heisst!* Is this the way you sell papers? Can't you read?"

"*Verstehst du mich*," put in with solemn deliberation the elderly man, who had once been on the staff of an anarchist paper, and was now a kosher butcher, "since we must make allowance for writers who can not write, the least we may do for newsboys is to allow them not to be able to read."

"*Gut arein gekibetzt*—ha!" roared the three other gentlemen sitting at the same table, pointing a derisive forefinger at the gentleman of the keen features, who was a staff writer of the *Heltzer-Peltzer*.

Denny had in the meantime observed that the name of the paper was given in English characters in addition to the great big Yiddish letters. He now quickly ran his eye over the front page of each of the seven papers; and they were all *Steigen-Fleigens*.

"I ain't got no *Gottsganof*," Denny said disconsolately.

"*Nu*," replied the *Heltzer-Peltzer* man, with triumphant gesticulation, "why do you cry *'Gottsganof'?* Now, I'll tell you what I'll do with you: bring me in the *Gottsganof* and I'll give you a nickel for it."

Denny took him at his word and ran out in quest of a *Gottsganof* from some news-stand. In an enterprise of this sort it was worth while investing one's last cent.

In a moment Denny returned with the paper and laid it expectantly before the man.

"*He — hei — sunninue!*" the man said. "This is Friday's number. I meant to-night's paper, for Saturday, you little peasant-head, you."

Denny thought him only right, and that the man of the news-stand had cheated him, and so he took the paper to go back and have it exchanged.

The other men in pity stopped him.

"*Epes* looks he out a strange sort of boy," they said in an undertone among themselves, viewing Denny up and down in his bare head and feet and his sleeveless old coat reaching down to the ground.

"What *guberny* do you come from, *sunninue?*" they asked of Denny, taking it for granted that he was fresh from Russia.

"I ain't come from no *guberny*," he replied. "I comes from Ballintemple."

"Where is Ballintemple?"

"I ain't Irish no more," Denny answered with a nervous shaking of the head.

"*Nu*, what's there not to understand?" remarked the kosher butcher, seeing the curious looks on the faces of the others. "His father must have come over from Ireland. I saw an Irish Jew before. *Nu*, Reb Itzick," he turned mockingly to the man that had given Denny all the trouble, "*seit meich'l*, the nickel!"

"Yes, yes, the nickel, Itzick'l, the nickel!" the other men took up the cry. They liked Denny, and they meant to see him righted. "Give the boy the nickel—*arauf mit'n* nickel, Itzick *leben!*"

And so Denny was now a penny to the good over and above his original capital; he owned a nickel; and he had seven papers for nothing. And he had only just his own wisdom to thank for it. It was good to be Denny Nolan.

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Before he turned in home that night he sold two more papers on the street. And maybe you would not be sorry to hear that he sold the remaining five during the following day, and quite at his leisure, as he wandered with them under his arm in Jackson Street Park, in company with Minnie and Glup.

"Guess what I've got for ye, mama," Denny said to his mother on Saturday evening, as she sat on a low three-legged stool snatching a brief interval of rest between a long day's scrubbing of other people's floors and her own household duties, while the kettle was boiling for supper. Denny held out to her a significant closed fist, and his face was lit up with pride and eager expectancy.

"I've got money for ye, a whole heap o' money!" he added presently, as the mother failed to guess.

And thereupon he laid six brown pennies in her lap. Of the twelve pennies he now owned he wanted to keep five for a dozen of papers for next Friday night, and one penny as reserve fund. He did not forget how important it was to keep a reserve fund when you were in business, and what it had done for him the first Friday night.

"Where did you get 'em, dearie?" the mother asked; and her curiosity made Denny a very proud little man.

"I earneded 'em, mama; I earneded 'em selling papers. Ain't I beginnin' to get big now, mama? Ye said wanst I was to earn good money when I gets big, an' I brings daddy home, an' ye won't have to go to work no more."

"Oh, then, may the Lord spare ye to me, my big, big breadwinner!" the mother said, hugging him and kissing his head almost at each word.

"An' I'm goin' to make more next Friday night," Denny assured her, "'cause I've got a nickel left to buy a whole dozen from the man in the basement. I'll be givin' ye

"I PROMISED YOUR HUSBAND TO COME AND LOOK YOU UP WHEN WE LANDED."

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seven pennies next Saturday, ye'll see. An' mebbe I gets another nickel for a *Gottsganof*, if I sees the man again."

If you promise to be good and love Denny, you may yet hear whether or no he ever went back to selling Sheenie papers; but you are to be told for the present that he did not sell any the following Friday night. Something happened toward the end of the week to interrupt Denny's career.

Mrs. Nolan came home on Thursday evening more tired than usual. And as she lay down on the bed for a brief rest, after giving the children their supper, a taxicab drew up before the house, and a young man and a very beautiful young woman, both in smart traveling dress, came out and inquired of the little girls on the stoop for Mrs. Nolan. All of them started at once to run up the three flights of stairs leading to Mrs. Nolan's back room, and all of them knocked on the door together, in their eagerness to serve visitors of unusual distinction. And that was how Mrs. Nolan jumped out of bed in a fright, before she could be overwhelmed by the appearance of so strange-looking a couple in her place.

"You are Mrs. Nolan?" the young man began in a soft, reassuring voice, taking her hand. "Well, I promised your husband to come and look you up when we landed. My name is Shanahan——"

"Oh, laws!" Mrs. Nolan broke in, her face reddening, while she looked around in distress at the disorder in the room. "If I only knowed five minits afore ye came!"

"Oh, give her to me, Mrs. Nolan—do give her to me!" the young lady suddenly exclaimed, with that spirited animation that comes to young women when they are entirely happy. "Josey dear, look," she added, "isn't she the sweetest little thing God ever made!"

She snatched up Minnie in her neat little white dress, and brown shoes, and pink ribbon in her hair, and took complete possession of her in her arms.

It took away Mrs. Nolan's embarrassment as with a hand, and she was all smiles and gratitude. But it made Glup doubtful; and Glup sat up like a dog and glared at the intruder that wanted to kidnap Minnie, only Glup did not know how to do the barking; but she had the feeling.

"An' I suppose I'll be sayin' this is young Mrs. Shanahan now," Mrs. Nolan began, addressing the young man, with a nod of the head toward his beautiful consort. "An' may the good Lord bless ye an' spare ye long to each other, for a handsomer an' kinder couple never could be joined by priest nor parson. Thank ye, kindly, Mr. Shanahan, sir, an' ye too, Mrs. Shanahan, ma'am, for bein' so good to me—an' look at me not having wan dacent chair to offer yez. An' may I ask ye how is himself, Mr. Shanahan, if ye plaze, sir?"

"Your husband is very well, indeed, and he counts on your being with him together before very long. Is this the boy he has so often been speaking about? How do you do, little man?" He shook hands with Denny and patted him on the head.

"So he didn't lose his job, after all?" Mrs. Nolan remarked expectantly.

"Well," Mr. Shanahan returned, drawling, "he did, but he has got a fresh job that he seems to like much better. Here"—he presently turned to Denny—"run down and tell the man in the cab we are ready."

Before long an awkward clatter was heard on the stairs. And that was Patrick Joseph Nolan with his cork leg, and with Denny sitting on his shoulder.

Mr. and Mrs. Shanahan discreetly withdrew and went back to their cab; and you can not be told what occurred between Patrick Joseph Nolan and his family for the first ten minutes. Even Glup lost her head and was cutting capers such as you never would believe a lame cat could. And Glup's heart went out entirely to the cork leg. She had arched her back as high as it would go and she was rubbing her side against the cork leg, and singing to herself all the time in a deep undertone.

"See what it is to have connections with the quality," Patrick Joseph remarked to his wife, filling his first pipe. "They wouldn't le'me pass Ellis Island with me two strong arms that's fit an' willin' to do the toughest kind o' work. But the moment a gintleman o' quality comes behind ye, an' sez to the immigration officers, sez he: 'Let him alone, he is me valley,' sez he, 'I've engaged him for me valley,' sez he, 'an' ye must let him pass,' sez he—then they lets ye pass with a bow an' a smile, if ye hadn't a leg nor a hand left at all, at all, an' ax no custshuns. That's what Master Joe done for me. He's made me his valley."

"Daddy," said Denny aside, throwing his father a sly look, "is 'valley' what they calls a Sheenie in Ballintemple?"

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"The Uttermost South"

THE UNDYING STORY of CAPTAIN SCOTT

FROM HIS DIARIES

Continued from page 17

"WE ARE not out of the wood, but hope dawns, as indeed it should for me when I find myself so wonderfully served. Officers and men are singing chanties over their arduous work; Williams is working in sweltering heat behind the boiler to get the door made in the bulkhead: not a single one has lost his good spirits."

Slowly the gale abated, and though the sea was still mountainously high the ship labored less heavily, and took in less water. Bailing continued in two-hour shifts. By ten P. M. the hole in the engine-room bulkhead was completed "and Lieutenant Evans, wriggling over the coal, found his way to the pump-shaft and down it. He soon cleared the suction and to the joy of all a good stream of water came from the pump for the first time."

Though the pump choked again several times, doubt had ended; and with no second gale to follow immediately, the ship went on her way with the loss of two ponies, one dog, sixty-five gallons of petrol, and a case of the biologists' alcohol.

Thence it was a matter of "fighting her way south" through heavy seas and another gale till the ice was sighted on December 9 and the pack entered on December 10. With baffling winds and cross currents, and the need of husbanding coal and only steaming when at last favorable leads opened out, they were kept prisoners for twenty days—"an exasperating game. Great patience is the only panacea for our ill case." Men could get exercise by taking out their skis on the floes, but the long confinement promised ill for the ponies' condition.

An odd entertainment on the floes was afforded by the big Adelie penguins. "The latest amusement is to sing songs to them. The music is supposed to charm them, and it appears that a party on our 'long detention floe' entertained a group of penguins with chanties for quite a long time and, as declared by the party, to much mutual satisfaction." Wilson later tried this lure in order to capture some specimens. They came toward him when he was singing and ran away again when he stopped, seeming to be exceptionally shy young birds, but attracted to the ship by a fearful curiosity.

The bright side of our long delay was that every one was ready to exert himself to the utmost. Cheerfulness and good-fellowship reigned, in calm or storm.

Between a storm and a storm, the release from the long captivity came almost suddenly, and a little before midnight on the last day of the year Mount Sabine could be seen one hundred and ten miles away. The new year—1911—was ushered in by a glorious day, when a man could read and bask in the sun at eleven P. M., and on January 2 Mount Erebus, their fiery landmark, rose into view, though still one hundred and fifteen miles distant.

The large island on which stand Mounts Erebus and Terror is roughly triangular in shape, its sides from forty to forty-five miles long, facing northeast, south, and west. The northern apex, first reached, is Cape Bird; steering to the left or southeast, the eastern extremity of the island is Cape Crozier, where the great Ice Barrier comes down to the sea, its front extending well over four hundred miles to the east. Steering to the west, the ship enters McMurdo Sound (see map on page 99), between the island and the Western Mountains on the mainland opposite. At the southern extremity of this side of the island is the long promontory of Cape Armitage, with Hut Point, where Scott's *Discovery* wintered in 1902.

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From this, some five miles of sea-ice leads up to the flank of the Barrier, which backs on the mountain range of the continent and spreads at its foot, and was to be traversed for nearly four hundred miles south to the point where a gap in the soaring ramparts is made by the Beardmore Glacier.

The *Discovery* winter quarters were undesirable, being exposed to the winds that swept the Barrier to the south of the island and Cape Crozier, as well as less accessible to a relief ship. Cape Crozier offered many advantages, but landing would have taken weeks. Then came the first good fortune of the expedition. An ideal spot—Cape Evans—was found a quarter of the way up the west coast: sheltered from the worst winds, and with a natural landing stage in the shape of a level floe one and a quarter miles wide, still firm and fast before the full summer break-up.

In eight days the disembarkation was complete, the hut habitable, though not actually finished, the stores in apple-pie order, and Bowers, the organizing genius, able to lay his hand on anything required. The thirty-two dogs and seventeen ponies, refreshed, even skittish, sometimes upsetting their drivers and loads, hauled load after load across the ice and up the beach. Some of the party took ten journeys in the day—making twenty-five miles. The speed with which all was completed was the consequence of the previous months of care.

Only one catastrophe marred the perfection of the work. The thawing of the ice proceeded rapidly. One of the three motor-sledges broke through a soft patch where all had been well a few hours before, and went to the bottom, happily without loss of life.

ATTACKED BY WHALES

The strangest adventure was on the second day of disembarkation. Scott, coming on deck a little late, for he had had a spell of forty hours without sleep, saw six or seven killer-whales, old and young, skirting the fast floe edge ahead of the ship. They seemed excited and dived rapidly, almost touching the floe. Suddenly they appeared astern, raising their snouts out of the water.

"I have heard weird stories of these beasts," writes Scott, "but had never associated serious danger with them. Close to the water's edge lay the wire stern-rope of the ship, and our two Esquimau dogs were tethered to this. I did not think of connecting the movements of the whales with this fact, and, seeing them so close, I shouted to Ponting, who was standing abreast of the ship. He seized his camera and ran toward the floe edge to get a close picture of the beasts, which had momentarily disappeared. The next moment the whole floe under him and the dogs heaved up and split into fragments: whale after whale rose under the ice, setting it rocking fiercely. One could hear the 'booming' noise as the whales rose under the ice and struck it with their backs. Luckily, Ponting kept his feet and was able to fly to security. By an extraordinary chance also the splits had been made around and between the dogs so that neither of them fell into the water.

"Then it was clear that the whales shared our astonishment, for one after another their huge, hideous heads shot vertically into the air through the cracks which they had made. As they reared them to a height of six or eight feet (killers run to twenty feet long) it was possible to see their tawny head markings, their small, glistening eyes, and their terrible array of teeth, by far the largest and most terrifying in the world. There can not be a doubt that they looked up to see what had happened to Ponting and the dogs. The latter were horribly frightened, and strained at their chains, whining. The head of one killer must certainly have been within five feet of one of the dogs.

"After this, whether they thought the game insignificant or whether they missed Ponting, is uncertain, but the terrifying creatures passed on to other hunting." And it was possible to rescue both the dogs, and, almost more important, to save five or six tons of petrol stacked on a piece of ice now split off. Such singular intelligence, combined with the strength to break ice two and a half feet in thickness, thereafter commanded a wary respect.

No sooner were all ashore than preparations began for the first depot-laying, to start if possible at the end of the month, as soon as the ponies were in condition. Had Scott been surrounded by only a few men of courage, enthusiasm, and practical capacity, it would have been much; but the perfection of working struck him as almost too good to be real—and, to give but one

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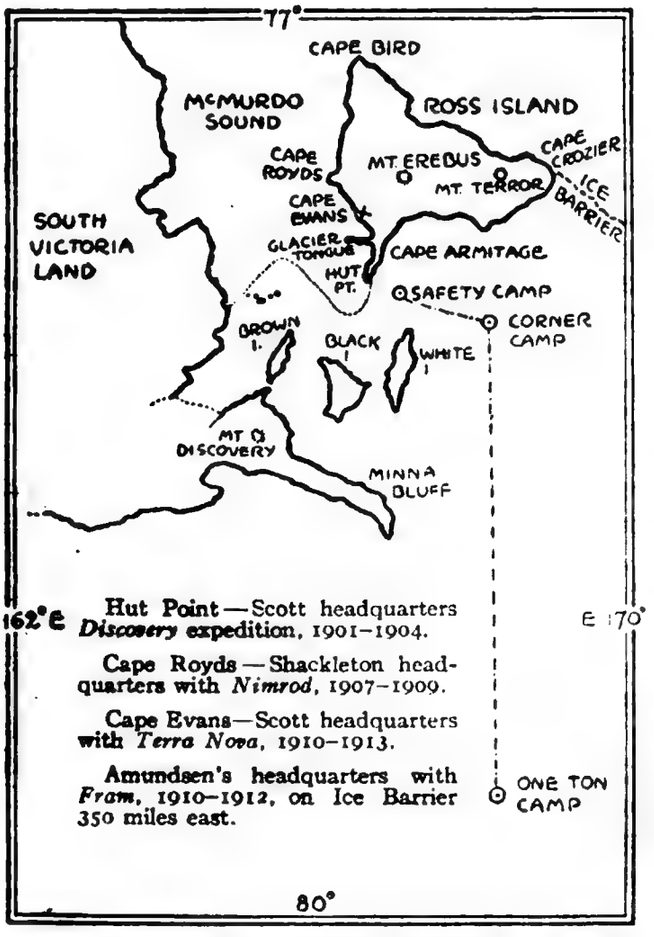
sentence of praise among many: "Indeed, it is hard to specialize praise where every one is working so indefatigably for the cause. Each man in his way is a treasure."

Nearly three months of open weather—from January 24 to April 13—were spent in the depot-laying to the south, and at the same time a party under Griffith Taylor, whom "Wilson, dear chap," had been carefully coaching, explored and gained experience among the Western Mountains.

For the southern party, the first objective was Hut Point on Cape Armitage, at the end of the island. The approach was by the "road" of fast ice along the shore, which must be expected to break up in a few days for the rest of the summer. A few miles south of the station a glacier descended from Mount Erebus, thrusting a massive tongue into the open water of the Sound. The track went of necessity over this tongue, and the way up and down was too steep for laden ponies. Accordingly, while the rest of the party and the stores and sledges were conveyed beyond the tongue by the ship, the ponies were led afoot, crossed the glacier, and reached the farther floe with a single mishap, one pony slipping into a snow-covered crack and having to be hauled out with ropes.



Hut Point—Scott headquarters *Discovery* expedition, 1901–1904.

Cape Royds—Shackleton headquarters with *Nimrod*, 1907–1909.

Cape Evans—Scott headquarters with *Terra Nova*, 1910–1913.

Amundsen's headquarters with *Fram*, 1910–1912, on Ice Barrier 350 miles east.

SKETCH MAP OF McMURDO SOUND REGION

Once assembled on the farther floe, the party set off in lively style. The task was first to transport the eight tons of stores from the ship to a secure point on the permanent ice of the Barrier, afterward called Safety Camp, about six miles E. S. E. of Hut Point, fourteen from the ship, and twenty-one from the station, before the ice should break up. Then, with Safety Camp as home base, a further depot could be laid to the south. "Safety" was the third camp from the ship, and the teams made a threefold journey between camp and camp to convey all the stores.

The dogs gave rise to various excitements, as when at the outset they started on hard ice with a light load—nothing could hold them, and they dashed off over everything to the imminent peril of their drivers; or when, as Scott was returning to the ship, they caught sight of a whale breaching in the thirty-foot stretch of open water across their path, and promptly made for it. "It was all we could do to stop them before we reached the water.

"The ponies gave promise of being 'real good.' . . . They work with extraordinary steadiness, stepping out briskly and cheerfully, and following in each other's tracks. The great drawback is the ease with which they sink in soft snow." Indeed, when conditions suddenly became very bad, it seemed best to spare the ponies: to bring up as much of the last load as the dogs could draw and leave the rest of the fodder where it stood, on the Barrier, but one and a half miles short of Safety Camp.

However, the ponies were by no means tame or dull. One spirited, nervous fellow, at a morning start, got away when his head was left for a moment, and charged through the camp at a gallop, finally cannoning into another sledge and breaking free. Another, led by the young skiing expert of the party, went well while the ski-runner was alongside; but when he came up from the back, the beast was frightened by the swish of the ski, and fled, load and all, faster than the trained ski-runner in pursuit.

By January 31, fourteen weeks' stores (dating from the 25th) for man and beast

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had been brought up. Scott's plan, which he now unfolded, was to go forward with five weeks' supplies, depot a fortnight's supply after traveling twelve or thirteen days, and return to Safety Camp. This would give light loads all round, and should be feasible if the surface were good.

That afternoon all was ready for the start, but before leaving an experiment was made. The one pair of horse snowshoes was tried on the quiet pony rejoicing in the name of "Weary Willy." It could not have been expected that even the quietest animal would endure them without long practise, but "the effect was magical; he strolled around as though walking on hard ground in places where he had floundered wofully without them." Here was the chance of doubling the length of the journey. Within half an hour Wilson and Meares were off to the station, twenty miles away, in hope of getting more snowshoes; they returned next day empty-handed.

The ice was out—no return to Cape Evans—no pony snowshoes—alas!

On February 2 the actual start was made, Atkinson, with a sore foot—result of mistaken zeal in not early confessing to a blister—being compulsorily left behind, with Crean to look after him. As soon as they could travel, they were to go back to Cape Evans, returning later in the month to meet the Southern party at Safety Camp.

The surface, hard in parts, was soft in others; all approved their leader's suggestion to march at night with the hardest surfaces, and rest with greater comfort for the ponies in the warm hours of the day. And so they moved on "through the eternal silence of the great white desert—the vast silence broken only by the mellow sounds of the marching column."

A PONY ON SNOWSHOES

In the deep drifts came the triumph of the sole pair of snowshoes. They were put on the big pony; he walked about awkwardly for a few minutes only; then settled down, was harnessed, and led the way easily over the mass of soft snow deep drifted in the hollow of a great pressure wave. But as the worst drifts seemed to occur only in patches, "our course is to pick a way with the surer-footed beasts and keep the others back till the road has been tested. What extraordinary uncertainties the work exhibits! Every day some new fact comes to light, some new obstacle which threatens the gravest obstruction. I suppose this is the reason which makes the game so well worth playing."

From Safety Camp fifteen marches were made, the first three E. S. E., as far as Corner Camp, to get round a projecting spur of the mountains, dubbed the Bluff; then due south to One Ton Camp in latitude 79.28½. The intention had been to plant this depot on the eightieth parallel, but three days had been lost at Corner Camp by reason of a fierce blizzard, and the ponies were beginning to feel the strain—chiefly, it seemed, because they had not yet grown thick enough coats and partly on account of their forty days' confinement in the ship.

From Camp 11, or Bluff Camp, where an intermediate depot had been made, the three weakest beasts were sent back with Ford and Keohane, under Lieutenant Evans, who was to take this opportunity of making an accurate survey. Nevertheless, enough was carried forward to support four men for seven weeks, besides ponies and dogs.

Incidents of the journey are chiefly concerned with the animals and the Barrier surface.

THE "FRIEND OF MAN" TURNS SAVAGE

"With our present routine, the dogs remain behind for an hour or more, trying to hit off their arrival in the new camp soon after the ponies have been picketed. The teams are pulling very well, Meares's especially. The animals are getting a little fierce. Two white dogs in Meares's team have been trained to attack strangers. They were quiet enough on board ship, but now bark fiercely if any one but their driver approaches the team. They suddenly barked at me as I was pointing out the stopping-place to Meares; and Osman, my erstwhile friend, swept round and nipped my leg lightly. I had no stick, and there is no doubt that if Meares had not been on the sledge, the whole team, following the lead of the white dogs, would have been at me in a moment. Hunger and fear are the only realities in dog life, and an empty stomach makes a fierce dog."

It was strange and almost alarming to see the blind workings of natural instinct. The dogs, friendly in harness or at rest, were

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suspicious of one another as soon as food was in their thoughts, and the smallest circumstance provoked a sudden fight. Equally sudden were the fights following a "mix-up" on the march: a quiet, peaceable team with wagging tails one moment, and the next a set of raging, tearing, fighting devils.

"It is such stern facts that resign one to the sacrifice of animal life in the effort to advance such human projects as this."

One day, near the end of the outward march, the pony Weary Willy, true to his name, had lagged behind; and being tired, slipped and fell. A dog-team was just coming up. The instant they saw him fall they dashed at him regardless of control. Weary Willy made a gallant fight of it, biting and shaking some of the dogs with his teeth, but getting much bitten himself, though by good hap not seriously. At last the men beat them off, breaking ski sticks and steering-stick. Yet the dogs were so tough that they got off uninjured.

THE DAILY ROUTINE

The regular march is thus described, under date of February 10th, between camps 8 and 9: "We turn out of our sleeping-bags about nine P. M. Somewhere about 11:30 I shout to the soldier—Oates—'How are things?' There is a response suggesting readiness, and soon after figures are busy among sledges and horses. It is chilling work for the fingers and not too warm for the feet. The rugs come off the animals, the harness is put on, tents and camp equipment are lashed on the sledges, nose-bags filled for the next halt. One by one the animals are taken off the picket rope and yoked to the sledges. Oates watches his animal warily, reluctant to keep such a nervous creature standing in the traces. If one is prompt one feels impatient and fretful while watching one's more tardy fellows. Wilson and Meares hang about, ready to help with odds and ends.

"Still we wait; the picketing lines must be gathered up, a few pony putties need adjustment, a party has been slow striking their tent. With numbed fingers on one's horse's bridle and the animal striving to turn its head from the wind, one feels resentful.

"At last all is ready. One says: 'All right, Bowers, go ahead,' and Birdie (for such was his nickname) leads his big animal forward, starting, as he continues, at a steady pace. The horses have got cold, and at the word they are off—the soldier's and one or two others with a rush. Finnesko (fur boots) give a poor foothold on the slippery sastrugi (hardened snow waves), and for a minute or two drivers have some difficulty in maintaining the pace on their feet. Movement is warming, and in ten minutes the column has settled itself to steady marching.

"The pace is still brisk, the light bad, and at intervals one or another of us suddenly steps on a slippery patch and falls prone. These are the only real incidents of the march; for the rest it passes with a steady tramp and slight variation of formation. The weaker ponies drop a bit, but not far, so that they are soon up in line again when the first halt is made. We have come to a single halt on each half-march. Last night it was too cold to stop long, and a very few minutes found us on the go again.

"As the end of the half-march approaches I get out my whistle. Then at a shrill blast Bowers wheels slightly to the left; his tent mates lead still farther out to get the distance for the picket lines. Oates and I stop behind Bowers and Evans, the two other sledges of our squad behind the two others of Bowers's. So we are drawn up in camp formation. The picket lines are run across at right angles to the line of advance and secured to the two sledges at each end. In a few minutes ponies are on the lines covered, tents up again, and cookers going.

"Meanwhile the dog-drivers, after a long, cold wait at the old camp, have packed the last sledge and come trotting along our tracks. They try to time their arrival in the new camp immediately after our own and generally succeed well. The mid-march halt runs into an hour and at the end we pack up and tramp forth again. We generally make our final camp about eight o'clock, and within an hour and a half most of us are in our sleeping-bags. At the long halts we do our best for our animals by building snow walls and improving their rugs."

THE DOGS DROP INTO A CHASM

The farthest depot laid, there was no reason for keeping the swifter and the slower units together, and Scott himself, with Meares, Wilson, and Cherry-Garrard, pushed on with the dogs, completing the return

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journey lightly laden in six marches. The night before reaching Safety Camp, "we made a start as usual about ten P. M. The light was good at first, but rapidly grew worse till we could see little of the surface. About an hour and a half after starting we came on mistily outlined pressure ridges. We were running by the sledges.

"Suddenly Wilson shouted, 'Hold on to the sledge!' and I saw him slip a leg in a crevasse. I jumped to the sledge but saw nothing. Five minutes after, as the teams were trotting side by side, the middle dogs of our team disappeared. In a moment the whole team was sinking. Two by two we lost sight of them, each pair struggling for foothold. Osman, the leader, exerted all his great strength and kept a foothold—it was wonderful to see him. The sledge stopped and we leaped aside.

"The situation was clear in another moment. We had actually been traveling along the bridge of a crevasse—the sledge had stopped on it, while the dogs hung in their harness in the abyss suspended between the sledge and the leading dog. Why the sledge and ourselves didn't follow the dogs we shall never know. I think a fraction of a pound of added weight must have taken us down.

"As soon as we grasped the position, we hauled the sledge clear of the bridge and anchored it. Then we peered into the depths of the crack. The dogs were howling dismally, suspended in all sorts of fantastic positions and evidently terribly frightened. Two had dropped out of their harness and we could see them indistinctly on a snow bridge far below. The rope at either end of the chasm had bitten deep into the snow at the side of the crevasse, and with the weight below it was impossible to move it. By this time Wilson and Cherry-Garrard, who had seen the accident, had come to our assistance.

"At first things looked very bad for our poor team, and I saw little prospect of rescuing them. I had luckily inquired about the Alpine rope before starting the march, and now Cherry-Garrard hurriedly brought this most essential aid. It takes one a little time to make plans under such sudden circumstances, and for some minutes our efforts were rather futile. We could get not one inch on the main trace of the sledge or on the leading rope which was binding Osman to the snow with a throttling pressure.

"Then thoughts became clearer. We unlashed our sledge, putting in safety our sleeping-bags with the tent and cooker. Choking sounds made it clear that the pressure on Osman must soon be released. I seized the lashing off Meares's sleeping-bag, passed the tent poles across the crevasse, and with Meares managed to get a few inches on the leading line. This freed Osman, whose harness was immediately cut.

THE RESCUE

"Then, securing the Alpine rope to the main trace, we tried to haul up together. One dog came up and was unlashed, but by this time the rope had cut so far back at the edge that it was useless to attempt to get more of it. But we could now unbend the sledge and do that for which we should have aimed from the first, namely, run the sledge across the gap and work from it. We managed to do this, our fingers constantly numbed. Wilson held on to the anchored trace while the rest of us labored at the leader end.

"The leading rope was very small and I was fearful of its breaking, so Meares was lowered down a foot or two to secure the Alpine rope to the leading end of the trace. This done, the work of rescue proceeded in better order. Two by two we hauled the animals up to the sledge and one by one cut them out of their harness.

"Finally, with a gasp, we got the last poor creature on to firm snow. We had recovered eleven of the thirteen. Then I wondered if the last two could not be got, and we paid down the Alpine rope to see if it was long enough to reach the snow bridge on which they were coiled. The rope is ninety feet, and the amount remaining showed that the depth of the bridge was about sixty-five feet. I made a bowline and the others lowered me down. The bridge was firm and I got hold of both dogs, which were hauled up in turn to the surface.

"Then I heard dim shouts and howls above. Some of the rescued animals had wandered to the second sledge and a big fight was in progress. All my rope-tenders had to leave to separate the combatants—but they soon returned and with some effort I was hauled to the surface."

February 22, when they reached Safety Camp again early in the morning, was an agitating day. They found Lieutenant

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Evans and his return party, but with only one pony. The other two weaklings had succumbed to the blizzard. Atkinson and Crean had not yet returned from Cape Evans, but they soon appeared.

The news they brought from headquarters was disturbing. While the Southern party had been laying depots, the Eastern party, under Lieutenant Campbell, had sailed the *Terra Nova* toward King Edward VII Land. They had been unable to reach land and had returned to headquarters in time to send messages to the Southern party by Atkinson and Crean. A letter from Lieutenant Campbell told how he had found Amundsen established in the Bay of Whales—one hundred and twenty-six (statute) miles nearer to the Pole than Scott's station, and with many dogs, ready to start his dash for the South Pole at an earlier date than ponies could set out. This knowledge might have hurried a smaller man into staking success upon a rival dash with dogs only; but Scott resolved to adhere to the plans he had so carefully thought out and proceed exactly as if this had not happened.

A RUSH OF MISFORTUNE

After a day's rest Scott organized a party including two man-hauled sledges and one sledge drawn by "Jimmy Pig," who alone of the three ponies sent back by the depot party from Bluff Camp had survived the severe weather conditions at the end of February.

They took further supplies to Corner Camp. The experience of this trip showed that for those who were practised, pulling on skis was easier than pulling on foot.

At Corner Camp they hoped to have met Oates and Bowers on their slower march back; but the day before arriving the latter were seen far away on the horizon, making for home on a different track. And Scott's team, hurrying back, and held up for a day by another blizzard, found them at last at Safety Camp, the ponies in sorry condition after the blizzard, of unexampled severity for the time of the year, which had raged for two days, burying parts of the sledges three or four feet under drift.

The word now was "back to the shelter of Hut Point." The Barrier was cold, the sea-ice dangerous. The return was disastrous. First Weary Willy collapsed, and though Scott and the two who stayed with him made every effort, he died in the night. "It is hard to have got him back so far only for this." The distressing fact stood out that even with the best of coats the ponies lose condition badly if caught in a blizzard, and an expedition could not afford to let them lose condition at the beginning of a journey: this "makes a late start *necessary for next year*."

ADRIFT ON SEA-ICE

This was bad; but the events of the next forty-eight hours bade fair to wreck the expedition. The only consolation was the miraculous avoidance of loss of human life.

It will be remembered that some five miles of sea-ice extended between the solid flank of the Barrier and Hut Point, and that the pony track made a large elbow over the Sound instead of following a straight line. What was the horror of the three men on drawing near to see that the sea was full of broken pieces of Barrier edge. Their thoughts flew to the ponies and dogs with Bowers's and Wilson's sections, who had been sent on while Scott tended the sick pony.

Turning to follow the ice edge, they suddenly discovered a working crack—dashed over this, and slackened pace again after a quarter-mile. At each new crack pace was put on—not slackening again till they were upon solid ice to the eastward on the line between Safety Camp and the Castle Rock above the Hut.

Here they pitched tent, and with a leader's thoughtfulness, Scott sent a warning by Gran to Lieutenant Evans, who was returning to the depot. He expected that if either section of the party ahead had reached safety, whether on the Barrier or at Hut Point, they would immediately have sent a warning message to Safety Camp: and by this time it should have reached them. Anxiety reigned.

"Some half-hour passed, and suddenly, with a 'Thank God,' I made certain that two specks in the direction of Pram Point were human beings." These turned out to be Wilson and Meares, who had got the dogs to Hut Point. They feared the ponies were adrift on the sea-ice, having seen them with glasses from Observatory Hill, whereupon they had hastened out without breakfast.

Then Wilson espied a figure hurrying

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toward the depot from the west. Intercepted by the speedy Gran, it turned out to be Crean, of the pony party, much spent with haste. He brought brief word of a thrilling story, the fulness of which in the deeds of rescued and rescuers can only be realized by polar explorers.

Bowers, with Cherry-Garrard and Crean, had duly made for Hut Point with the ponies. As they advanced over the sea-ice toward Hut Point, one crack appeared after another, till at last they reached one which showed the ice to be actually on the move. At once they turned and hastened back—but the ice was *drifting out to sea!*

The ponies behaved splendidly, jumping the ever-widening cracks with extraordinary sagacity, while their devoted drivers launched the sledges back over the cracks in order not to risk the ponies' legs. Eventually they reached what looked like a safe place. Men and ponies were thoroughly exhausted. Camp was pitched and the weary party fell asleep. But soon Bowers was awakened by a strange noise. The ice had begun to break up even at their camping spot; one of their four ponies had disappeared into the sea, and they were surrounded by water.

Packing up hurriedly, for five long hours they fought their way over three-quarters of a mile of drifting ice, getting ponies and loads from floe to floe. They stuck to their charges manfully. On them depended the hope of reaching the Pole, for the loss of more ponies and equipment must spell ruin for their chief's plans. Open water cut them off from the Barrier, and, had they been able to reach it, there was small prospect of finding a way for the ponies up the ice-wall. And all round the savage killer-whales were blowing and snorting in the open water-spaces.

Crean then with great gallantry volunteered to make his way somehow to firm ground and find help. It was a desperate venture: he jumped from floe to floe, and at last with the help of his ski-stick climbed up the face of the Barrier from a piece of ice which touched the ice cliff at the right moment.

Cherry-Garrard stayed with Bowers, at his request, for little Bowers would never give up his charge while a gleam of hope remained, and for a whole day these two were afloat.

To the rescue, then; but not without a plan. First to Safety Camp to take up some provisions and oil; and then to the scene of the disaster, marching carefully along the ice edge. "To my joy I caught sight of the lost party. We got our Alpine rope and with its help dragged the two men to the surface. I pitched camp at a safe distance from the edge and then we all started salvage work. The ice had ceased to drift and lay close and quiet against the Barrier edge. We got the men at 5:30 P. M., and all the sledges and effects on to the Barrier by four A. M.

"As we were getting up the last loads the ice showed signs of drifting off and we saw it was hopeless to try and move the ponies. The three poor beasts had to be left on their floe for the moment, well fed. None of our party had had sleep the previous night and all were dog-tired. I decided we must rest, but turned out at 8.30."

TWO PONIES LOST

By that time the floe had broken from the ice-anchors with which they had essayed to hold it and had disappeared. Hope revived when the animals were descried through the glasses about a mile away to the northwest. The rescue party packed and went on at once. They found it easy to get down to the poor animals, and decided to rush them for a last chance of life. But while Scott searched for and found a possible way up for the animals, the others tried to leap Punch across a gap. The poor beast fell in and eventually had to be killed.

"It was awful. I recalled all hands and pointed out my road. Bowers and Oates went out on it with a sledge and worked their way to the remaining ponies and started back with them along the same track. Meanwhile Cherry and I dug a road at the Barrier edge. We saved one pony. For a time I thought we should get both, but Bowers's poor animal slipped at a jump and plunged into the water. We dragged him out on some brash ice, killer-whales all about us in an intense state of excitement. The poor animal couldn't rise and the only merciful thing was to kill it."

The next instalment of "The Uttermost South: The Undying Story of Captain Scott" —from his diaries—will appear in the August number.

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ALL THE MEN OF THE FAMILY TAKE A HAND IN HAYING-TIME

Getting in the Hay

by Carl Werner

IT ALWAYS begins on or about the Fourth of July. It might be a few days before, or a few days after, according to the rains of June. Pretty generally, though, around these parts anyway, "the day we celebrate" finds it in full swing.

Supper has been eaten, the cows have been milked, and Farmer Dan'els sits on his front stoop, slowly puffing his stogy and looking out over his fine stretch of level meadows. His oldest boy, a sturdy, brown-skinned youth of sixteen, is standing just within the doorway behind him.

Farmer Dan'els takes the stogy from his lips. "Daggy," he says with a quiet drawl, "you'd better oil up them machines to-night. We'll cut to-morrow."

Thus come the marching orders—the signal words that mark the halcyon days of the country summer, the Arcadian period of the farmer's year. The sordid drudgery of the stable, the dreary monotony of the dairy, the barren burden of the plow, all are dissipated by the sweet romance of getting in the hay. At any rate, so it has always seemed to me. Haying is work, hard work, hot work, but somehow it seems to be the kind of work that God expected man to do. There is a purity, a freshness, a fragrance about it that fairly sweeten the sweat-drops on the toiler's brow.

At five the next morning, then, all hands

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are stirring. At five-thirty the milking is over and the breakfast of oatmeal, hard-boiled eggs, toast, and coffee, is under way.

At six the two mowing-machines go jangling down the lane, each drawn by a burly team, one guided by Larry and the other by Farmer Dan'els, who bob up and down in their iron seats as the heavy wheels rumble along the driveway. Crossing the public road, they turn into the meadow and fall into position, one behind the other, with the space of a dozen yards or so between. The gears are thrown in, the "giddaps" ring out—and the tall timothy begins to fall.

Down the meadow they go, straight as a chalk-line; then across the lower edge, up the other side, back to the corner, and down again. The "clink-clink-clink" of the cutting-bar sings as tunefully as a chorus of clarinets; and when they stop and back up, to turn the corners square, you hear the ratchets fall with a click-click, as if the orchestra had paused to tune up for the next passage.

Gradually the meadow takes on the appearance of an immense emerald rug with a pale green border formed by the fallen grass.

An hour passes. The sun climbs higher, and the air is heavy with the sweet odor of bruised grass and clover.

Now, rattling into the field, comes young Roland, whose nine years of being have qualified him to drive the rake. It is always the oldest horse and the youngest boy who do the raking.

The teeth of the rake are held clear of the ground, as a lady holds her petticoats, while he drives across the lot to the far end. Swinging into place close to the fence, he releases the lever; the long, arched teeth fall into the hay, and with a chirp to old Frank he starts on the trail of the mowers. A careless kick with his bare right foot every three rods or so dumps the rake and leaves the hay in winrows that steadily lengthen as he doubles back and forth across the meadow. How simple it appears—this raking. But if you have ever tried you know that it takes a practised hand to drive a horse straight in an open field, and a trained eye to keep the line of winrows true. Hats off to you, Roland! I was nearly twice your age when I essayed the task, and a sorry mess I made of it.

The haycock is not as common as it used to be. But this morning the hay has dried quickly, and, as there is a pair of hands to spare, Ransom, the second son, aged fourteen, but with a man's breadth of chest, comes on the scene, a pitchfork over his shoulder. Deftly he breaks the winrow into sections and with two heaves of the fork turns each section into a round-topped pile. His arms are bared to the shoulder, and it is good to watch the play of his supple muscles under the tawny skin.

So the work goes on, the mowers, with their double equipment, rapidly increasing their lead until the green rug is all border save a narrow strip down the middle; and this is wiped out just as the sound of a bell announces noon and dinner. A welcome note—that bell—in haying time! The sun shines hot in the hay-field, hotter than in any place I know of or hope to visit; but it never turns the edge of the toiler's appetite. Even I, lazing in the fence corner, have been made ravenous, just from looking on.

Briskly, then, we troop off the field, horses, machines, and men. The machines are dropped in the shadow of the barn, the horses are driven in to their oats and hay, while the men take a drink at the well and a wash in the wood-shed. Then we go stomping into the cool dining-room, with its blue-painted floor, and take our seats at the table.

Farmer Dan'els's wife lifts the cover of a large tureen.

"What's this?" I say. "Chickens in haying-time?" A pair of pullets in July is an extravagance unheard of on the kind of farm I've known.

"You can thank Larry for it," says Farmer Dan'els's wife, with a smile of reproval toward her eldest. "He ran 'em down with the milk wagon this morning. And they was jes' ready to lay!"

Larry, you rascal, there is something in your eyes as you set your teeth in a tender wing, that makes me question whether the fricassee is purely an accident, after all.

And *such* a fricassee! And such lettuce, so crisp and green and succulent! And brittle yellow beans with the taste of the garden in them; and a big pitcher of rich, creamy milk; and bread that Farmer Dan'els's wife takes pride in baking every Tuesday and Saturday. And for dessert a blueberry pie. *What* a blueberry pie it is, with the berries an inch deep and the crust so thin that I wonder how it holds itself

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Photograph from Ira Cooley, Dover, Vt.

AWAY GOES THE ENTIRE TOP OF THE LOAD, SQUEEZING IN THROUGH THE DOOR AND FLYING STRAIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE MOW.

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Photograph from Doubleday, Page & Co.

AFTER THE MOWING AND REAL BUSINESS OF "GET-PITCHFORK

Photograph from Doubleday, Page & Co.

A PLEASANT DETAIL IS THE HOMEWARD RIDE ON THE FRAGRANT LOAD.

together. There's many a rich Epicurean along Fifth Avenue, I'll wager, who would pay Farmer Dan'els's wife a fabulous salary just for her blueberry pies, if only they could find her out. But they'll never know through me, I can tell you. It wouldn't be fair to Farmer Dan'els and the boys.

After dinner there is a few minutes' rest on the shady porch, during which Farmer Dan'els smokes a corn-cob pipe and issues the orders for the afternoon.

"Roland," he says to the youngster—and there's a note of tenderness in this—"you better stick around the house a while till it gets cooler. You did pretty well this mornin'. Ransom, you hook up Jim an' Nell to the mower an' start on the east meadow. Larry, if you'll hitch Joe and the sorrel to the wagon we'll get in some o' that hay."

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THE RAKING COMES THE TING IN THE HAY"—THE COMPETITION.

THE SECRET OF PITCHING HAY IS "GETTING UNDER THE FORK."

Photograph by Julian Dimock.

Five minutes later Ransom comes clattering down from the barn and goes off toward the east meadow. Behind him comes Larry with the wagon, a low-wheeled affair with a broad, flat rack and a pole standing up at either end like the masts of a schooner.

"Wait a moment," I say. Running to the barn, I am back directly, with a pitchfork under my arm.

Farmer Dan'els smiles whimsically. "Goin' to give us a hand?" he asks.

I grin, and we clamber aboard; and we ride out to the field, our legs dangling over the side.

Outwardly I am calm and confident; inwardly I am wondering if I will last till the load is on. I refuse to be classed as a novice, for as a boy I had my whack at it. But that was twenty years ago.

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GRADUALLY, AS THE MOWER CLINKS UP AND DOWN, THE MEADOW TAKES ON THE APPEARANCE OF AN IMMENSE EMERALD RUG.

Photograph from Doubleday, Page & Co.

Photograph from Doubleday, Page & Co.

WINTER USES OF SUMMER HAY.

We start at the near end of the field, Farmer Dan'els and I at either side, pitching on, and Larry atop the wagon, building the load. It is quite a moment for me. I am strong enough, bigger than Farmer Dan'els and hard as nails. But have I lost the knack of getting under the fork? For that's the secret of pitching hay.

"Don't lift it like a spoon," they used to tell me; "git under it an' h'ist!"

At the first stop Farmer Dan'els has all of his aboard while I am picking the top off mine. Larry, observant and tactful, dallies with his fork and fumbles the reins before driving on to the next winrow. This gives me a new start, and at the second stack I do much better. At the third I begin to get my stride. Up the field we go and down again, and how I rejoice to see that I am keeping squarely up with the wagon, sweating much more than Farmer Dan'els, I admit, but working as fast, anyhow.

Every forkful makes the lift higher now; but that doesn't trouble me, for I've recalled the trick of it—I am "getting under my fork."

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Presently the word goes out: "We'll call that a load!"

And we start for the barn, Ransom, knee-deep in the hay, driving the team, and Farmer Dan'els and I striding along beside the load, dragging our forks behind us. A proud and happy man am I as we walk in, particularly when Farmer Dan'els puts his honest hand on my shoulder and says:

"You done well, boy; I didn't think it was in you."

We halt in front of the steel-roofed barn. Larry clambers into the mow and Farmer Dan'els mounts the load. Suspended from the top of the loft door is the hay-fork, looking like an immense U upside down. The rope that holds it passes along the top of the loft to the rear end, through a pulley and then down, and out at a side door, where stands young Roland with old Frank, ready to hook on and furnish the power; one-horse power, literally, with Roland as the engineer.

Now Farmer Dan'els plunges the fork deep into the hay, snaps the points together, and shouts the word to go. Roland passes the word to old Frank, emphasizing it with a slap of the reins; the horse canters forward and away goes the entire top of the load, squeezing in through the door and flying straight through the loft to the back of the mow.

Photograph from Doubleday, Page & Co.

NOON-HOUR RESPITE. THE DINNER-BELL SOUNDS A WELCOME NOTE FOR HORSES AND MEN IN HAYING-TIME.

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Larry, steaming in a temperature of 102 degrees, packs it snugly away. The fork returns to the door, while old Frank is being turned around and driven back for another haul. With four or five more lifts we clear the wagon, and then all hands clamber on the rack and we rumble down the lane and into the field for another load.

Sometimes, in the middle of the afternoon, the real lady of the house—for such is the farmer's daughter nowadays—comes into the field with a tin dipper and a pail of water drawn from a well that goes down twenty-five feet through the solid rock. Clear as a crystal it is, and so cold you would think it had been iced. What a draft for a toiler in the sun!

The mowing is now so well in advance that the machine is brought in and Ransom's team is hooked up to another wagon. Then he and I work with one team while Farmer Dan'els and Larry continue with the other. Before we know it, there is a good-natured contest on between the two outfits. Work as we can, they beat us, but only by a nose—or a forkful, to be more literal—and as Farmer Dan'els drives his rack over the hilltop, another good load follows close behind.

"Four big tons!" declares Farmer Dan'els as we swing the last lift of the two cargoes into the yawning door. "It's a fine finish of a good day's work."

The forks are stacked in a corner of the barn, the horses are watered and fed, and we file in to a wonderful supper of crisp-fried salt pork, boiled potatoes, and cream gravy, topped off with hot biscuits, and clover honey as yellow as new gold.

After supper the milking has to be done, everybody giving a hand except the young lady, who stays within to clear the table and put the kitchen straight; and after the milking the boys and I scurry across the pasture and over the ledge, wriggle out of our clothes, and plunge into the waters of the St. Lawrence. Was ever a swim so blissful? None but a toiler in hay-time can know the joy of that river's cool caress.

Leaving the younger bloods splashing about like sea-lions, I shake myself dry, dress, and return to the house, to find Farmer Dan'els sitting on the porch, smoking leisurely, his eyes toward the west, where the sun, looking for all the world like a big red balloon, is sinking below the sky-line.

Farmer Dan'els points to it with the stem of his corn-cob. "Another good day to-morrow," he says.

"What if it rains?" I ask. "There's a good bit of hay out there, cut, that we didn't get in."

"It won't rain," he answers, with gentle conviction.

"How do you know?" I ask him.

"It never does after a sunset like that—an' I've been watchin' 'em for thirty year. Besides, there was a warm moon last night. If this kind o' weather holds out we'll have the job all done in a couple o' weeks."

"It's a heavy crop this year."

"More'n two tons to the acre, I reckon."

"And good, clean hay, it seems like," I venture.

"Most all o' mine is pure timothy. But I've got some clover."

"Timothy brings the better price, doesn't it?" I ask him.

"In the city, yes. An' I don't know why, either. Clover's good for cattle, an' I don't see as a little mixed with the hay hurts the horses any. They like it."

"Do you plow your hay land every year?"

"Pretty reg'lar. An' sow a crop o' grain in between. But there's some pieces o' ground out there that'll grow two crops a-runnin'. It depends on the soil."

I sniff the air. Oh, how sweet! The sun, all day distilling the essence of clover and hay and field-flowers, has gone down, and the fragrance of fresh and growing things, the fragrance of hay-time, is borne to us on the cool air of the evening.

"It smells good," I say.

"Yes, it does." He draws in a deep breath of it.

In the waning light I see upon Farmer Dan'els's furrowed face a faint smile, a smile of quiet, simple, perfect content.

There is a long, restful silence. Farmer Dan'els speaks softly, as if he would not disturb it. "It's hard work, hayin' is," he says, "but, do you know, I—I kind o' like it!"

The boys come straggling up from the river and go into the house. As they pass us on the veranda one of them calls back over his shoulder:

"Good night, pa; we're going to bed."

The old cherry-wood clock in the sitting-room strikes nine.

"Well, well!" says Farmer Dan'els, rising; "guess I'll be goin', too."

That's how they get in the hay.

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THAT WORD "PRACTICAL"

BY
WALTER LIPPMANN

AT THIS moment, at any moment, several million men are saying to several million other men: "You're a theorist." I have had it said to me so often that I'm beginning to wonder whether there aren't really four sexes in America, men, women, practical persons, and theorists. This at least is certain, there is one sure way to reveal your theorism: ask a practical man what he means by the word practical. He will begin by looking at you with a blank despair, as if you had asked him whether two and two really make four. He will consider your question unnecessary and insulting, and he will demonstrate his opinion of you by disdaining to give a satisfactory answer. There is good reason for that: if a practical man defined "practical," he would in that very moment become a theorist.

For a theorist is nothing but a man who tries to think about what he's doing: not satisfied with being on his way, he wishes to know where he's going. Moreover, he's not content to go anywhere at all or nowhere in particular.

There is only one way to find out what "practical" means—watch what practical men do. That is fairly simple in America. The great mass of them govern this country, its industries, its life and its labor.

And:—

In a world of practical men, thousands of babies are badly born, and thousands die of starvation, bad air, and inattention.

In a world of practical men, hundreds of thousands receive no education worth the name. There aren't even enough school-buildings for children, let alone teachers, let alone competent teachers.

In a world of practical men, several million children are prepared for their life-work in sweatshops and factories. I will not insist here on the fantastic notion that every child should be happy.

In a world of practical men, hundreds of thousands of mothers devote themselves to the establishment of homes by working all day in factories and stores. This is the practical way of promoting the efficiency of the next generation. There are also hundreds of thousands of mothers who are enabled to teach their children frugality and perseverance by turning the parlor into a workshop.

In a world of practical men, thousands die of overwork, or starve for lack of work.
In a world of practical men, there are half a million people in lunatic asylums.
In a world of practical men, the jails are crowded.
In a world of practical men, immense quantities of food are poisoned.
In a world of practical men, politics is bought and sold.
In a world of practical men, the cost of living is exorbitant.
In a world of practical men, infants and idiots can inherit millions.
In a world of practical men, natural resources are wasted.
In a world of practical men, nations go to war.
In a world of practical men, there is a panic about once every ten years.

In a world of practical men, the strike and the lockout, the boycott and the blacklist are in constant use.

In a world of practical men, thought is hired, news is manufactured.

In a world of practical men, some are too poor and some are too rich.

And above all, in a world of practical men, no remedies are proposed. That is the monopoly of theorists. If they might say a word to the practical men, it would, I think, be this:

"Gentlemen, as the rulers of a nation, your success is not conspicuous. As we go among men, we find your prestige very much diminished. To be quite frank, we don't admire you enormously. We don't think your eyes and ears are open wide enough to have learnt the real feelings of this nation. We theorists offer you one hint, take it or leave it: you are sitting on a pile of gunpowder, smoking a cigar."

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The IRON TRAIL

by

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE NET," "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL," "THE SPOILERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

CHAPTER XXIII—CONTINUED

IT LACKED an hour of midnight when O'Neil escaped from Bulker and reached his room. Once inside, he seized the telephone and rang up hotel after hotel, inquiring for the English capitalist, but without result. After a moment's consideration he took his hat and gloves and went out. The matter did not permit of delay. Not only were his own needs imperative, but if Poultney Illis had come from London to confer with his rivals, there was little time to spare.

Remembering the Englishman's habits, O'Neil turned up the avenue to the Waldorf, where he asked for the manager, whom he knew well.

"Yes, Mr. Illis is here," he was informed, "but he's registered under a different name. No doubt he'll be glad to see you, however."

A moment later Murray recognized the voice of Illis's valet over the wire, and greeted him by name. Another brief delay, and the capitalist himself was at the 'phone.

"Come right up," he said, and O'Neil replaced the receiver with a sigh of relief.

Illis greeted him warmly, for their relations had been close.

"Lucky you found me," he said. "I'm going back on the next sailing."

"Have you signed up with the Arctic Navigation Company?" Murray inquired, and the other started.

"Bless me! What do you mean?"

His caller laughed. "I see you haven't. I don't think you will, either, after you've talked with me."

Without the tremor of an eyelash, Illis exclaimed: "My word! What are you driving at?"

"That agreement over freight rates, of course."

The Briton eyed him for a moment, then carefully closed the door leading to his sitting-room, and, seating himself, lit a cigar.

"What do you know about that matter?" he asked quietly.

"About all there is to know—enough, at least, to appreciate your feelings."

"I flattered myself that my affairs were private. Where did you get your information?"

"I'll tell you if you insist, although I'd rather not. There's no danger of its becoming public."

Illis showed his relief. "I'm glad. You gave me a start. Rotten fix for a man to be in. Why, I'm here under an assumed name! Fancy! But—" He waved his hand in a gesture which showed his acceptance of the inevitable.

"You haven't made your new agreement?"

"I'm to meet Blum and Capron to-morrow."

"Why didn't you take the S. R. & N. when I cabled you last month?"

"I couldn't! But what has that to do with the matter?"

"Don't you see? It's so plain to me that

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THAT EVENING GORDON AND DENNY SAT WITH THEIR HEADS TOGETHER UNTIL A LATE HOUR, AND WHEN THEY RETIRED, GORDON HAD BEGUN TO WHIP NEW PLANS INTO SHAPE.

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I can't understand how you failed to realize the value—the necessity—of buying my road."

"Explain, please."

"Gladly! The North Pass and Yukon is paying a fabulous blackmail to the river lines to escape a ruinous rate war."

"Right! It's blackmail, as you say."

"Under the present agreement you handle the Dawson freight and keep out of the lower river; they take the whole Tanana valley and lower Yukon."

"Correct."

"Didn't it occur to you that the S. R. & N., which starts four hundred miles west of the North Pass, and taps the Tanana valley, can be used to put the river steamers of that section out of business?"

"Let's have a look at the map." Mr. Illis hurried into an adjoining room and returned with a huge chart which he unrolled upon the table. "To tell you the truth, I never looked at the proposition from that angle. Our people were afraid of those glaciers and the competition of the Copper Trust. They're disgusted, too, with our treatment."

"The trust is eliminated. Kyak harbor is wiped off the map, and I'm alone in the field."

"How about this fellow Gordon?"

"He'll be broke in a year. Incidentally, that's my trouble."

"But I'm told you can't pass the glaciers."

"I can. Parker says he'll have the bridge done by spring."

"Then I'd bank on it. I'd believe Parker if I knew he was lying. If you two agree, I haven't the slightest doubt."

"This is a bigger proposition than the North Pass, Mr. Illis. You made money out of that road, but this one will make more." He swiftly outlined the condition of affairs, even to the attitude assumed by the Heidlemanns; and Illis, knowing the speaker as he did, had no doubt that he was hearing the exact truth. "But that's not all," continued O'Neil. "The S. R. & N. is the club which will hammer your enemies into line. That's what I came to see you about. With a voice in it, you can control the traffic of all central Alaska and force the San Francisco crowd to treat the N. P. & Y. fairly, thereby saving half a million a year."

"It's a big undertaking. I'm not sure our crowd could swing it."

"They don't have to. There's a quick profit of two million to be had by selling to the trust next spring. You can dictate your own terms to those blackmailers to-morrow, and then make a quick turn-over in nine months. It doesn't matter who owns the S. R. & N. after it's completed. The steamboat men will see their profits cut. As it is now, they can make enough out of their own territory to haul freight into yours for nothing."

"I dare say you'll go to them if we don't take you up, eh?"

"My road has its strategic value. I must have help. If you don't come to my rescue, it will mean war with your line, I dare say."

Mr. Illis sat back, staring at the ceiling for a long time. From the street below came the whir and clatter of taxicabs as the midnight crowd came and went. The city's nocturnal life was at its height; men had put aside the worries of the day and were devoting themselves to the more serious and exhausting pastimes of relaxation. Still the white-haired Briton weighed in his mind the matter of millions, while the fortunes of Murray O'Neil hung in the balance.

"My people won't buy the S. R. & N.," Illis finally announced. "But I'll put it up to them."

"I can't delay action if there's a chance of a refusal. I'll have to see Blum and Capron," said O'Neil.

"I'll cable full details within the hour. We'll have an answer by to-morrow night."

"And if they refuse?" O'Neil lit a cigar with steady fingers.

"Oh, if they refuse I'll join you. We'll go over the matter carefully in the meantime. Two million, you said, didn't you?"

"Yes. There's two million profit for you in nine months." O'Neil's voice was husky and a bit uneven, for he had been under a great strain.

"Good! You don't know how resentful I feel toward Blum and his crowd. I—I'm downright angry; I am that."

He took the hand which the other extended, with an expressionless face.

"I'm glad I found you," confessed O'Neil. "I was on my last legs. Herman Heidlemann will pay our price when the last bridge-bolt is driven home, and he'll pay with a smile on his face—that's the sort of man he is."

"He won't pay if he knows I'm interested. We're not exactly friendly since I sold

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out my smelter interests. But he needn't know—nobody need know."

Illis called his valet and instructed him to rouse his secretary and ring for some cable blanks.

"I think I'll cable, too," Murray told him. "I have some 'boys' up there who are working in the dark with their teeth shut. They're waiting for the crash, and they'd like to hear the good news."

His fingers shook as he scrawled the name of Doctor Gray, but his eyes were bright and youth was singing in his heart once more.

"Now let's get down to business," said Mr. Illis. "We'll have to talk fast."

It was growing light in the east when O'Neil returned to the Holland House, but he felt no fatigue, and he laughed from the pure joy of living, for his dream seemed to be coming true.

CHAPTER XXIV

MISS APPLETON MAKES A SACRIFICE

Tom Slater came puffing up the hill to the Appleton bungalow, plumped himself into a chair, and sighed deeply.

"What's the matter? Are you played out?" asked Eliza.

"No. I'm feeling like a colt."

"Any news from Omar Khayyam?"

"Not a word."

Eliza's brows drew together in a worried frown, for none of Murray's "boys" had awaited tidings from him with greater anxiety than she.

It had been a trying month for them all. Dr. Gray, upon whom the heaviest responsibility rested, had aged visibly under the strain; Parker and Mellen and McKay had likewise become worn and grave as the days passed and they saw disaster approaching. Even Dan was blue; and Sheldon, the light-hearted, had begun to lose interest in his commissary duties.

After the storm at Kyak there had been a period of fierce rejoicing, which had ended abruptly with the receipt of O'Neil's curt cablegram announcing the attitude of the trust. Gloom had succeeded the first surprise, deepening to hopeless despondency through the days that followed. Oddly enough, Slater had been the only one to bear up; under adversity he blossomed into a peculiar and almost offensive cheerfulness.

"Dan says that some of the men are getting uneasy and want their money," Eliza said anxiously.

Tom nodded. "The men are all right—Doc has kept them paid up—it's the shift bosses. I say let 'em quit."

"Has it gone as far as that?"

"Somebody keeps spreading the story that we're busted and that Murray has skipped out. More of Gordon's work, I s'pose. Some of the soreheads are coming in this evening to demand their wages."

"Can we pay them?"

"Doc says he dassen't; so I s'pose they'll quit. He should have fired 'em a week ago. Never let a man quit—always beat him to it. We could hold the rough-necks for another two weeks if it wasn't for these fellows, but they'll go back and start a stampede."

"How many are there?"

"About a dozen."

"I was afraid it was worse. There can't be much owing to them."

"Oh, it's bad enough! They've been letting their wages ride—that's why they got scared. We owe them about four thousand dollars."

"They must be paid," said Eliza. "It will give Mr. O'Neil another two weeks—a month perhaps."

"Doc's got his back up, and he's told the cashier to make 'em wait."

Eliza hesitated, and flushed a little. "I suppose it's none of my business," she said, "but—couldn't you boys pay them out of your own salaries?"

Mr. Slater grinned—an unprecedented proceeding, which lent his face an altogether strange and unnatural expression. "Salary! We ain't had any salary," he said cheerfully—"not for months."

"Dan has drawn his regularly."

"Oh, sure! But he ain't one of us. He's an outsider."

"I see!" Eliza's eyes were bright with a wistful admiration. "That's very nice of you men. You have a family, haven't you, Uncle Tom?"

"I have! Seven head, and they eat like a herd of stock. It looks like a lean winter for 'em if Murray don't make a sale—but he will. That isn't what I came to see you about; I've got my asking clothes on and I want a favor."

"You shall have it, of course."

"I want a certificate."

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"Of what?"

"Ill-health. Nobody believes I had the smallpox."

"You didn't."

"Wh-what?" Tom's eyes opened wide. He stared at the girl in hurt surprise.

"It was nothing but pimples, Tom."

"Pimples!" He spat the word out indignantly, and his round cheeks grew purple. "I—I s'pose pimples gave me cramps and chills and backache and palpitation and swellings! Hunh! I had a narrow escape—narrow's the word. It was narrower than a knife edge! Anything I get out of life from now on is 'velvet,' for I was knocking at death's door. The grave yawned, but I jumped it. It's the first sick spell I ever had, and I won't be cheated out of it. Understand?"

"What do you want me to do?" smiled the girl.

"You're a writer: write me an affidavit——"

"I can't do that."

"Then put it in your paper. Put it on the front page, where folks can see it."

"I've quit the *Review*. I'm doing magazine stories."

"Well, that'll do. I'm not particular where it's printed so long as——"

Eliza shook her head. "You weren't really sick, Uncle Tom."

At this Mr. Slater rose to his feet in high dudgeon. "Don't call me 'Uncle,' " he exclaimed. "You're in with the others."

"It wouldn't be published, if I wrote it."

"Then you can't be much of a writer." He glared at her, and said slowly, distinctly, with all the emphasis at his command: "I had smallpox—and a damn bad case, understand? I was sick. I had miseries in every joint and cartage of my body. I'm going to use a pick-handle for a cane, and anybody that laughs will get a hickory massage that'll take a crooked needle and a pair of pinchers to fix. Thank God I've got my strength back! You get me?"

"I do."

He snorted irately and turned to go, but Eliza checked him.

"What about those shift-bosses?" she asked. "Are you going to pay them?"

"Certainly not."

Eliza considered for a moment. "Don't let them see Doctor Gray," she said at length. "He has enough to worry him. Meet them at the train and bring them here."

"What for? Tea?"

"You boys have done all you can; I think it's time Dan and I did something."

Tom stared. "Are *you* going to pay 'em?" he asked gruffly.

"Yes. Mr. O'Neil needs time. Dan and I have saved four thousand dollars. I'd offer it to Doctor Gray——"

"He wouldn't take it."

"Exactly. Send Dan up here when you see him."

"It doesn't seem exactly right." Tom was obviously embarrassed. "You see, we sort of belong to Murray, and you don't—but"—he shook his head as if to rid himself of unwelcome emotion. "Women are funny things! You're willing to do that for the Chief, and yet you won't write me a little affidavit!" He grunted, and went away, still shaking his head.

When Eliza explained her plan to Dan, she encountered an opposition that shocked and hurt her.

"I won't do it!" he said shortly.

"You—*what?*"

"We can't build the S. R. & N. on four thousand dollars," he protested bitterly. "And I need my half."

"You'll get it back, some time."

"Oh! Will I? Well, I don't want it 'some time;' I want it now. Why, the idea is ridiculous!—just like a woman!"

"Oh, when was I ever 'just like a woman?' " cried Eliza. "Don't be ironic—it hurts. Never mind," she said in answer to his look of bewilderment, "just listen. Mr. O'Neil will succeed. I'm sure he will. But he needs time—even a week may save him. You've risked your life for the road, you've suffered——"

"That's different!" said Dan irritably. "That was part of my work. I earned my money and I saved it. I need it now, for—you know—for Natalie. I can't afford to be penniless—I can't get along without her. If Murray goes bust, where will I land? Out in the street! I've been so lonesome since she left that I can't work—I thought you understood—I can't think; I can't sleep; nor eat——"

"And what about him?" demanded the girl with heat. "Do you think he's eating and sleeping any better than you? He made you, Dan! He took me in and treated me as a valued friend when he knew I was his enemy. He——"

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"Yes, and made you love him, too," said Dan roughly. "I can see that."

Eliza lifted her head and met his eyes squarely. "That's true! But why not? Can't I love him? Isn't it my privilege to help him if I want to? If I had two million dollars instead of two thousand, I'd give it to him, and—and I wouldn't expect him to care for me, either. He'll never do that. He couldn't! But—oh, Danny, I've been miserable——"

Dan felt a certain dryness of the throat which made speech oddly difficult. "I don't see why he couldn't care for you," he said lamely.

Eliza shook her head hopelessly. "I'm glad it happened," she said—"glad. In writing these articles I've tried to make him understood; I've tried to put my whole soul into them so that the people will see that he isn't, wouldn't be, a thief nor a grafter. I've described him as he is, big, honorable, gentle——"

"I didn't know you were writing fiction," said her brother impatiently.

"I'm not. It's all true. I've cried over those articles, Dan. I've petted them, and I've kissed his name—oh, I've been silly!" She smiled at him through a sudden glimmer of tears.

Dan began to wonder if his sister, in spite of her exemplary conduct in the past, were after all going to have hysterics. At last he said uncomfortably: "Gee! I thought I was the dippy member of the family."

"It's our chance to help him," she urged. "Will you——"

"No! I'm sorry, Sis, but my little bit wouldn't mean anything to him; it means everything to me. Maybe that's selfish—I don't care. I'm as mad over Natalie as you seem to be over him. A week's delay can't make any difference now—he played and lost. But I can't afford to lose. He'll make another fortune, that's sure—but do you think I'll ever find another Natalie? No! Don't argue, for I won't listen."

He left the house abruptly, and Eliza went into the white bedroom which O'Neil had fitted up for her. From the remotest corner of her lowest bureau drawer she drew a battered tin box, and, dividing the money it contained into two equal parts, placed one in the pockets of her mannish jacket.

It was dark when Tom Slater arrived, at the head of a group of soiled workmen whom he ushered into the parlor of the bungalow.

"Here's the bunch!" he announced laconically.

As the newcomers ranged themselves uncomfortably about the wall, Dan Appleton entered and greeted them with his customary breeziness:

"The paymaster is busy and Doc Gray has a surgical case," he said, "so I'll cash your time checks. Get me the box, will you, Sis?"

He had avoided Eliza's eyes, upon entering, and he avoided them now. The girl's throat was aching as she hurried into her bedroom and hastily replaced the rolls of greenbacks she had removed from the tin box.

When he had finished paying off, Dan said bruskly:

"Now we mustn't have any loafing around town, understand?"

"We can't get back to-night," said one of the men.

"Oh, yes, you can. I ordered an engine out."

"We hear—there's talk about quitting work," another ventured. "Where's O'Neil?"

"He's in the States, buying a steamship," answered Dan unblushingly. "We can't get stuff fast enough by the regular boats."

"Good! That sounds like business. We don't want to quit."

"Now hurry! Your parlor car is waiting."

When he and Eliza were alone he turned to her with a flush of embarrassment. "Aren't we the darnedest fools, Sis? I wouldn't mind if we had done the Chief any good, but we haven't." He closed the lid of the tin box, which was nearly empty now, and pushed it away from him, laughing mirthlessly. "Hide that sarcophagus where I can't see it," he commanded. "It makes me sick."

Eliza flung her arm about his neck and laid her cheek against his. "Poor Danny! You're a brick."

It was on the following morning that O'Neil's cablegram announcing the result of his interview with Illis reached Omar. Dr. Gray brought the news to the Appleton bungalow while Dan and his sister were still at breakfast. Happy Tom came puffing and blowing at his heels with a

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highly satisfied, I-told-you-so expression on his round face.

"He made it! The tide has turned!" cried the doctor as he burst in, waving the message on high. "Yes!" he explained in answer to their excited questions, "Murray got the money, and our troubles are over. Now give me some coffee, Eliza. I'm all shaky."

The breakfast which followed was somewhat hysterical and fragmentary, for Eliza was excited, and the faithful Gray was all but undone by the strain he had endured.

"That's the first food I've tasted for weeks," he confessed. "I've eaten, but I haven't tasted; and now—I'm not hungry." He sighed, stretched his long legs gratefully, and eyed the Appletons with a kindly twinkle. "You were up in the air, too, weren't you? The Chief will appreciate last night's affair."

Eliza colored faintly. "It was nothing. Please don't tell him." At the incredulous lift of his brows she hastened to explain: "Tom said you men 'belonged' to Mr. O'Neil and Dan was an outsider. That hurt me dreadfully."

"Well, he can't say that now; Dan is one of Murray's boys all right, and you—you must be his girl."

On the afternoon of this very day Curtis Gordon found Natalie at a window staring out across the Sound in the direction of Omar. He laid a hand upon her shoulder and said:

"My dear, confess! You are lonesome."

She nodded silently.

"Well, well! We mustn't allow that. Why don't you run over to Omar and see your friend Miss Appleton? She has a cheerful way with her."

"I'm afraid things aren't very gay over there," said Natalie doubtfully.

"Quite probably. But the fact that O'Neil is on his last legs needn't interfere with your pleasure. A change will do you good."

"You are very kind," she murmured. "You have done everything to make me happy, but—it's autumn. Winter is coming. I feel dull and lonely and gray, like the sky. Are you sure Mr. O'Neil has failed?"

"Certainly. He tried to sell his holdings to the trust, but they refused to consider it. Poor fellow!" he continued unctuously. "Now that he's down I pity him. One can't dislike a person who has lost the power of working harm. His men are quitting; I doubt if he'll dare show his face in this country again. But never mind all that. There's a boat leaving for Omar in the morning. Go; have a good time, return when you will, and tell us how they bear up under their adversity." He patted her shoulder affectionately and went up to his room.

It was true enough that Natalie had been unhappy since returning to Hope—not even her mother dreamed how she rebelled at remaining here. She was lonely, uninterested, vaguely homesick. She missed the intimate companionship of Eliza; she missed Dan's extravagant courting, and O'Neil's grave, respectful attentions. She also felt the loss of the honest good-fellowship of all those people at Omar whom she had learned to like and to admire. Life here was colorless and was still haunted by the shadow of that thing from which she and her mother had fled.

Gordon, indeed, had been generous to them both. Since his marriage his attitude had changed entirely. He was polite, agreeable, charmingly devoted; no ship arrived without some tangible and expensive evidence of his often-expressed desire to make his wife and step-daughter happy; he anticipated their slightest wish. Under his assiduous attentions Natalie's distrust and dislike had slowly melted, and she came to believe that she had misjudged him. As for Gloria, she was deeply contented.

Natalie arrived at Omar in time to see the full effect of the good news from New York, and joined sincerely in the general rejoicing. She returned after a few days, bursting with the tidings of O'Neil's victory.

Gordon listened to her with keenest attention; he drew her out artfully, and when he heard her news he gave voice to his unwelcome surprise.

"Jove!" he snarled. "That beggar hoodwinked the Heidlemanns, after all. It's their money. What fools! What fools!"

Natalie looked up quickly. "Does it affect your plans?" she asked.

"Yes! In a way. It consolidates my enemies."

"You said you no longer had any ill feeling toward Mr. O'Neil."

Gordon had resumed his usual suavity.

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"I DIDN'T MEAN TO GIVE UP ANY SECRETS," GROANED DAN, "BUT—I'M NOT MYSELF WHEN I'M WITH NATALIE."

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"When I say enemies," he qualified, "of course, I mean it only in a business sense. I heard that the trust had withdrawn, discouraged by their losses, but now that they reenter the field, I shall have to fight them. They would have done well to consult me—to buy me off, rather than be bled by O'Neil. They shall pay well for their mistake, but—it's incredible! That man has the luck of the devil."

That evening he and Denny sat with their heads together until a late hour, and when they retired Gordon had begun to whip new plans into shape.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW GORDON CHANGED HIS ATTACK

O'Neil's return to Omar was triumphal. All his lieutenants gathered to meet him at the pier, and the sincerity of their welcome stirred him deeply. His arrangements with Illis had taken time; he had been delayed at Seattle by bridge details and the placing of steel contracts. He had worked swiftly, and with such absorption that he had paid little heed to the rumors of Gordon's latest activities. Of the new venture which his own success had inspired, he knew only the bare outline. He had learned enough, however, to arouse his curiosity, and as soon as the first confusion of his arrival at the front was over he asked for news.

"Haven't you read the papers?" inquired Happy Tom. He had attached himself to O'Neil at the moment of his stepping ashore, and now followed him to headquarters, with an air of melancholy satisfaction in mere physical nearness to his Chief.

"Barely!" O'Neil confessed. "I've been working twenty hours a day getting that steel under motion."

Doctor Gray said with conviction: "Gordon is a remarkable man. It's a pity he's crooked."

"I think it's damn lucky," declared Tom. "He's smarter than us, and if he wasn't handicapped by a total lack of decency, he'd beat us."

"After the storm," explained Gray, "he moved back to Hope, and we thought he'd made his last bow, but in some way he got the idea that the trust was back of us."

"So I judged from the little I read."

"Well, we didn't undeceive him, of course. His first move was an attack through the press in the shape of a broadside against the Heidlemanns. It fairly took our breaths. It appeared in the *Cortez Courier* and all over the States, we hear—a letter of defiance to Herman Heidlemann. It declared that the trust was up to its old tricks here in Alaska: had gobbled the copper; had the coal tied up under secret agreements, and was trying to get possession of all the coast-range passes and defiles—the old story. But the man can write. That article caused a stir."

"I saw it."

"Naturally, the Cortez people ate it up. They're sore at the trust for leaving their town, and at us for building Omar. Then Gordon called a mass meeting, and some of us went up to watch the fireworks. I've never seen anything quite like that meeting; every man, woman, and child in the city was there, and they hissed us when we came in. Gordon knew what he was about and he was in fine voice. He told them Cortez was the logical point of entry to the interior of Alaska and ought to have all the traffic. He fired their animosity toward the trust, and accused us of basely selling out to it. Then he broached a project to build, by local subscription, a narrow-gage electric line from Cortez, utilizing the waterfalls for power. The idea caught on, and went like wild fire; the people cheered themselves hoarse, and pledged him over a hundred thousand dollars that night. Since then they have subscribed as much more, and the town is crazy. Work has actually begun, and they hope to reach the first summit by Christmas."

Slater broke in: "He's a spellbinder, all right. He made me hate the Heidlemanns and detest myself, for five minutes. I wasn't even sure I liked *you*, Murray."

"It's a wild scheme, of course," continued the doctor, "but he's putting it over. The town council has granted him a ninety-nine-year lease covering every street; the roadbed is started and things are booming. Lots have been staked all over the flats, property values are somersaulting, everybody is out of his head, and Gordon is a god. All he does is organize new companies. He has bought a sawmill, a wharf, a machine shop, acres of real estate. He has started a bank and a new hotel; he has consolidated the barber-shops, and he talks about roofing

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in the streets with glass and making the town a series of arcades."

O'Neil drew from his pocket a newspaper five days old, which he unfolded and opened at a full-page advertisement, headed:

"CORTEZ HOME RAILWAY"

"This is running in all the Coast papers," he said, and read:

"OUR PLATFORM:

"No Promotion Shares.
"No Bonds.
"No High-Salaried Officials.
"No Passes or Rebates.
"No Construction Profits.
"No Incompetence.
"No Monopoly.
"No Graft.

"OF ALASKA, BY ALASKA, FOR ALASKA."

There was much more of a similar kind, written to appeal to the quick-profit-loving public, and it was followed by a violent attack upon the trust and an appeal to the people of Seattle for assistance, at one dollar per share.

"Listen to this," O'Neil went on: "'Among the original subscribers are the following:

'Hotels and saloons of Cortez..	$17,000
'City Council	15,000
'Prospectors	7,000
'Ladies' Guild of Cortez.....	740
'School children of Cortez.. .	420

Tom grew red in the face and gave his characteristic snort. "I don't mind his stinging the City Council and the saloons and even the Ladies' Guild," he growled, "but when he steals the licorice and slate-pencils from the kids, it's time he was stopped."

Murray agreed. "I think we are about done with Gordon. He has led his ace."

"I'm not sure. This is a kind of popular uprising, like a camp-meeting. If I went to Cortez now, some prattling schoolgirl would wallop me with her dinner bucket. We can't shake Gordon loose; he's a regular splavvus."

"What is a splavvus, Tom?" inquired Dr. Gray.

"It's a real peculiar animal, being a cross between a bulldog and a skunk. We have lots of 'em in Maine!"

O'Neil soon found that the accounts he had received of Gordon's last attempt to recoup his fortunes were in no way exaggerated. Cortez, long the plaything of the railroad builders, had been ripe for his touch; it rose in its wounded civic pride and greeted his appeal with frantic delight. The price of real estate doubled, quadrupled, and Gordon bought just enough to establish the price firmly.

The money he paid was deposited again in his new bank, and he proceeded to use it over and over in maintaining exorbitant prices and in advancing his grandiose schemes. His business took him often to Seattle, where by his whirlwind methods he duplicated his success, in a measure; his sensational attack upon the money powers got a wide hearing, and he finally secured an endorsement of his scheme by the Business-men's Association. This done, he opened splendid offices and began a widespread stock-flotation campaign. Soon the Cortez Home Railway became known as a mighty, patriotic effort of Alaskans to throw off the shackles of oppression.

Gordon perfectly understood that something more than vague accusations was necessary to bring the public to his support in sufficient numbers to sweep him on to victory; and with this in mind he laid crafty plans to seize the old Heidlemann grade. The trust had ceased work on this right-of-way and moved to Kyak, to be sure, but it had not abandoned its original work, and in fact had maintained a small crew at the first defile outside of Cortez, known as Beaver Cañon. Gordon reasoned, shrewdly, that a struggle between the agents of the trust and the patriotic citizens of the town would afford him precisely the advertising he needed, and give point to his charge of unfair play against the Heidlemanns.

It was not difficult to incite his victims to this act of robbery. On the contrary, once he had made the suggestion, he had hard work to restrain them until he had completed his preparations, which consisted in writing and mailing to every newspaper of consequence a highly colored account of the railroad struggle. These mimeographed stories were posted from Seattle in time for them to reach their destinations on the date set for the seizure of the grade.

It was an ingenious publicity move,

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and it succeeded beyond the promoter's fondest expectations.

The day set for the demonstration came; the citizens of Cortez boldly marched into Beaver Cañon to take possession of the old Heidlemann workings, but it appeared that they had reckoned prematurely. A handful of grim-faced trust employees warned them back; there was a rush, some rough work on the part of the aggressors, and then the guards brought their weapons into play. The result afforded Gordon far more sensational material than he had hoped for: one citizen was killed and five others were badly wounded. Cortez, dazed and horror-stricken, arose in her wrath and descended upon the "assassins;" lynchings were planned, and mobs threatened the local jail, until soldiers were hurried thither and martial law was declared.

Of course the wires were burdened with the accounts, and the reading public outside awoke to the fact that a bitter strife was waging in the North between honest miners and the soulless Heidlemann syndicate. Gordon's previously written and carefully colored stories of the clash were printed far and wide. Editorials breathed indignation at such lawlessness, and pointed to the Cortez Home Railway as a commendable effort to destroy the Heidlemann throttle-hold upon the North-land. Stock subscriptions came in a deluge which fairly engulfed Gordon's office force.

During this brief, white-hot campaign the promoter had been actuated as much by his senseless hatred of O'Neil as by lust of glory and gain, and it was with no little satisfaction that he returned from Seattle conscious of having dealt a telling blow to his enemy. He sent Natalie to Omar on another visit in order that he might hear at first hand how O'Neil took the matter.

But his complacency received a shock when the girl returned. He had no need to question her.

"Uncle Gordon," she began excitedly, "you ought to stop these terrible newspaper stories about Mr. O'Neil and the trust."

"Stop them? My dear, what do you mean?"

"He didn't sell out to the trust. He has nothing to do with it."

"What?" Gordon's incredulity was a challenge.

"He sold to an Englishman named Illis. They seem to be amused by your mistake, over there at Omar, but I think some of the things printed are positively criminal. I knew you'd want the truth——"

"The truth, yes! But this can't be true," stammered Gordon.

"It is. Mr. O'Neil did try to interest the Heidlemanns, but they wouldn't have anything to do with him, and the S. R. & N. was going to smash when Mr. Illis came along, barely in time. It was too exciting and dramatic for anything, the way Mr. O'Neil found him when he was in hiding——"

"Hiding?"

"Yes. There was something about blackmail, or a secret arrangement between Mr. Illis and the Yukon River lines—I couldn't understand just what it was—but, anyhow, Murray took advantage of it and saved the North Pass and the S. R. & N. at the same time. It was really a perfectly wonderful stroke of genius. I determined at once that you should stop these lies and correct the general idea that he is in the pay of the trust. Why, he went to Cortez last week and they threatened his life!"

"What about this blackmail?" asked Gordon, upon whose ear the word had made a welcome impression. "I don't understand what you mean by O'Neil's 'saving' the North Pass and his own road at the same time—nor Illis's being in hiding."

"Neither do I," Natalie confessed, "but I know you have made a mistake that ought to be set right."

"Why doesn't he come out with the truth?"

"The whole thing is secret."

"Why?"

Natalie shrugged hopelessly, and Gordon lost himself in frowning thought.

"This is amazing," he said bruskly after a moment. "It's vital. It affects all my plans. I must know everything, at once."

"I'm sorry I paid so little attention."

"Never mind; try it again and be diplomatic. If O'Neil won't tell you, question Appleton—you can wind him around your fingers easily enough."

The girl eyed him with a quick change of expression. "Isn't it enough to know that the trust has nothing to do with the S. R. & N.?"

"No!" he declared impatiently. "I must know the whole inside of this secret understanding—this blackmail, or whatever it is."

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"Then—I'm sorry."

"Come! Don't be silly. You can do me a great service."

"You said you no longer disliked Mr. O'Neil and that he couldn't harm you."

"Well, well! Must I explain the whys and wherefores of every move I make?"

"It would be spying if I went back. The matter is confidential—I know that."

"Will you do as I ask?" he demanded.

Natalie answered him firmly: "No! I told you what I did tell, only so that you might correct——"

"You rebel, eh?" Gordon broke out furiously.

It was their first clash since the marriage. Mrs. Gordon looked on, torn between loyalty to her husband and a desire to protect her daughter. She was searching her mind painfully for the compromise, the half-truth that was her remedy for every moral distress. At length she said placatingly:

"I'm sure Natalie will help you in any way she can, Curtis. She isn't rebellious, she merely doesn't understand."

"She doesn't need to understand. It is enough that I direct her—" As Natalie turned and walked silently to the window, he stifled an oath. "Have I no authority?" he stormed. "Do you mean to obey?"

"Wait!" Gloria laid a restraining hand on his arm. "Perhaps I can learn what you want to know. Mr. O'Neil was very kind——"

Her daughter whirled, with white face and flashing eyes. "Mother!" she gasped.

"Our loyalty begins at home," said Gloria feebly.

"Oh-h! I can't conceive of your—of such a thing. If you have no decency, I have. If you *dare* to do such a thing, I shall warn Mr. O'Neil that you are a spy." She turned a glance of loathing on Gordon. "I see," she said quietly. "You used me as a tool. You lied about your feeling toward him. You meant harm to him all the time." She faced the window again.

"Lied!" he shouted. "Be careful—that's pretty strong language. Don't try me too far, or you may find yourself adrift once more. I have been too patient— But I have other ways of finding out what I wish to know, and I shall verify what you have told me."

He strode angrily from the room, leaving Natalie staring out upon the bleak fall scene, her shoulders very straight, her breast heaving. Gloria did not venture to address her.

Fortunately for the peace of all concerned, Gordon left for Seattle on the next steamer. Neither of the women believed that Natalie's fragmentary revelation was the cause of his departure; but, once in touch with outside affairs, he lost no time in running down the clues he had gathered, and it was not long before he had learned enough to piece the truth together. Then he once more brought his mimeograph into use.

CHAPTER XXVI

DAN APPLETON SLIPS THE LEASH

The first winter snows found O'Neil's track laid to the bridge site and the structure itself well begun. He had moved his office out to the front and now saw little of Eliza, who was busy writing her book. She had finished her magazine articles and they had been accepted, but she had given him no hint as to their character.

One afternoon Happy Tom burst in upon his Chief, having hastened out from Omar on a construction train. Drawing a Seattle paper from his pocket, he began exictedly:

"Well, the fat's in the fire, Murray! Somebody has belched up the whole North Pass story."

O'Neil seized the newspaper and scanned it hurriedly. He looked up, scowling. "Who gave this out?" he demanded harshly.

Slater shrugged. "It's in the *Cortez Courier* too, so I s'pose it came from Gordon. Blessings come from one source, and Gordon's the fountain of all evil. I'm getting so I blame him for everything unpleasant. Sometimes I think he gave me the smallpox."

"Where did he learn the inside of Illis's deal? By Heaven! There's a leak somewhere!"

"Maybe he uncovered it back there in the States."

Murray shook his head. "Nobody knows anything about it except you boys." He seized the telephone at his elbow and called Dr. Gray, while Tom listened with his shining forehead puckered anxiously. O'Neil hung up with a black face

"Appleton!" he said.

Tom looked, if possible, a shade gloomier

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than usual. "I wouldn't be too sure it was Dan, if I was you," he ventured doubtfully.

"Where is he?" O'Neil ground out the words between his teeth.

"Surveying the town-site addition. If he let anything slip it was by mistake——"

"Mistake! I won't employ people who make mistakes of that kind. This story may bring the Canadian Government down on Illis and forfeit his North Pass and Yukon charter—to say nothing of our authorities. That would finish us." He rose, went to the door, and ordered the recently arrived engine uncoupled. Flinging himself into his coat, he growled: "I'd rather have a crook under me than a fool. Appleton, himself, told us he talked too much."

Tom pursed his lips thoughtfully. "Gordon got it through the Gerard girl, I s'pose."

"Gordon! Gordon! Will there never be an end to Gordon?" Murray's frown deepened. "He's in the way, Tom. If he balks this deal I'm afraid I'll—have to change ghosts."

"It would be a pious act," Slater declared. "And his ghost wouldn't ha'nt you none, either. It would put on its asbestos overshoes and go out among the other shades selling stock in electric fans, or 'Gordon's Arctic Toboggan Slide.' He'd promote a Purgatory Development Company, and underwrite the Bottomless Pit for its sulphur. I—I'd hate to think this came from Dan."

The locomotive had been switched out by this time, and O'Neil hurried to board it. On his way to Omar he had time thoroughly to weigh the results of this unexpected complication. His present desire was merely to verify his suspicion that Appleton had told his secret to Natalie—beyond that he did not care to think.

His anger reached the blazing-point after his arrival. As he stepped down from the engine cab, Gray silently handed him a code message from London which had arrived a few moments before. When its contents had been deciphered, O'Neil cursed, and he was furious as he stumbled through the dark toward the green bungalow on the hill.

Swinging round the corner of the house, he came into a bright radiance which streamed forth from Eliza's window, and he could not help seeing the interior of the room. She was there, writing busily, and he saw that she was clad in the elaborate kimono he had given her; yet it was not her personal appearance that arrested his angry eyes and made his step halt—it was, instead, her surroundings.

He had come to accept her prim simplicity as a matter of course, and never associated her in his thoughts with anything feminine; but the room as it lay before him now was a revelation of daintiness. Tasteful water-colors hung on the walls, a warm rug was on the floor, and everywhere were touches of rosy color. The plain white bed had been transformed into a couch of oriental luxury; a lace spread of web-like texture covered it, and the pillows were hidden beneath billowing masses of ruffles and ribbons. He saw a typical woman's cozy-corner piled high with cushions; there was a jar of burning incense sticks near it—everything, in fact, was utterly at variance with his notions of the owner.

Even the girl herself seemed transfigured; for her hair was brought forward around her face in some loose, mysterious fashion which gave her a charmingly girlish appearance. As he looked in upon her, she raised her face so that the light shone full upon it; her brows were puckered; she nibbled at the end of her pencil, in the midst of some creative puzzle.

O'Neil's eyes photographed all this in a single surprised glance as he passed; the next moment he was mounting the steps to the porch.

Dan flung open the door, but his words of greeting froze, his smile of welcome vanished at sight of his Chief's forbidding face.

Murray was in no mood to waste words; he began roughly: "Did you tell Miss Gerard that Poultney Illis is backing me?"

Dan stammered. "I — perhaps — I — What has gone wrong, Chief?"

"Did you tell her the inside—the story of his agreement with the steamboat people?"

Dan paled beneath his tan, but his eyes met Murray's without flinching. "I think I did—tell her something. I don't quite remember. But anything I may have said was in confi——"

"I thought so. I merely wished to make certain. Well, the whole thing is in the papers."

Appleton laid his hand upon the table to steady himself. "Then it—didn't come from her. She wouldn't——"

"Gordon has spread the story broadcast. It couldn't have come from any other source; it couldn't have reached him in any other way, for none of my boys has breathed

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"I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW DEEPLY YOU KIDS CARE FOR EACH OTHER, AND FOR ME."

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a word." His voice rose despite his effort at self-control. "Illis's agreement was *illegal*," he said savagely. "It will probably forfeit the charter of the North Pass, or land him in court. I suppose you realize that! I discovered his secret and assured him it was safe with me; now you peddle it to Gordon, and the whole thing is public. Here's the first result." He shook the London cablegram in Dan's face, and his own was distorted with rage.

There was a stir in Eliza's room which neither noticed. Appleton wiped his face with an uncertain hand; he moistened his lips.

"I—I'm terribly sorry!" he said. "But I'm sure Natalie wouldn't spy—I don't remember what I told her, but—God! She—wouldn't knowingly——"

"Gordon fired you for talking too much. I thought you had learned your lesson, but it seems you hadn't. Don't blame Miss Gerard for pumping you—her loyalty belongs to Gordon now. But I require loyalty, too. Since you lack it, you can go."

O'Neil turned as Eliza's door opened; she stood before him, pale, frightened, trembling.

"I couldn't help hearing," she said. "You discharge us?"

He nodded. "I'm sorry! I've trusted my 'boys' so implicitly that the thought of betrayal by them never occurred to me. I can't have men close to me who make such mistakes as this."

"Perhaps there was—an excuse, or the shadow of one, at least. When a man is in love, you know——"

Murray wheeled upon Dan and demanded sharply: "What's this?" Then, in a noticeably altered tone, he asked: "Do you love—Natalie?"

"Yes."

"Does she love you?'

"No, sir!"

O'Neil turned back to the girl, saying: "I told Dan, when I hired him, that he would be called upon to dare much, to suffer much, and that my interests must be his. He has disregarded them, and he must go. That's all. There's little difference between treachery and carelessness."

"It's—too bad," said the girl faintly. Dan stood stiff and silent, dazed by the sudden collapse of his fortunes.

"I'm not ungrateful for what you've done, Appleton," O'Neil went on. "I intend to pay you well for the help you gave me. You took a chance at the Cañon and at Gordon's Crossing. You'll get a check."

"I don't want your damned money," the other gulped. "I've drawn my wages."

"Nevertheless, I shall pay you well. It's highly probable that you've wrecked the S. R. & N. and ruined me, but I don't intend to forget my obligations to you. It's unfortunate. Call on the cashier in the morning. Good night."

He left them standing there unhappily, dumb and stiff with shame. Once outside the house, he plunged down the hill as if fleeing from the scene of some crime. He rushed through the night blindly, for he had loved his assistant engineer, and the memory of that chalk-faced, startled girl hurt him abominably.

When he came to the company office, he was walking slowly, heavily. He found Gray inside and dropped into a chair; his face was grimly set, and he listened dully to the physician's rambling talk.

"I fired Appleton!" he broke out at last. Gray looked up quickly. "He acknowledged that he—did it. I had no choice. It came hard, though. He's a good boy."

"He did some great work, Chief!"

"I know! That affair at the crossing—I intend to pay him well, if he'll accept. It's not that—I like those kids, Stanley. Eliza took it harder than he. It wasn't easy for me, either," he sighed wearily. "I'd give ten thousand dollars if it hadn't happened. She looked as if I'd struck her."

"What did they say?"

"Nothing. He has been careless, disloyal——"

"You told them so?"

O'Neil nodded.

"And they said nothing?"

"Nothing! What could they say?"

Gray answered gruffly: "They might have said a good deal. They might have told you how they paid off your men and saved a walk-out when I had no money."

O'Neil stared incredulously. "What are you talking about?" he demanded.

When he had the facts, he rose with an exclamation of dismay. "God! Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't they speak out? I—I—why, that's loyalty—of the finest kind. All the money they had saved, too—when they thought I had failed! Jove! That was fine. Oh, I'm sorry! I wonder what they think of me? I can't

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let Dan go after that. I—" He seized his cap and hurried out of the building.

"It's hardly right—when things were going so well, too!" groaned Dan. He was sitting crumpled up in a chair, Eliza's arm encircling his shoulders. "I didn't mean to give up any secrets, but—I'm not myself when I'm with Natalie."

"We must take our medicine," his sister said gravely. "We deserve it, for this story may spoil all he's done. I didn't think it of her, though."

Dan groaned and bowed his head in his hands. "I don't know which hurts worse," he said—"his anger or her— She—couldn't do such a thing, Sis; she just couldn't!"

"She probably didn't realize—she hasn't much sense, you know. But after all he's suffered, to think that we should injure him! I could cry. I think I shall."

The door opened before a rough hand, and O'Neil strode into the room, huge, shaggy in his coon-skin coat. They rose, startled, but he came to them swiftly, a look of mingled shame and gladness in his face.

"I've come back to apologize," he cried. "I couldn't wait. I've learned what you children did while I was gone, and I've come to beg forgiveness. It's all right—it's all right."

"I don't know what you mean," Dan gasped.

"Doc told me how you paid those men. That was real friendship; it was splendid. It touched me and I—I want to apologize. I hurried right back."

They saw that his eyes were moist, and at the sight Eliza gave a quivering cry, then turned swiftly to hide her face. She felt O'Neil's fur-clad arm about her shoulders, his hand was patting her, and he was saying gently:

"You are a dear child. It was tremendously good of you both, and I—ought to be shot for acting as I did. I wonder if you can accept a wretched apology as bravely as you accepted a wrong accusation."

"It wasn't wrong, it was right," she sobbed. "Dan told her, and she told Gordon."

"There, there! I was to blame, after all, for letting any one know, and if Dan made a mistake he has more than offset it by his unselfishness—his sacrifices. It seems I forgot how much I really owe him."

"That affair with the shift bosses wasn't anything," said Dan hastily, "and it was all Eliza's idea. I refused, at first, but when she started to pay them herself, I weakened." He stuttered awkwardly, for his sister was motioning him desperately to be silent; but he ran on: "Oh, he ought to know the whole truth and how rotten I acted, Sis. I deserve to be discharged."

"Please don't make this any harder for me than it is," Murray smiled. "I'm terribly embarrassed, for I'm not used to apologizing. I can't afford to be unjust; I—have so few friends that I want to cherish them. I'm sorry you saw me in such a temper. Anger is a treacherous thing, and it always betrays one. Let's forget that I was here before and pretend that I just came to thank you for what you did." He drew Dan into the shelter of his other arm and pressed the two young people to him. "I didn't realize how deeply you kids care for each other, and for me."

"Then I'm not fired?" Dan queried doubtfully.

"Of course not. When I take time to think about discharging a man, I invariably end by raising his salary."

"Dan isn't worth half what you're paying him," came Eliza's muffled voice. She freed herself from Murray's embrace and rearranged her hair with tremulous fingers. Surreptitiously she wiped her eyes. "You gave us an awful fright; it's terrible to be evicted in winter time." She tried to laugh, but the attempt failed miserably.

"And besides, when a man contemplates marriage he must have money," Murray laughed.

"I don't want your money," Dan blurted, "and it doesn't cost anything to contemplate marriage. That's all I'm doing—just looking at it from a distance."

"Perhaps I can help you to prevail on Natalie to change her mind. That would be a real service, wouldn't it?" Under his grave glance Dan's heart leaped. "I can't believe she's indifferent to you, my boy. Perhaps she doesn't know her own mind."

"You're mighty good, but—" the lover shook his head.

Murray smiled again. "I think you're too timid. Don't plead and beg—just carry her off. Be firm and masterful. Be rough——"

"The idea!" exclaimed Eliza. "She's no cave-woman!"

"Exactly. If she were, Dan would need to court her and send her bouquets of wild

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violets. She's overcivilized, and therefore he needs to be primitive."

Dan blushed and faltered. "I can't be firm with her, Murray; I turn to jelly whenever she looks at me."

There was something so friendly and kind in his employer's attitude that the young fellow was tempted to pour out all his vexations; he had never felt so close to O'Neil as now; but his masculine reserve could not be overcome all in a moment, and he held his tongue.

When Murray had gone Dan heaved a great sigh of relief. "I'm glad it happened just as it did, Sis," he announced. "He knows my secret now, and I can see that he never cared for Natalie. It's a load off my mind to know the track is clear."

"What a simpleton you are!" she exclaimed. "Don't you see he's merely paying his debt?"

"I wonder—" Dan eyed her in amazement. "Gee! If that's so—he *is* a prince, isn't he?"

The same ship that had brought the ominous news to O'Neil also brought Curtis Gordon north. He had remained in Seattle only long enough to see the Illis story in print, and then had hastened back to the front. But his satisfaction over the mischief he had done received a rude jolt when, at his first moment of leisure, he looked over the magazines which he had bought before taking leave. In one which had appeared on the news-stands that very day, he found, to his amazement, an article by Miss Eliza Appleton, in which his own picture appeared. He pounced upon it eagerly, and then, as he read, his eyes narrowed and his jaw stiffened.

There, spread out to the public gaze, was his own record in full, including his initial venture into the Kyak coal-fields, his abandonment of that project in favor of Hope Consolidated, and an account of his connection with the latter enterprise. Eliza had not hesitated to call the mine worthless, and she showed how he, knowing its worthlessness from the first, had used it as a lure to investors.

Then followed the story of his efforts to gain a foothold in the railroad struggle, his defeat at the Salmon River Cañon, his rout at the delta crossing, and his death-blow at Kyak. His career stood out boldly in all its fraudulent colors.

Thus far he had succeeded in keeping a large part of his stockholders in ignorance of the true condition of Hope Consolidated, but he quailed at the inevitable result of this article, which had been flung far and wide, into every city and village in the land. He dared not think of its effect upon his present enterprise, now so auspiciously launched. He had made a ringing appeal to the public, and its support would hinge upon its confidence in him as a man of affairs. Once that trust was destroyed, the Cortez Home Railway would crumble as swiftly as had all his other schemes.

The worst of it was that he knew himself shut off from the world for five days as effectually as if he were locked in a dungeon. There was no wireless equipment on the ship; he could not start the machinery of his press bureau; and with every hour this damnable story was bound to gain momentum.

In Omar, of course, the article excited lively interest. O'Neil felt a warm thrill of satisfaction as he read it on the morning after his scene with Eliza and Dan. But it deepened his feeling of obligation almost painfully; for like all who are thoughtlessly prodigal of their own favors, he was deeply sensible of any kindness done himself. Eliza's dignified exposition of Alaskan affairs, and particularly the pleasant things she had written about him, were sure to be of great practical assistance, he knew, and he longed to make some real return. But so far as she was concerned, there seemed to be nothing that he could do. With Dan, of course, it was quite different. Mere money or advancement, he admitted, seemed paltry, but there was a possibility of another kind of service.

Meanwhile Dan was struggling with his problem in his own way. The possibility that Natalie had voluntarily betrayed him was a racking torture, and the remembrance of Eliza's words added to his suffering. He tried to gain some hint of his Chief's feeling, but Murray's frank and friendly attitude baffled him.

When at last he received a brief note from Natalie asking him to call, he raced to Hope, afraid, yet eager to hear what she would have to say.

The next instalment of "The Iron Trail" will appear in the August number.

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INSTEAD of STRIKES

by
INIS WEED

AT LAST Capital and Labor have signed a Protocol of Peace.

Seventy per cent. of the women's garments of the nation are made in New York City by a hundred thousand feverish employees. On their side they have endured all the horrors of the sweatshop.

The manufacturers have not, on the other hand, led a life of untroubled ease. The fair employers have been crippled by unscrupulous competition when they have tried to offer better conditions of work. The trade as a whole has been subjected to a guerrilla warfare, by class-conscious employees who argued and "struck" in season and out, with the conviction that any trouble they could make for capital would work for the greater good.

For years the employers have fought the unions, pouring out thousands of dollars to win, some even ruining themselves rather than give in. The women's-garment trade has been in a prolonged state of anarchy. Each side wanted to be boss. Neither side would give in.

The day came when both saw that any progress must be by mutual agreement. Some one suggested the idea of constitutional government in industry. That is the origin of "The Protocol of Peace," which marks an era in the history of industry.

This protocol is an agreement between the fair manufacturers and the unions, entered into in 1910 by the cloak, suit, and skirt trades, in 1913 by the shirt-waist and dress, the wrapper and kimono, the white-goods trades, and children's and misses' dresses trades. It established a voluntary agreement of unlimited duration for collective bargaining, the preferential union shop, the minimum-wage scale, a working week of fifty hours, two industrial courts, and a "Joint Board of Sanitary Control."

The lower court, known as the Board of Grievances, consists of five men from the Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' Protective Association, and a clerk, five union men and their clerk. The Court of Appeals, known as the Board of Arbitration, is small and consists of one representative each for the manufacturers' association, the unions, and the consuming public.

Under this arrangement no labor organizer descends like a bolt from the blue to lay down rules in a shop and then act both as judge and executor. When a problem arises upon which the manufacturer and the chairman of the workers in the factory can not agree, their union notifies the Board of Grievances.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN MINIATURE

It promptly sends a Committee of Inspection. One is a union representative elected every six months by the workers and one a representative of the manufacturers. When they arrive, their reception is different from that of the organizer for two reasons:

First, they are there by invitation from both sides.

Second, the manufacturers' interests are represented.

The cases most often requiring adjustment are alleged unjustifiable discharge, discrimination, unequal distribution of work, and disputes in fixing prices.

Of the forty-five hundred cases that have come up since 1910, all were settled amicably by the Committee of Inspection except one hundred and twelve. These were carried

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on to the Board of Grievances and there adjusted in fifty sittings—with the exception of three cases so serious as to be fundamental issues, which were appealed to the higher court.

Most of the troubles are quickly righted, often in a single day. Thus are disposed of the accumulated grievances that ordinarily lead up to a strike. (Is it not significant that, with this machinery of adjustment, the cloak, suit, and skirt trade of New York City has gone through the recent upheaval of the garment industry without a strike?)

It is gratifying to note with how much less friction this machinery works than does inspection by the labor organizer alone.

Take this tangle, which a heady delegate and a stubborn employer might easily have turned into a prolonged and expensive strike but which was settled in three days:

In a big suit and skirt shop the employees stopped work upon certain garments on which the employers and the price committee had not agreed. The foreman, angry, excited, flew to the skirt department and so stirred them with his story that they also stopped work. Off he tore to his union, only to be sent back in half an hour with the admonition that the employees were violating the protocol. It is a rule under this agreement that the employees shall report their trouble and continue to work while the adjustment is being made.

The firm threw the foreman out. Everything was in a turmoil. The Committee of Inspection came, but they could not agree, so the Board of Grievances took up the case and in three days peace and order were established.

On the basis of the evidence, both the union men and the manufacturers on the Board of Grievances unanimously decided that the action of the firm in discharging the foreman for ordering a cessation of work was justifiable.

The case was therefore found in favor of the employers.

Another typical case is one where a firm settled with the price committee that the pay for making a certain style of garment should be eighty-five cents. Later, the employers cut one sample of this style of garment from a cheaper material and forced a reduction of ten cents, to which the employees agreed. They soon discovered that the garments were cut from the original material.

Then arose a babel of protest with the employers, who sat back on their haunches and refused to budge. The indignant workers could take their troubles to the Board of Grievances. They did so, and the court sent out a Committee of Inspection, who decided the case in favor of the union.

PROTECTION FOR GIRL WORKERS

Another valuable instance of peaceful adjustment by this method is one in which all the girls of a waist company refused to work unless a certain foreman was dismissed "for abusing the employees." This, as he was a valuable man, his employer flatly refused to do. He proclaimed the charge to be "spite work."

The Board of Grievances took up the case, examining the employer, the foreman, and each worker separately. Insistent questioning of each girl (timid, miserably constrained, because of the painful nature of the evidence to be given before a body of men), brought out the whole sad, brutal conditions of work for these young girls. The testimony proved this middle-aged man, with a wife and six children, an unspeakable beast who was harassing the prettiest girls in the shop by giving them the best work with an expectation of personal reward, and threatening dismissal if not propitiated.

It was unanimously agreed by the Board of Grievances that the foreman must be dismissed. The waist company had the truth dispassionately laid before them by their five brother manufacturers on the Board of Grievances.

The waist company was convinced by men from their side as they would not readily have been by a visiting labor organizer. The foreman was dismissed, the strike was called off, and the girls returned to work. Both sides secured peace in a single day with an economy of time and money, and of wear and tear of the spirit, that should commend itself to every manufacturer in the country.

For many years Jane Addams has been pointing out to us that the real problem of our nation is industrial rather than political. The successful operation of this protocol is a long step in its solution, a vitally important instrument for securing industrial peace.

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FIDO

Little STORIES *of* REAL LIFE

PETER

ALICIA AND POOR WILLY

BY
GEORGE WESTON

WHEN I reached home that Saturday afternoon, after a week's absence on business, I could see (with the traditional half of an eye) that Fido was wearing one of his periodical worried looks. And when Peter (our glossy, black cat) came running around the corner of the veranda to take one of his little ear-rubbing constitutionals around my trouser legs, I could see that Peter, too, had a troubled and thoughtful look, and it seemed to me that he rubbed his head against my trouser legs not so much for the pleasure it afforded him as for the mental stimulation which the operation engendered.

But my curiosity was not fully aroused until Alicia, after running out to greet me with her customary spirit, suddenly paused in the process and looked wisely at the heavens over my right shoulder.

"Yes," she said musingly, "I believe it will."

"You believe it will?" I asked, while I patiently waited for her to continue welcoming me home. "You believe what will, Alicia?" I asked, with a trifle of indignation in my manner.

"Rain," said Alicia. And she was just about to continue welcoming me home when another thought evidently struck her.

"What does the paper say?" she asked, and, taking the paper from my pocket, she hastily opened it and left me feeling so neglected and forlorn that I could only exchange worried glances with Fido, whose look was rapidly amounting to downright despair.

"What does the paper say about what?" I asked, lowering my arms (not knowing, in fact, what else to do with them).

"About the weather," said Alicia, and in a reflective voice she continued: "I wanted to see if the paper agreed with Willy."

"Willy?" I demanded. And, wondering if this had anything to do with my neglected welcome, I exchanged another worried look with Fido. "What Willy?" I demanded again, letting my voice fall to its firmest register.

"My Willy," said Alicia in a matter-of-fact tone, as she rapidly turned the pages of the newspaper.

"Your Willy?" I exclaimed, utterly dumfounded at last. "Your Willy, Alicia?"

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"Yes," said Alicia, without looking up. "He's been staying here all week prophesying the weather, and," she said, evidently having just found the weather forecast, "and I don't care if the paper *does* say 'Fair,' Willy says 'Rain;' and when it comes to prophesying, I'll bet Willy knows more about the weather than any paper ever printed!"

Whereupon, having delivered these sentiments in a proud and challenging manner, Alicia would (I think) have resumed my welcome home, but just at that moment a few spots of rain fell on our veranda steps. "There!" said Alicia, turning to me, radiant with delight. "Didn't I tell you?"

OLD SPECKLES AND WILLY THE WORM.

"Didn't you tell me what?" I complained, frowning at the thought of this mysterious person who had so strangely come between us.

"Didn't I tell you that Willy said 'Rain'?" demanded Alicia. "And here the paper and everybody else said 'Fair,' but Willy knew!" cried Alicia, waving the paper proudly in the air. "Willy knew!"

In a state of absolute bewilderment (in which Fido and I could only drop our jaws), I followed Alicia into the house, where I found such a lunch awaiting me that (for the time being) I became oblivious to Willy and every other disturbing thought that the world contained, until at last, perceiving Alicia's frequent glances through the window, I remembered her words: "He's been staying here all week," and my jealous wonderment returned with force redoubled.

"Why do you keep looking out of the window, Alicia?" I suddenly asked, to see if I could catch her.

"I am looking," she said, walking toward the window, "for Willy!"

Encouraged by Fido's glance, I, too, walked to the window and stood there, by Alicia's side, staring out at the prospect; but our back yard, it seemed to me, looked much the same as ever. Old Speckles's barrel was in its usual place, and so were Old Speckles, the grape-vine, and the fruit trees. Mystified more than ever, I turned to Alicia for that enlightenment which I felt to be my due.

"Did you say that he's been staying here all week?" I asked.

"Why, yes," said Alicia. "Don't you see his coop standing over there?"

Following the direction of Alicia's finger, I saw, indeed, that a circular piece of garden about a yard in diameter was protected by a neat roll of poultry netting which had been stood on end. In the center of this enclosure a length of broom-handle had been driven into the ground.

"I don't see him, Edward," said Alicia, staring hard, "but if we go out and rap on his door——"

"Alicia!" I begged, feeling the world slipping from under my feet. "Tell me *all!*"

"Well," said Alicia, turning to me with proud delight (but keeping one eye, nevertheless, on Willy's coop), "the day after you left, I was out in the back yard, tapping a stake into the flower-bed to hold up the dahlias, when all at once I noticed a nice, fat *worm* coming out of the ground, and he looked around as if he were saying: 'Well? Who knocked on *my* door?'"

"Alicia!" I cried.

"Yes, sir; he did!" exclaimed Alicia. "So I waited until he had gone back, and then I tapped on the stake once more, and up he came again and looked around as if he were saying: 'Now that's funny! I'm *sure* I heard somebody!'"

"Alicia!" I cried for the second time.

"Yes, sir!" repeated Alicia stoutly. "That's just the way he looked; and when our farmer came with the eggs that day I told him about it, and he said they used to catch worms that way when he was a boy. They used to drive a stick in the ground and hit it with another stick, and if it was going to rain the worms came up and then they knew it was a good time to go fishing. But if the worms didn't come up, it meant that the ground was hard and the air was dry, and then they knew it wasn't going to

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rain and they wouldn't catch anything. And sure enough, Edward, it started raining while the farmer was talking to me, and he said: 'There, ma'am; now you can see for yourself what a good prophet he is!' "

"Great Scott!" I muttered.

"So as soon as it had stopped raining," continued Alicia, "I went out and built Willy a coop and——"

"Willy?" I muttered again.

"Yes! Willy the Worm!" laughed Alicia delightedly.

"And what's the coop for?" I asked, staring at the neat roll of poultry netting which stood in the garden like a tree-guard without any tree in it. "Is that to keep Willy from getting out?"

"No; it isn't to keep Willy from getting *out!*" exclaimed Alicia. "It's to keep Old Speckles from getting *in!*"

I looked over at Alicia's faithful hen, who was scratching a soft bit of ground near the fence, and I nodded with appreciation of what Old Speckles would do with Willy the Worm if she ever got within pecking distance of him.

"So let's go out, Edward," said Alicia, starting, "and I'll rap on Willy's door and we'll have him prophesy the weather for us." She brought my rain-coat from the hall-rack, put on her own, seized the tack-hammer (which had evidently been hung near the kitchen door for this particular purpose), and the next moment I was following her out into the rain.

LIKE ANOTHER NEMESIS I PURSUED HER.

"Now this is the way I rap on his door," said Alicia, hurrying over to Willy's coop. She struck the tack-hammer smartly against the broom-handle, and (looking most delightfully self-conscious) recited:

"Willy Worm; Willy Worm;
Tell me, Willy, if you hear:
Come out if it's going to storm.
Stay in if it's going to clear."

"And you made that up yourself?" I asked in growing awe, as we both stared at the ground in Willy's coop to see if he was coming out or not.

Alicia nodded, her cheeks as red as the roses, and she had just completed another brisk tattoo on the broom-handle when we heard our door-bell ring. "There!" said Alicia. "And Hilda's out! I'll go and answer the bell, Edward, and you wait here and see if Willy comes out." With a look of regret, she handed me the tack-hammer and ran into the house.

The door had scarcely closed behind her when I saw a slight disturbance of the ground in Willy's enclosure, and the next moment a large and comfortable looking worm began inching himself into the public view. I turned my head toward the house, uncertain whether to call Alicia, but a sudden movement in Willy's coop recalled me just in time to see that Old Speckles had deftly inserted her head through the mesh of the netting and was playing a desperate game of tug-of-war with Willy's person.

I made an excited gesture to drive Old Speckles away, and under the impetus of her recoil from the tack-hammer poor Willy lost his grip on the ground and Old Speckles ran away with him. Like another Nemesis I pursued her; but when I finally succeeded in cornering her, Willy had completely disappeared, and Old Speckles had a singularly smug and well-fed look around the regions of her beak.

"Oh, Edward!" cried Alicia, suddenly appearing at the kitchen door, "did he come out?" She ran to Willy's coop and stared in. "No; he didn't!" she said, and the next moment she had dashed into the house and the

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door had closed behind her with such a mysterious click that I followed her and found her talking to young Pemberton from next door, who had apparently come in to use our telephone.

"And you do just as I tell you!" Alicia was exclaiming.

"I will; thank you; I will!" said the young man fervently.

"And don't you care if it *is* raining now," continued Alicia with great earnestness. "It's going to turn out nice and clear—and you tell her I said so!"

"Yes, yes; thank you very much!" said the young man. "I'll get the car out right away!"

He disappeared in the rain and Alicia turned to me, her eyes beaming as only Alicia's can. "Well!" she laughed, and, after she had waltzed me around the room at a most tempestuous tempo: "What do you think our Willy is doing now?" she crowed.

"AS A MONUMENT," BREATHED ALICIA, "TO POOR WILLY!"

I gave a start at my guilty knowledge of what Willy was doing then, and I began to wonder how I could best break the news to Alicia. "What do I think our Willy is doing now?" I could only mutter.

"Yes!" cried Alicia. "Oh, you could never guess!" She shook me triumphantly by the shoulders. "He's acting as a matchmaker!" she laughed again. "He's bringing two loving hearts together!"

"What?" I gasped, startled out of all composure. "Willy the Worm is?"

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed Alicia with a tender note in her voice. "Willy the Worm is!" She searched my face with dancing eyes until, for the second time that day, I pleaded: "Alicia! Tell me *all!*"

"Well," began Alicia (this being her invariable beginning), as she watched young Pemberton's car start down the hill, "Joe Pemberton is awfully deep in love with Miss Kingsley's niece, who is visiting her aunt but is going back home tomorrow. And Joe was going to take her out in his car this afternoon and—and he was going to propose. He told me he'd probably never have another chance because, you know, a girl like Miss Kingsley's niece doesn't have to go around single very long!"

"And he was going to take her out in his car this afternoon and propose, was he?" I inquired, seeing that Alicia was frowning at the gathering storm outside.

"Yes," said Alicia, "and then it started to rain and he came in here to telephone her and to apologize for the rain and everything, and he looked so miserable that I tried to cheer him up, and I told him to take her out in his car anyhow. But he said he would rather die than have her catch cold by getting wet, or anything like that, and then I remembered about Willy, and that's when I came running out to you in the garden."

Not knowing what else to do, I preserved a weighty silence, and again I wondered how I could best break the distressing news

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to Alicia about poor Willy's untimely end.

"And when I saw that Willy hadn't come out," said Alicia (beaming), "I just told Joe Pemberton that it was going to clear up and be a lovely afternoon, and I told him he could tell Miss Kingsley's niece I said so, too, and that I would take the responsibility about her catching cold. But gracious!" exclaimed Alicia, "it's getting cloudier every minute—and I never knew Willy to make a mistake before! I wonder," mused Alicia, "I wonder whether worms ever go to sleep—"

Outside a heavy rain began to fall, and the farther the afternoon advanced, the more the rain increased in volume.

"But all the same," said Alicia stoutly, "I just know it's going to clear up and be a lovely evening. But I wonder, Edward," she mused again, "I wonder if worms ever make calls. Perhaps Willy was making a call — Gracious!" she broke off, staring through the dining-room window, "I wonder what Old Speckles is standing out in the rain for! She'll catch her death of cold!"

"Perhaps," I burst out (miserably enough), seizing this opportunity of breaking the news to Alicia, "perhaps Old Speckles is looking for *another* worm——"

Alicia looked at me with rounded eyes. "For *another* worm, Edward?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," I said, even more miserably than before. "She—she ate our Willy while I was out there all alone."

"Oh, Edward!" gasped Alicia, and in an indescribably tender tone she added (after I had told her all the details): "Poor little Willy! And there he had come out so faithfully to tell me it was going to rain—and Old Speckles caught him while he was doing his duty and trusting me! Poor little Willy!" she sighed again, and then, watching Old Speckles standing out in the rain, another thought came to her. "Edward!" she breathed. "Perhaps that's why Old Speckles *is* standing out in the rain—it's Willy's influence on her—don't you understand?—not exactly a hereditary influence—but a sort of a—a sort of an interior influence—Listen!" exclaimed Alicia, suddenly breaking off. "Isn't that a car stopping in front of our house?"

Accompanied by the faithful Fido, we ran to the front windows, and there, sure enough, in a perfect deluge of rain, was Joe Pemberton's throbbing little runabout, and young Pemberton was helping a girl out of the seat.

"Of all things!" cried Alicia. "She's wet through and he's bringing her here—the dear boy!"

Alicia flew to open the door, and half an hour later Miss Kingsley's niece timidly entered our library, blushing like the dawn and wearing Alicia's blue foulard and beaded slippers.

"You've heard about Willy?" I asked her, after Alicia had introduced us. "I'm awfully sorry I let it happen and got you so wet——"

"Oh, Mary doesn't mind," said Alicia (speaking like one who possessed superior knowledge of a very high order). "At least she doesn't mind for herself," she said. "Of course she minds for Willy."

"No; I don't mind for myself a bit," said Mary, blushing more than ever.

In fact, I could see that she rather liked it, and I was looking around (puzzled to a degree to know why Miss Kingsley's pretty niece should rather like to get wet) when young Pemberton came in. He had not only put his car in the garage, but he had changed to his Tuxedo and patent-leather pumps. He and Mary eyed each other for a moment and then, as if there was simply no help for it, they met in each other's arms.

"Oh-ho!" I exclaimed, turning to Alicia. "So he did——"

"Yes!" said Alicia, crowing with satisfaction. "He did!"

"And Mary——" I said.

"Yes!" crowed Alicia again. "Mary said 'Yes!'" Her eyes grew tender and she watched the lovers for a time, her hand in mine.

"Poor Willy!" she murmured at last. "To think that Old Speckles had to eat him to make these two young ones happy! Because if she hadn't eaten him, I would have *known* it was going to rain, and then Joe wouldn't have taken his car out, and they wouldn't have been engaged. . . . . But perhaps that was Willy's mission in life. He fulfilled his mission and then . . . . . Edward!" she gently exclaimed, taking me by the lapels of my coat and looking at me earnestly. "We'll leave that roll of netting and the broom-handle standing there in the back yard, if you don't mind."

"What for?" I asked.

"As a monument," breathed Alicia, "to poor Willy!"

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STRAIGHT TALK

THE MEAN LITTLE TOWN?

"The Mean Little Town" contains some of the best writing I've ever known Miss Abbott to do. The description of the process of constructing and elaborating a short story is astonishingly vivid and exact for such subjective writing, and, in another *genre*, the description of the crowd of lookers-on at the baseball game is as excellent.

Of course it is, I suppose, hardly necessary to say what is self-evident, that the story is not at all possible—literally possible, I mean. It never, never could have happened. I suppose Miss Abbott was taking advantage of "fictional license" and didn't expect her readers to take the story as anything but the expression of an idea in her mind. And I think she has a perfect right to write a story that way, if it makes no pretense to realism, as this one doesn't. If anybody did take it as realism, it would be one wild, screaming farce of a caricature, which would strike a New Englander as the flannel-mouthed vaudeville Irishman must strike a modern Irishman.

As for her ideas about small-town people, I have this to say—and I'd like to say it from a high platform, with a megaphone—about Miss Abbott's point of view: Small-town people, big-town people, city people, and country people are all just like everybody else! Take 'em by and large, they are so much alike that you couldn't tell 'em apart with a microscope. The only difference is that country folks as a rule get more sleep and more pure air and so have, as a rule, more stamina and endurance, both moral and physical, and that city people get more sharp nervous shocks and stimuli and so are more quickly responsive both to good and to evil.

What Miss Abbott does in this story is to compare her own small, picked circle, selected carefully of folks just like herself, with the same ideas on the unfashionableness of Raphael and the correct attribution of the "Madonna of the Roses," and compare it with a small-town circle which naturally has no ideas whatever on those subjects. She doesn't consider apparently that in her city life there are just as many such people, who consider plush-covered furniture as the height of luxury (I myself can't get so excited over that sort of crime against society), only for her in the city they are non-existent.

She knows about the small meannesses of her waitress in the country hotel, and so distils gall at the thought of her. What does she know about the character of the man who waits on her at the Astor? Does she suppose that he has a fine appreciation of real poetry?

A little pert, silly milliner in the country is a real—and a despicable—character to her. Does she think that the hat-selling machine who waits on her in the millinery department of Wanamaker's is so civilized by living in the city that she would cleave tenderly to an impractical, poetizing fiancé, who was the laughing-stock of the smart, dressy clerks?

How much fine and sympathetic understanding did Masefield get when he was tending bar in New York? Does Miss Abbott think that the janitor in her apartment-house would understand Keats any better than the woman who keeps a hotel in a country town?

I have always fancied that the case is this: Such people as Miss Abbott, women of good families with artistic and literary traditions, men of academic tastes and lives, bookish, fastidious people in general, can and do arrange their lives (by picking and choosing with delicate finger-tips among the vast assortment of characters in a big city) in a sort of bell glass of

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Everybody's Magazine
Trumbull White Managing Editor
Erman J. Ridgway President
Ray Brown Sec'y and Treasurer

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

Published by The RIDGWAY COMPANY New York

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

WE ARE about to do an unusual thing.

Not because it is unusual, but because we feel we ought to do it.

We can not understand why we never thought of doing it before.

But though it is an unusual thing, now that it has occurred to us, it seems the most natural thing in the world.

We have often told you about the relation of advertising to publishing. We have often explained to you how it would be impossible to publish a magazine without advertising. —The kind of a magazine you buy when you buy EVERYBODY'S.

We have explained to you in considerable detail how the advertiser makes it possible for you to have so good a magazine. And how a large portion of the money the advertisers pay to us we pass on to you in the quality of the magazine.

It has never occurred to us before to tell you readers who these advertisers are, who make it possible for us to make so good a magazine for you.

Of course, you see them in the magazine from month to month, but you have no idea how large a contribution they make to its quality.

We feel that you ought to know who your friends are, so that if the spirit moves you, you can write and thank them for the share they have had in making your magazine.

This three-cornered arrangement—reader, advertiser, and publisher—is a mutual-benefit triangle. The reader helps the publisher by buying the magazine and helps the advertiser by buying the article he advertises. The publisher helps the reader by supplying the good magazine and helps the advertiser by supplying him with the vehicle for his advertisements. The advertiser helps the publisher by buying his advertising space and helps the reader by telling him where to get the article he wants at a right price; and also by helping the publisher supply so good a magazine.

You readers have thanked us many times for the kind of a magazine we are helping to make, and we have thanked the advertiser many times for the kind of a magazine he has helped us to make, but we doubt if any reader has ever thanked any advertiser for the kind of a magazine the advertisers have helped to make.

OUR BIG ADVERTISING AGENCIES

The list of names below does not include all of the advertisers, by any means, but that list you get from month to month in the advertising index. First we give you a list of a few advertising agents and what each agent has paid us since we owned EVERYBODY'S—a remarkable showing. The advertiser does not place his business direct with us as a rule, but through an advertising agency, paying the agency a commission for handling the business and getting the advice and experience of the agents in the preparation of copy, plans for distribution, media to be used, etc., etc.

N. W. Ayer & Son	$500,350.79
J. Walter Thompson Co	426,097.73
George Batten Co	357,653.26
Frank Presbrey Co	335,433.80
Lord & Thomas	308,718.09
Frank Seaman, Inc	246,170.20
Calkins & Holden	215,195.91
Powers & Armstrong, afterward F. Wallis Armstrong Co	205,396.11
Long, Critchfield Co., afterward Taylor-Critchfield Co.	165,623.81

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Mahin Adv. Co.	135,599.48
F. C. Grandin Adv. Agency, afterward There's A Reason Co.	108,691.11
The Procter & Collier Co.	88,443.33
Charles H. Fuller Co.	77,904.62
Wood, Putnam & Wood	74,599.64
A. W. Erickson Adv. Agency	69,830.59

These total $3,315,708.47, or something more than one-half of all the advertising carried. The total cash received for advertising in EVERYBODY'S during our ownership is $6,119,200.13.

OUR BIG ADVERTISERS

Following is a list of some of the advertisers who have spent large sums in EVERYBODY'S since it came under our control. You will understand that these amounts indicate just what these advertisers have spent in EVERYBODY'S alone. Most of them use a great many other magazines, besides using newspapers and street-cars and billboards.

A glance at these figures will make it easier for the reader to comprehend that millions are spent every year in this country in advertising.

These amounts represent the cash received by us. The advertiser paid about fifteen per cent., in addition, to his advertising agent or agency.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan Articles advertised: Post Toasties, Grape Nuts, and Postum.	$111,413.75
Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, New Jersey Articles advertised: Victor-Victrola and Victor Talking Machines.	86,069.38
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. Articles advertised: Kodaks, Cameras, "Velox".	71,914.28
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn. Articles advertised: Williams' Shaving Stick, Shaving Soap, and Talcum Powder.	68,437.50
The Aeolian Co., Aeolian Hall, New York City. Article advertised: Pianola.	67,445.00
The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio Articles advertised: Ivory Soap and Crisco.	65,070.00
Colgate & Company, New York City Articles advertised: Shaving Soap, Dental Cream, and Talcum Powder.	57,375.00
International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa. Article advertised: Correspondence Courses.	43,959.70
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Article advertised: Bathroom Fixtures.	42,157.50
Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Article advertised: Cream of Wheat.	41,621.70
Tiffany & Co., New York City Article advertised: Jewelry.	40,502.50
National Phonograph Co. (Thomas A. Edison Co., Inc.), Orange, New Jersey Article advertised: Edison Phonograph.	39,437.51
Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Michigan Article advertised: Corn Flakes.	36,052.00
Columbia Graphophone Co., New York City Article advertised: Columbia Graphophone.	34,589.50
National Biscuit Co., New York City Articles advertised: Uneeda Biscuits, Nabisco, etc.	33,362.00
R. M. Owen & Co., Lansing, Michigan Articles advertised: Reo and Premier Motor Cars.	31,345.00
Gillette Sales Co., Boston, Mass. Article advertised: Gillette Safety Razor.	29,993.44
The Wilcox & White Co., Meriden, Conn. Article advertised: The Angelus.	29,980.00
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Troy, N. Y. Articles advertised: Arrow Shirts and Collars.	29,877.50
Barrett Mfg. Co., New York City Articles advertised: Tarvia and Barrett Specification Roof.	29,622.50
Shredded Wheat Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y. Article advertised: Shredded Wheat.	29,197.50
Lamont Corliss & Co., New York City Articles advertised: O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels, Pond's Extract, and Peter's Chocolate.	29,018.30
The Prudential Insurance Co. of America, Newark, N. J. Article advertised: Insurance.	28,232.00
American Radiator Co., Chicago, Illinois Articles advertised: American Radiators and Ideal Boilers.	27,695.00
The N. K. Fairbank Co., Chicago, Illinois Article advertised: Fairy Soap.	25,635.00
International Silver Co. (formerly Meriden Britannia Co.), Meriden, Conn. Article advertised: Silverware.	25,278.01
Ostermoor & Co., New York City Article advertised: Mattresses.	25,118.95
Robert H. Ingersoll & Bro., New York City Article advertised: Ingersoll Watches.	24,025.00
Joseph Campbell Co., Camden, New Jersey Article advertised: Campbell's Soups.	21,590.00
The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio Article advertised: Automobile Tires.	20,910.00
Bon Ami Company, New York City Article advertised: Bon Ami Polish.	20,761.25
The Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio Article advertised: Peerless Motor Car.	20,610.50
Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan Article advertised: Packard Motor Cars.	19,805.00
Pompeian Mfg. Co., Cleveland, Ohio Article advertised: Pompeian Massage Cream.	19,783.75
Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Chicago, Illinois Article advertised: Men's Clothing.	17,765.00
American Writing Paper Co., Holyoke, Mass. Article advertised: Writing Paper.	17,743.50
The Peck-Williamson Co., Cincinnati, Ohio Article advertised: Underfeed Furnace.	17,369.25
Washburn-Crosby Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Article advertised: Gold Medal Flour.	15,300.00
The Oliver Typewriter Co., Chicago, Illinois Article advertised: Oliver Typewriter.	15,288.39
Glidden Varnish Co., Cleveland, Ohio Article advertised: Japalac.	14,970.85
Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago, Illinois Article advertised: Old Dutch Cleanser.	13,153.75
L. E. Waterman & Co., New York City Article advertised: Waterman Fountain Pens.	11,848.27

These total $1,451,425.03, or something like one-fourth of all the advertising carried. We regret that lack of space prevents our mentioning all the advertisers and agencies.

NOTE

Subscribers who may change their address during the summer will confer a favor by stating how long the summer address is to be continued. This will enable us to send the magazine to your permanent address at the proper time without any further request from you.

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